January 25c

Scribner's

MAGAZINE

1938
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Jan-June 1938
SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY
SELINSGROVE, PA.

SKI MASTER ★ PAGE 4

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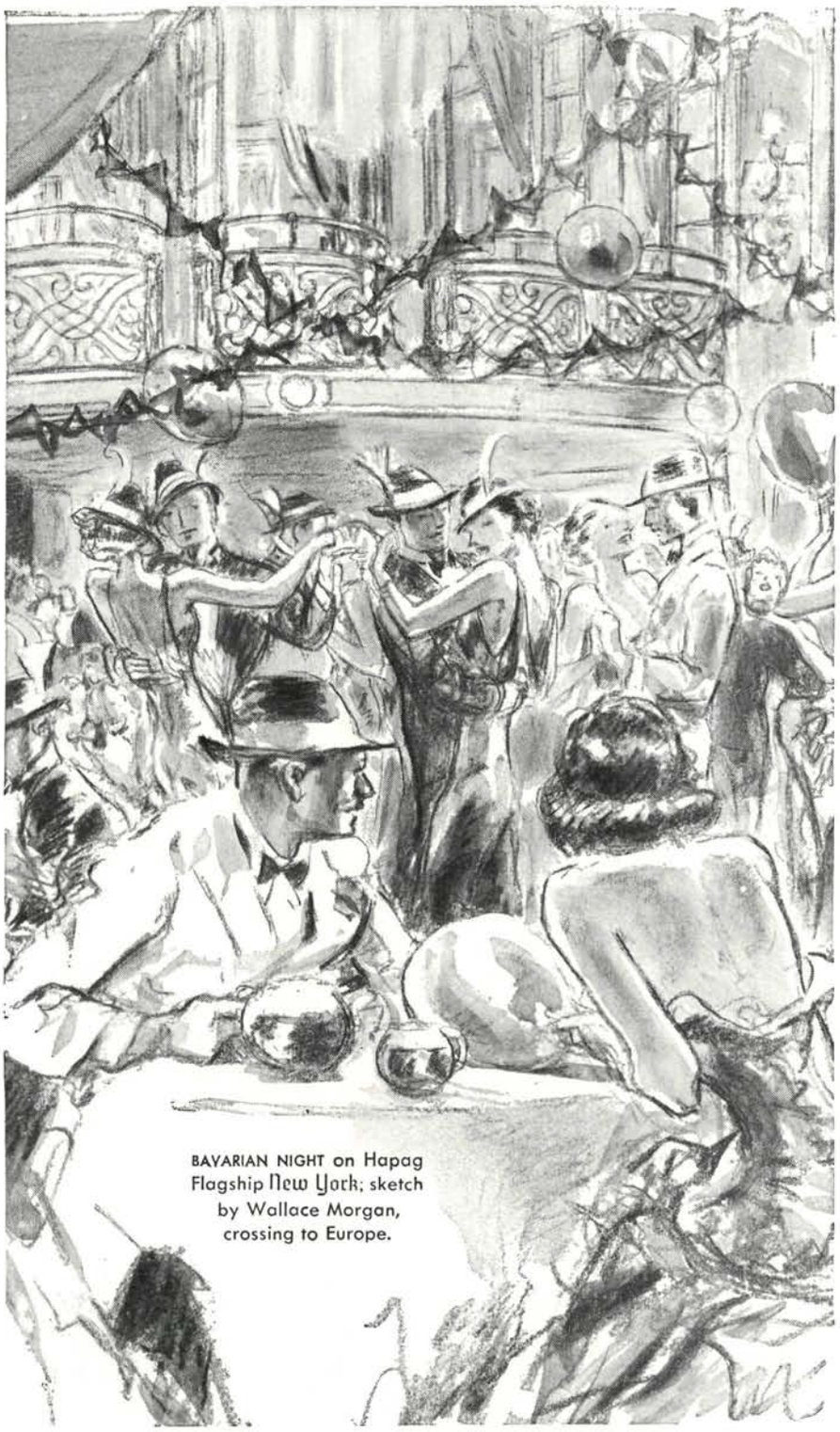

BAVARIAN NIGHT on Hapag Flagship New York; sketch by Wallace Morgan, crossing to Europe.

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there's a particular knack aboard the Hapag-Lloyd ships, both crossing to Europe and on cruises . . . Congenial company, the atmosphere of refinement, the excellence of living create irresistibly the happy mood.

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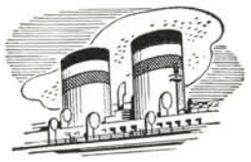

Crossings to Europe

To sparkling events of the Winter: Outdoor sports in the Black Forest, at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, in Austrian and Swiss Alps; Music of opera, concerts; new plays; the pomp of major social events; art exhibits; "sales" attended by noted collectors; style showings; the Grand National at Aintree

By the Lloyd Swift Expresses:

Bremen . . Europa

Jan. 5, 15, 22; Feb. 5, 12, 26.

Wednesday Midnights by the Hapag Famous Four Expresses:

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Deutschland . Hansa

Cruises

West Indies-South America on the **Columbus**, Jan. 8 and again on Jan. 22, both Saturdays, each of 12 days for enjoying the new Beach-Club Deck of tiled Swimming Pool, and glass Dance-Terrace, cozy bar, sport spaces . . . to Kingston, Cartagena, Colon, Havana for a day and night. Each cruise $170 up.

Around All South America on the **Columbus**, cooperation of Raymond-Whitcomb; Feb. 5, for 47 days; Cuba, the Panama Canal, to the splendid scenic ports of Peru and Chile's Valparaiso; through the Straits of Magellan to Buenos Aires of the Argentine and Uruguay's Montevideo; Brazil's Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Bahia; Trinidad, Bahamas.

Around the World, Jan. 9 on the **Reliance**, 4½ months, over the new, 1938 Itinerary, including Mediterranean lands, India, Australia, New Zealand, Samoa, Fiji Islands . . . 28 varied lands, shore excursions included in $1900 up.

West Indies, South America, Panama **New York** on Jan. 30 and on Feb. 19 for 19 days each... on Mar. 11 for 13 days and Mar. 26 for 8 days to Havana-Nassau.

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The illustrations shown below are reproductions of a few of the many paintings and drawings which Hendrik Van Loon made for The Arts. *A book of over 800 pages, with over 100 full-page illustrations, 48 in full color, 32 in wash—and in addition innumerable illustrative line drawings.*

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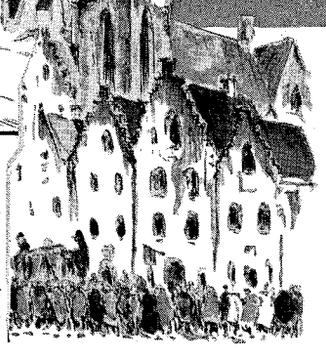
THE ARTS

BY HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

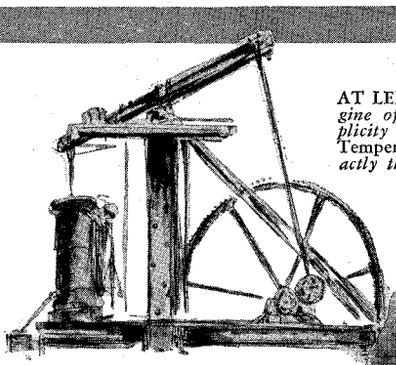
RETAIL PRICE $3.95

VAN LOON'S purpose in this book—and he achieves it, beautifully,—is to give the general reader a love for and an understanding of the *background* of all the arts, through the ages. He begins with the cave-drawings of 35,000 B.C. and comes down to our own day, with way-stops at Egypt, Babylon and Chaldea; at the Athens of Pericles; amid the mysterious remains of Etruscan art; in Byzantium and medieval Russia; in the desert of the Islamites and the gardens of Persia; in Provence, Renaissance Italy, Rembrandt's Holland and Beethoven's Vienna. We read not merely about the towering figures—Giotto, Michelangelo, Velasquez, Wagner, Beethoven—but explore a thousand bypaths. Troubadours, minnesingers, monks, saints, bohemians, generals—all troop by in a colorful cavalcade. Always the close relationship of art *to ordinary life* is stressed; and always the emphasis is laid on the human beings who made that art and who have heard it, viewed it, enjoyed it, for hundreds of centuries.

ABOVE: *The beginning of our modern orchestra. Jongleurs improvising a little concert while waiting for their dinner to get ready in the kitchen.*

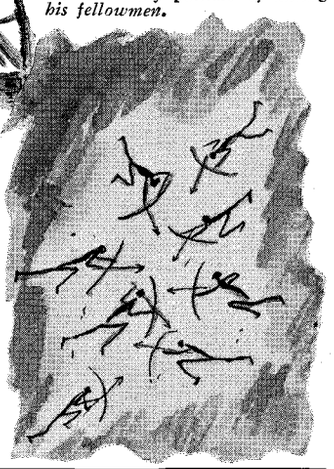


AT RIGHT: THE GENTLEMAN PAINTER. *Rubens leaves his native town on a foreign mission.*



AT LEFT: *We admire the first steam engine of James Watt for its logical simplicity . . . but No. 1 of Bach's* Well-Tempered Clavichord *is beautiful for exactly the same reason.*

BELOW: THE OLDEST PICTURE OF MAN: *The creature, Van Loon points out, is engaged in his customary pastime of killing his fellowmen.*



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If, after reading the booklet referred to, you decide to join the Club, a free copy of THE ARTS will at once be shipped to you.

Here is a very interesting fact; over 150,000 families—composed of discerning but busy readers like yourself—now get most of their books through the Book-of-the-Month Club; and of these tens of thousands of people *not a single one was induced to join by a salesman;* every one of them joined upon his own initiative, upon the recommendation of friends who were members, or after reading—as we ask you to do—the bare facts about the many ways in which membership in the Club benefits you as a book-reader and book-buyer.

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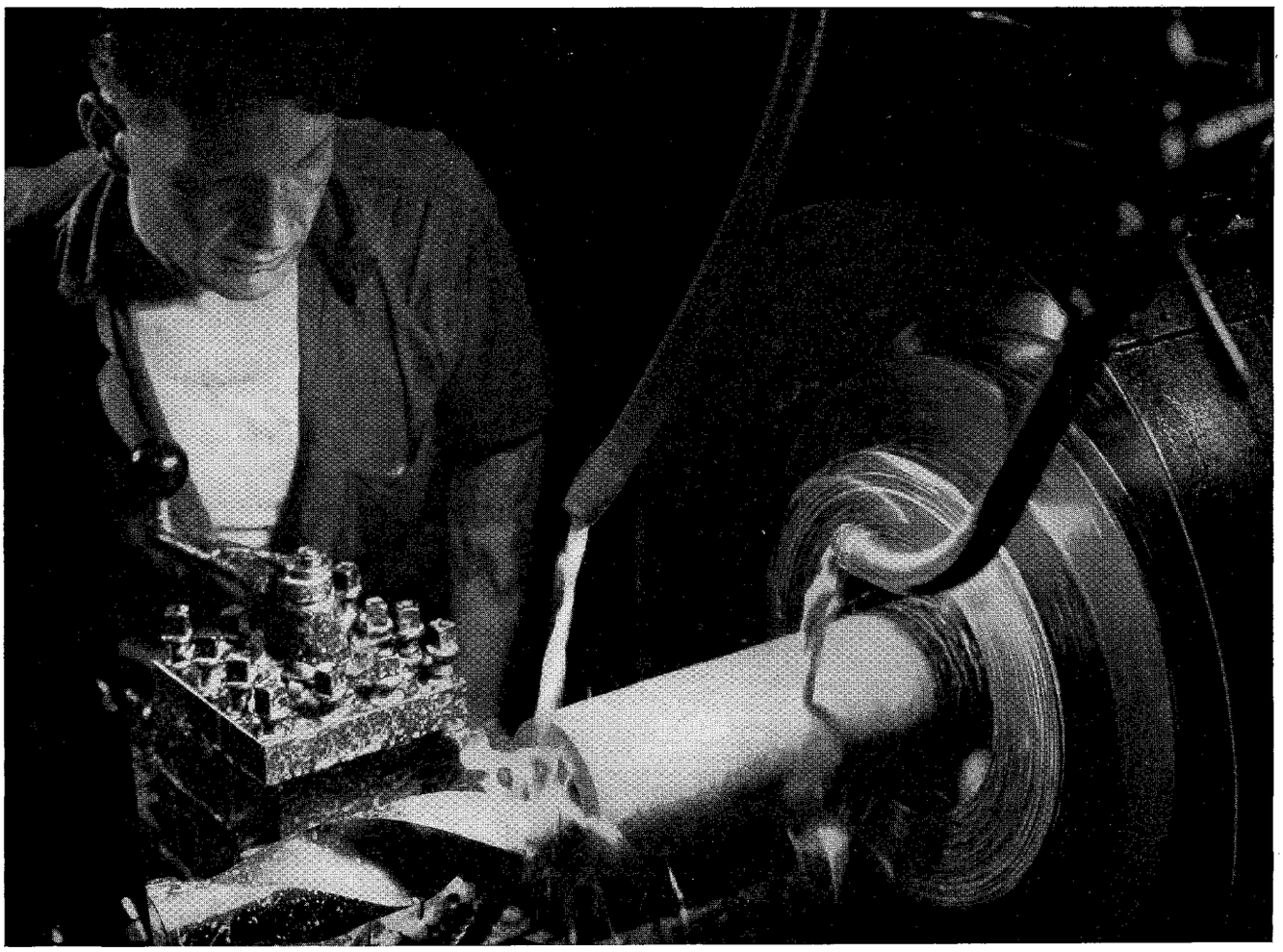

What Makes the Wheels Go Round?

WHEELS that grind flour for our bread, saw lumber for our houses, shape steel for our automobiles; that weave cloth for our coats and dresses, make our paper, print our newspapers. Wheels on which we depend for the everyday necessities and comforts of life. What makes these wheels go round?

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Scribner's

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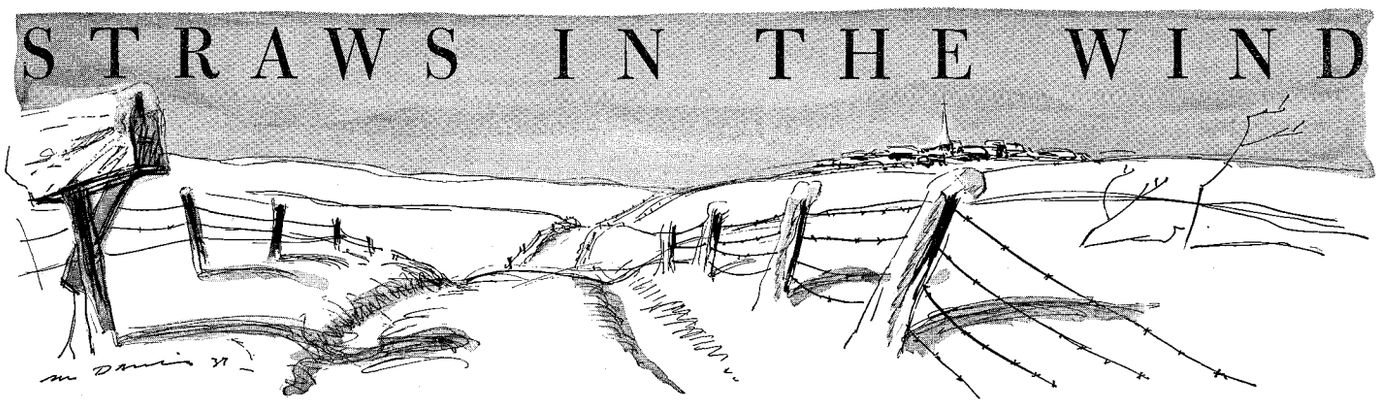
STRAWS IN THE WIND



Portrait of a Ski Master

(See Cover)

Hans Hauser learned to walk in 1912 and learned to ski very shortly thereafter. His first skis were a pair of barrel staves almost as long as Hans was tall, but he liked nothing better than to have his mother tie them onto his shoes and allow him to scoot around in the front yard of their home in Zistelalpe, Austria.

By the time he was five, Hans was outgrowing his barrel staves, and on Christmas day in 1916, his mother gave him his first pair of store-bought skis. Since then he has spent a good portion of his time skiing in all parts of the world. Hans entered his first competitive meet when he was twelve and even at that age performed in such strenuous events as the *Langlauf* (cross-country). Already, too, he was practicing jumps of eighteen to twenty meters.

At twenty-one he entered the big league of winter sports, competing in the International Federation of Skiing meet at Cortina, Italy. In this contest —which amounts to the world championship in skiing—he lost his event to Otto Furer by one second. The following year, however, he came back to win the I. F. S. titles in jumping, downhill, and *Langlauf*. Every year since then he has placed in the big meets, winning more than a hundred medals and titles.

He came to America in 1936 to head the Sun Valley Ski School at Sun Valley, Idaho. Here he maps out the system of study and supervises the staff of instructors who teach his methods to pupils from all over the United States. He also finds time to offer individual instruction and advice. He is generally considered to be one of the top-ranking skiers in America. He likes it over here very much and leaves only to enter the European ski meets and to look after the inn he owns at his birthplace in Austria.

His confidence in his ability is complete. Once he took the steep run down Idaho's Dollar Mountain with a five-year-old child riding on his back. He also takes this same run straight down —attaining a speed which makes onlookers squirm.

His favorite event is the cross-country, and he teases his American pupils because they do not share his enthusiasm. "Downhillers," he calls them. In teaching, he has infinite patience. With a furrowed brow and an Austrian accent, he will repeat over and over: "Ben' ze knees . . . ben' ze knees." From this has come his nickname, "Benzine Knees."

Hauser is twenty-six years old, over six feet tall, and weighs about 170. His second favorite sport is eating.

Selling Scholarship Short

People have a bad habit of imagining that college professors are quiet gentlemen, unconcerned with worldly affairs and slightly absent-minded. The Editors have never believed this popular legend, and this month has brought us ample evidence to disprove it.

Ever since the publication of John R. Tunis's article, "Selling Scholarship Short," in the October SCRIBNER'S, we have been peppered with letters from the academicians—and not one of them is unworldly or absent-minded. College presidents, teachers, and field agents have written in to praise or to condemn Mr. Tunis's attack on current methods of student-grabbing.

Many educators sided with Mr. Tunis. President David A. Robertson, of Goucher College (Baltimore, Maryland), writes: "I have been very much interested in your article in the current SCRIBNER'S. You come closer to blowing the lid off a bad situation than anybody has yet done. . . . I hope you will continue your useful service in publishing general studies of higher education."

After stating her approval of the Tunis piece, Miss Sara Lowrey of Baylor University (Waco, Texas), adds: ". . . As a teacher in a small university I have given a good deal of thought to the lack of high standards to which we, both students and teachers, are subjected. Mr. Tunis presents the matter in a fair and unbiased manner. . . ."

Two correspondents belong to the group that Mr. Tunis terms "the high-pressure salesmen of education." Miss Emilie Bullock, formerly a "field secretary" for a Midwestern college, argues defensively. "I gave myself no euphemistic title," she reports. "I explained that I was a traveling salesman for a college. . . . I mentioned nothing concerning parties, dances, and dates. . . . My experience has led me to believe that most field secretaries . . . give disinterested advice. . . . I agree that this advice is a valuable contribution, and I do not think $14 per student is too high to pay for it."

But another ex-field secretary, Louis Weinland, Jr., writes: "Back in the good old days . . . I served Otterbein College as a field representative. Although a part-time job, I spent eight or nine months during the period of two years in the field. Therefore, I was very much amused with the article in the current issue of SCRIBNER'S. No one knows better than I do that the truth is spoken and implied in your words. I could top your best story with instances that I know to be authentic cases of student proselyting."

Mr. Weinland goes on to say that President Clippinger of Otterbein has been persistent in his attack on unfair practices of student recruiting. In regard to the general situation, though, he thinks that Mr. Tunis's article "was very interesting and very accurate."

Dr. John L. Seaton, President of Albion College (Albion, Michigan), objected to several statements concerning his school. "Albion's 'official visitors,'" he writes, "are not field representatives, nor are they paid; they are alumni appointed by the alumni to visit the College and report to the alumni." All of them have their full-time jobs in various parts of the coun-

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try and their interest in Albion is quite voluntary. Dr. Seaton points out that "Albion has been very conservative in scholarship awards," and says that he has endeavored personally to bring about reform in the matter of student solicitation for some years.

Another college president, in a less defensible position, is wondering unhappily where Mr. Tunis got his material, and is wishing his institution had not sent out so much publicity literature. "Had I known that it would be used as argument against us," he laments, "I should never have allowed it to be published."

The letters continue to come in—from college teachers, college salesmen, and college presidents. Thus far, we have had no comments from college students. The Editors welcome further letters on the matter.

Letters from Readers

It is with pleasure that I tell you that Elick Moll's story, "To Those Who Wait," has been awarded the second prize of $200 in the 19th annual volume of the *O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories*. This story was first published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

PAULINE BUSH
Doubleday, Doran & Company

[Five out of the twenty-one stories in the O. Henry volume were stories which appeared originally in SCRIBNER'S.—THE EDITORS]

My wife and I find your magazine attractive in format and in its variety of content. We enjoy your features on art, and your notes on recorded music. Hoping that you can continue your high standard in meeting changing times, we have decided to take a chance with you on a life subscription. Enclosed, a check for $25.

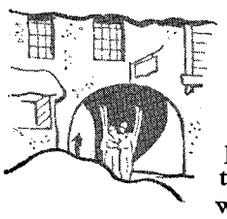
MR. E. S. AULT
West Lafayette, Indiana

The caricature by Hirschfeld in your September issue is the best I have in my collection. Please tell the artist of my great respect. Several of my friends would like copies; will you please send me four copies of the magazine?

EMIL LUDWIG
Washington, D. C.

It has been my privilege to read your worthy magazine for the past two years and I do not like to discontinue. However, I find that due to a great deal of scholastic work, it is impossible to get enough time to spare for outside read-

The New Challenger Inn



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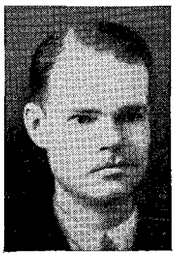
To People who want to write *but can't get started*

Do you have the constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what Fulton Oursler, editor of Liberty, has to say on the subject:

"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today—and especially in Liberty Magazine—than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling, and many others whose work we have published? It is also true that more people are trying to write than ever before, but talent is still rare and the writer still must learn his craft, as few of the newcomers nowadays seem willing to do. Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."



"I am able to live on the money I earn by writing, and it is not yet ten months since I began the course! Until a few months after beginning study with you I had never had a line published. What more can I say for a course which has enabled me to earn a livelihood by the most congenial work I have ever done?" John N. Ottum, Jr., Box 95, Lisbon, N. D.

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ing. I would like to ask a favor of you, and that is to remind me to renew my subscription next June. Just send me a card or letter in June, 1938, as I am quite sure I would like to read SCRIBNER'S again.

ROBERT A. SHAW
Cornell University
Ithaca, New York

[What kind of education is this, that forces out such a boon to human edification and amusement as SCRIBNER'S? Will some Ithacan please advise?—THE EDITORS]

American Painters Series

The "Scribner's American Painters Series," completed in our December issue with the Jon Corbino picture, has caused comment from the very beginning. This is not altogether unusual, for it is easy to stir up an argument about art. However, the important thing is that the pictures have found their way onto the walls of thousands of homes. Critics everywhere agreed that they were examples of the best reproduction being done in American magazines or books today. Recently we heard of another result—indirect, but interesting.

An Ohio publisher saw the John Costigan reproduction in our March issue and liked it so much that he decided to get into the art business himself. The publisher, James L. Wick, got in touch with Bernard Myers, who conducted "Scribner's American Painters Series," and together they worked out a plan to distribute color reproductions of famous pictures through newspapers all over America. The Editors of SCRIBNER'S, who have no connection with this new enterprise, wish it well. Through the various papers, reproductions of some of the famous pictures of Michael Angelo, Titian, Holbein, and some of the more modern painters will be put in the hands of people who would never see them in art books or in museums.

The Editors of SCRIBNER'S are now at work on plans for a new American Painters Series, which should make its initial appearance in the magazine within the next few months.

In this Issue

It is fashionable these days, especially in fiction, to picture life on the farm as full of a back-breaking and spirit-breaking labor that makes slavery look sick. So it is refreshing to find anything but a broken spirit emerging full-blown from the very center of the Middle Western cornbelt. HELEN LIVINGSTON, who won the second prize—$700—in the Life in the United States Contest, with "Deeters," has a few words to say about what farm life is like.

"I grew up on a bit of real estate in the heart of the Iowa cornbelt where also grew, in bountiful measures, corn and clover hay, rye and oats, Shorthorn cattle, Belgian horses, assorted hogs and sheep—practically everything, in fact, except childhood inhibitions. I suppose there was something of the bitter drudgery which has been shown to be typical of farm life, but I don't remember it. I was too busy raising ducks and radishes, wallowing in snowdrifts, watching for the first spring birds, to notice. And there's a reason. My father is one of those fine gentlemen to whom farming is an art and a profession. With him as an interpreter, the farm was a constantly challenging environment, and I loved it all. I love it still."

She went to public high school and then to college, working in between times on the home-town paper in Washington, Iowa. A good job in social work was interrupted by a pink slip labeled "due to reduction of forces." Her story tells the rest.

SAMUEL KREISLER, the copy boy, in "The Copy Boy's First Story," was born and has lived all his life in New York City. A student for two years at City College, and for two more at Columbia, he ended up with a job as shipping clerk in the garment district. From there he went to the Bronx *Home News*, where the prize-winning story was written. It is the first he has ever had published.

A great many people know the articles and books which THOMAS CRAVEN has written about art and artists. Few know that he has, during the last three years, been spending a great deal of time in the lower Mississippi country because it is the scene of a novel he is writing. Or that he is working, as an editor, on a large book of color reproductions of paintings, a collection of masterpieces from Giotto to Grant Wood.

The only stories better than the ones about DOROTHY PARKER are the ones by DOROTHY PARKER. It seems hardly right to add to the published stories by her, without adding also to the legends about her. Yet we have nothing to dish up but simple truths. She and her husband, Alan Campbell, have been in Europe this summer. For a few weeks after that they were at their farm in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and now they've gone back to their contract in Hollywood. Nice, but not up to scratch.

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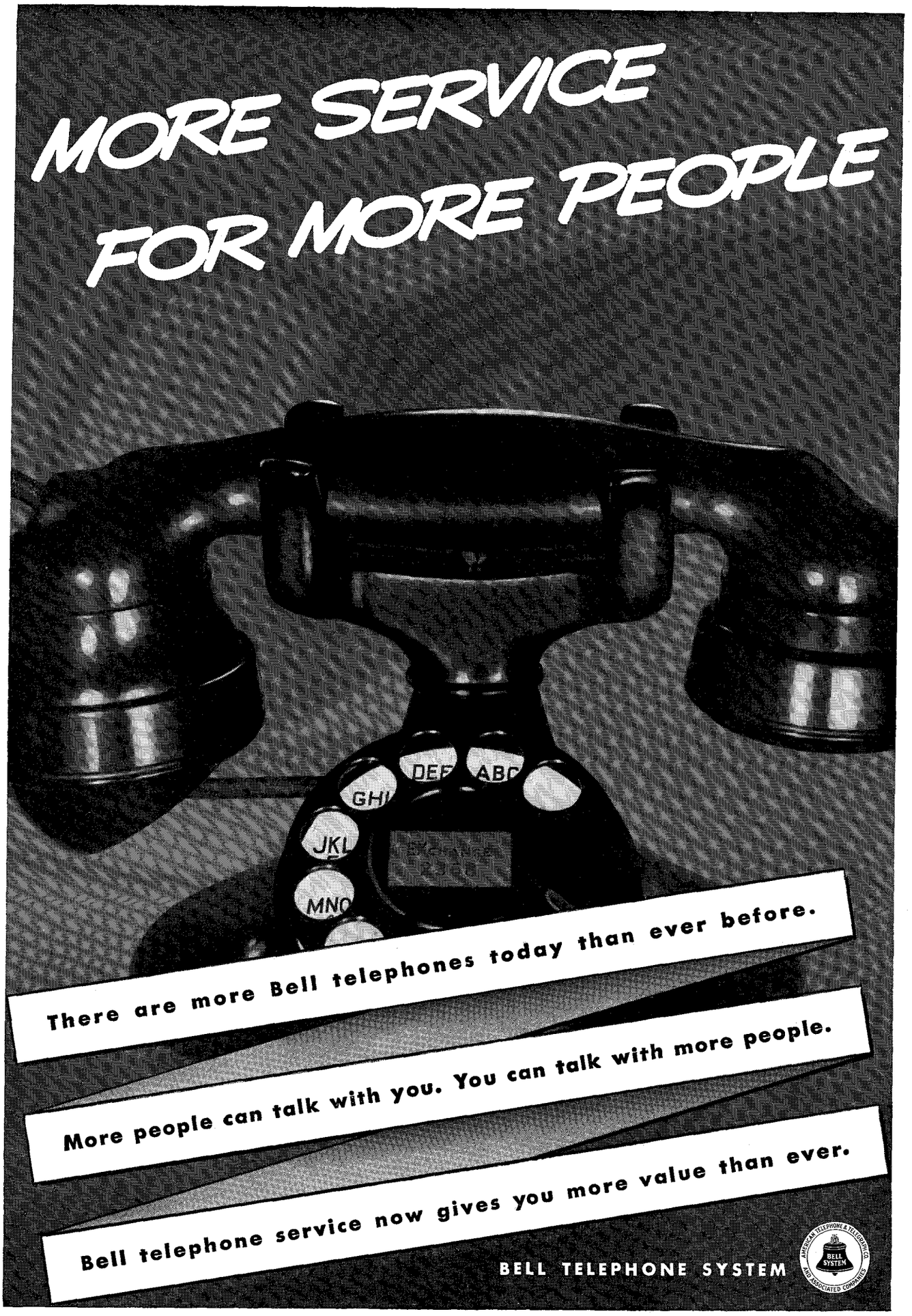
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Scribner's
MAGAZINE
Volume CIII, Number 1 January, 1938

What Happens to Our Rhodes Scholars?

MILTON MACKAYE

Do they become leaders in American life or fall into obscurity? Scribner's surveys the results of the most amazing educational experiment of modern times

CECIL JOHN RHODES was a romantic. During his lifetime, the great Imperialist drew up six wills, each of them calculated, through some fantastic scheme or other, to make England the ruler of the world. In his first will, this miracle was to be accomplished by a secret society patterned vaguely after the Jesuits. In his final will, he abandoned this lodge-hall flummery and decided to let Rhodes Scholars do the job. He counted upon the valiant midwifery of the University of Oxford to produce, ultimately, the Anglo-Saxon empire.

In short, he left some £60,000 of annual income which was to finance careers at Oxford for picked students from the various British colonies, from Germany, and from the United States. He intended, obviously, to educate at Oxford the men who would be the future leaders of their countries and dominions, and thus to create an international understanding that would result in a union of "superior peoples" to manage the universe.

The first American Rhodes Scholars went to Oxford in 1904. That was thirty-odd years ago; it is time for an accounting. The naïve and excited youngsters who sailed from Boston in 1904 are middle-aged now—older, indeed, than was their benefactor, when, dreaming wistfully of the coolness of England, he died in the breathless empire of South Africa which he had made his own.

Approximately nine hundred former Rhodes Scholars live in the United States today. A new group to enter Oxford in 1938 has just been selected. They know the Rhodes story, the Rhodes dream. But in how great a measure has this Rhodes dream been realized? Has he advanced the cause of England? Have his Scholars become the leaders of the nation? If not, what have they become?

— II —

IT is an ancient and honorable tradition of the American barroom that its most decrepit and repulsive drink cadger is a man of learning fallen upon evil days. Usually the bartender confides, with a mixture of pride and irritation, that Dr. Felling knows both Greek and Latin and was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford. Over a period of years I have kept a census of these learned unfortunates, and they now number in excess of three thousand. Another myth has it that a famous Rhodes Scholar haunts the Battery in New York, panhandling and sleeping on benches. By the law of averages, at least one Rhodes Scholar *must* be cadging drinks at some bar somewhere, and sleeping on benches, but I haven't found him yet.

One member of the group, indeed (he had claimed earlier that he was the prototype of the Rhodes Scholar in *Zuleika Dobson*) is reliably reported to have abandoned home responsibilities for illicit domicile in the South Seas, but most of his fellows have refused, stubbornly and disappointingly, to meet the demands of the fictional pattern.

The fact is that the boys sent over to Oxford with their expenses paid have done reasonably well for themselves. Few of them are rich and few of them are internationally famous, but they probably have given a better accounting of their talent than an equal number of men chosen at random from the alumni lists of Harvard or Yale. They pay their bills, they have substantial reputations in their home cities, and more than a hundred of them are represented in *Who's Who*. This volume, to be sure, has its weaknesses as a guidebook of success, but the roll call is significant enough in its way.

An examination of the careers of these old Oxonians

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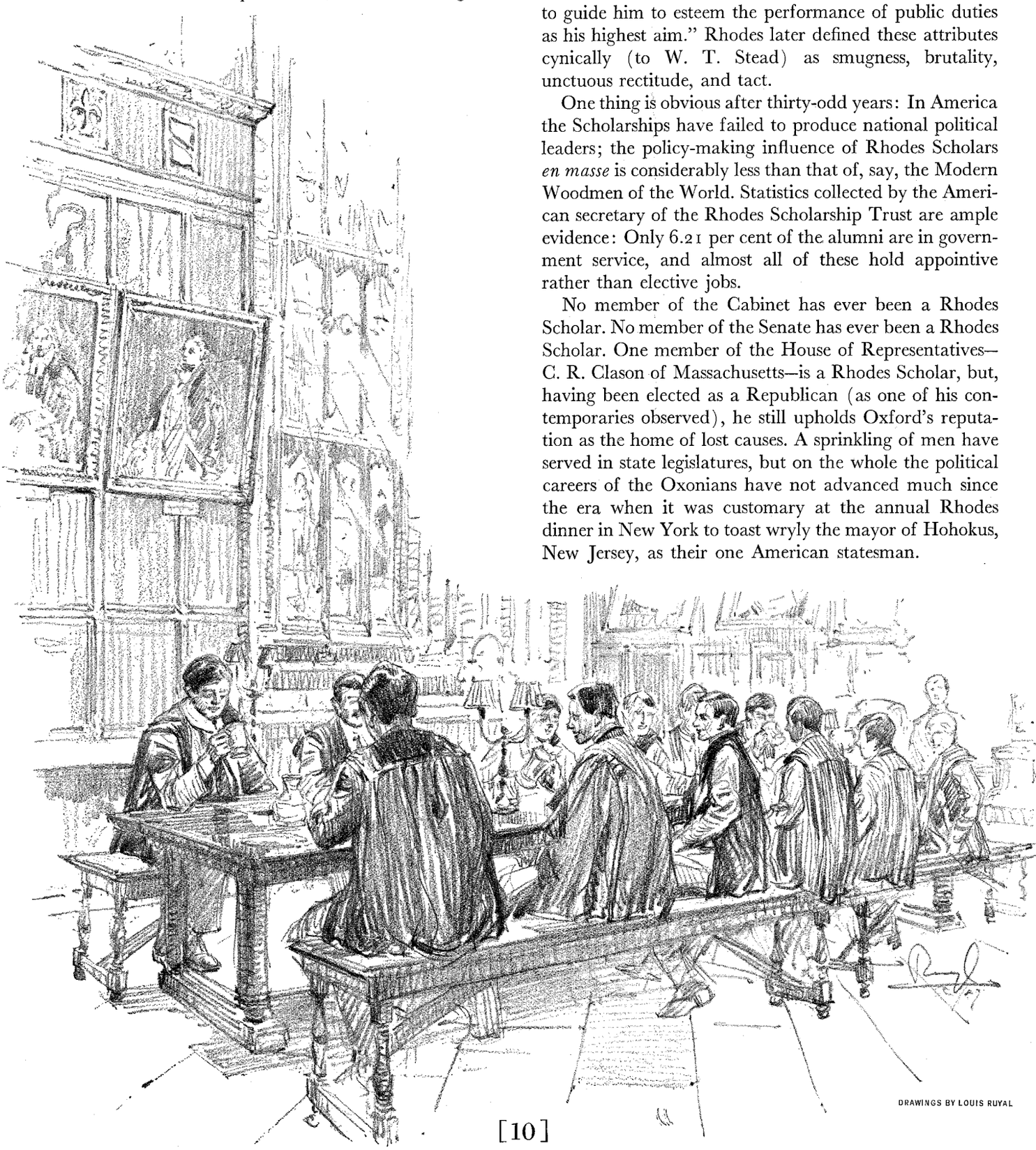
also shows that they are by no means supermen. For a considerable number of years the less-favored people of the country were inclined to look upon Rhodes Scholars with awe and breathlessness; they were a hand-picked lot and generally assumed to combine in one mortal shell the intellectual attainments of the younger Pitt, the moral fiber of an Eagle Scout, and the athletic ability of a Walter Eckersall. This legend is now exploded.

Rhodes was not explicit about what he sought in Rhodes Scholars, but it is readily apparent from his own life purpose that he hoped to educate men who would become political leaders. In his will he declared that these things should be considered in choosing students: (1) literary and scholastic attainments, (2) fondness of, and success in, manly outdoor sports, (3) qualities of manhood, truth, courage, etc., (4) exhibition during school days of moral force of character and "of instincts to lead . . . for those latter attributes will be likely in afterlife to guide him to esteem the performance of public duties as his highest aim." Rhodes later defined these attributes cynically (to W. T. Stead) as smugness, brutality, unctuous rectitude, and tact.

One thing is obvious after thirty-odd years: In America the Scholarships have failed to produce national political leaders; the policy-making influence of Rhodes Scholars *en masse* is considerably less than that of, say, the Modern Woodmen of the World. Statistics collected by the American secretary of the Rhodes Scholarship Trust are ample evidence: Only 6.21 per cent of the alumni are in government service, and almost all of these hold appointive rather than elective jobs.

No member of the Cabinet has ever been a Rhodes Scholar. No member of the Senate has ever been a Rhodes Scholar. One member of the House of Representatives—C. R. Clason of Massachusetts—is a Rhodes Scholar, but, having been elected as a Republican (as one of his contemporaries observed), he still upholds Oxford's reputation as the home of lost causes. A sprinkling of men have served in state legislatures, but on the whole the political careers of the Oxonians have not advanced much since the era when it was customary at the annual Rhodes dinner in New York to toast wryly the mayor of Hohokus, New Jersey, as their one American statesman.



DRAWINGS BY LOUIS RUYAL

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The explanation of this political sterility lies not so much in the ineptitudes of the Rhodes Scholars as in the ignorance of Rhodes himself. He knew nothing about America. He was an Englishman, and he thought as an aristocrat. In Edwardian England there was a caste of gentlemen from whom the ruling classes were recruited; Rhodes erroneously assumed that there were career families in America and that his Scholars would be recruited from them.

The Rhodes will provided for some sixty Scholars from the British colonies and dominions, fifteen from Germany (these Scholarships were canceled during the World War and reinstated in reduced numbers afterwards), and two from every state and territory in the United States. The American students thus outnumber those from the British possessions. Two biographers, Mrs. Millin and Sir J. G. McDonald, believe that Rhodes did not foresee this preponderant representation from the United States, and insist that Rhodes was so ill-informed about the United States that he thought the nation still consisted of the thirteen original colonies. Whatever the truth, the income from the trust funds is nearly exhausted by the number of Scholars now in residence. Each receives £400 a year.

III

THE history of the early days of the Scholarships is entertaining. The University of Oxford was flattered by the remembrance of the Great Man (who had cut a very small swath indeed at Oriel, his college), but not entirely unworried; even among the traditionalists there was an active resentment at the proposed invasion of a large bloc of colonials and Americans. The trustees of the Rhodes estate set up, as best they could, selection boards in every state of the United States. The board members consisted, in a large measure, of college presidents, and in those early days there were considerable jockeying and hit-or-miss calculation in the selection of supermen.

Elmer Davis, the novelist, has amusing memories of his own selection. That was back in 1909 or 1910, and there were only five candidates from his state, Indiana. In those days it was necessary for American candidates to pass tests which were equivalent to entrance examinations. Two of the candidates failed in the examinations. A third one became ill. Davis and his rival were invited to dine with the five college presidents who made up the selection board.

"I presumed," Davis told me, "that they wanted to test our general knowledge, and I fortified myself with all sorts of reading. But when the educators sat down at table they ignored us and began to trade ideas on what a tough job being a college president was. I didn't know anything about that and kept still. But the other fellow was hell-bent and resourceful. He talked. I got the appointment."

The first difficulty at Oxford arose from the fact that the educational institutions of the United States and of England had entirely different standards. The recommendations and scholastic standings—with their reports of "credits" and "hours"—which preceded the Rhodes Scholars were incomprehensible to Oxford dons. A story persists at Oxford that one student came recommended as "the whitest soul west of the Mississippi." In other words, the first American Rhodes Scholars (and some of the colonials, too) were regarded at Oxford as curiosities. Some of them *were* curiosities: "big men on the campus," from Siwash and Red Gulch Normal, completely outfitted with turtle-neck sweaters, fraternity pins, and native prejudices.

One student, an estimable young Southerner, was unfortunate enough to win from his home-town newspaper an uninhibited eulogy upon the occasion of his departure for Oxford. The Scholar was a member of Phi Beta Kappa, a star on the state-university football team, the handsomest beau on the campus, and a respectable baritone. The newspaper hailed him as "The Perfect Man." The Associated Press picked up the article, and it was published in New York. There, amused correspondents of the London dailies forwarded the story by cable. When the Rhodes Scholars landed in England, the young man was met at the boat by a host of reporters and cameramen.

At Oxford it is a tradition that "freshers" be ignored, but the Southerner quickly found himself in the very center of a social whirl. While other Americans were permitted to brood in their rooms, he was constantly invited to the "digs" of English undergraduates, to sherry parties, to all sorts of binges and routs. It was some time before he solved the secret of his lionization. The Englishmen who sponsored these entertainments were charging all guests a shilling to see "The Perfect Man."

Distance lends enchantment, and many old Rhodes Scholars have forgotten the agonies they went through during scholastic days. Some men could not stand the gaff, and resigned. One man hanged himself in Paris. Another married the daughter of his "scout" (the manservant who looks after the room) and gave up his appointment. One Scholar, who is now a college dean, was so perturbed by the coldness of the English undergraduate that he spent long hours drinking in his room.

Oxford has, of course, little in common with American universities. What we called "university spirit" is virtually nonexistent; Oxford is a sort of holding company and corporate name for the twenty-two men's colleges and four women's colleges of which it is made up. Each college has its own buildings and athletic field, its own faculty, lecture rooms, dormitories, and dining hall. It has its own athletic teams (there is, of course, an Oxford varsity), clubs, and debating societies. The Englishman's religion is loyalty to his college. Membership of the colleges averages about 125, although some of the larger colleges run to more than 300 members. This sort of atmosphere is foreign to the American. The man who has been prominent in his state university is quite likely to find the scope of college activities too narrow to suit his ambition; he is also almost sure to be resentful of the

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English undergraduates' indifference to the proved fact that he is a Leader Among Men.

Probably the majority of English undergraduates will have no conception of the size, facilities, research, and extension work carried on at the better American colleges and universities. There is a general impression that they are inferior to Oxford and Cambridge—without any attempt to ascertain the facts. Naturally, this attitude infuriates the American scholar.

There is another annoying factor. The regulations of the Scholarships provide that Rhodes men must be between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five at the time of matriculation. Most of them are college graduates and markedly older than the English schoolboys who join them as "freshers." In the old days, the English schoolboy was considerably more sophisticated than many of the American college graduates, but it was, nevertheless, something of a trial for the Americans to undergo hazing from their juniors. The Rhodes Scholar of today is much better equipped than was his predecessor for Oxford's hazards. Those regulations, those tight little rules of Oxford, the hearty pioneers had to learn for themselves.

So far as many Scholars are concerned, the long vacations at Oxford are the most pleasant interludes in a life of exile. The Rhodes Scholarships, thriftily handled, provide funds for travel on the Continent, and most of the students manage to effect for themselves a minor-league Grand Tour.

In the early days, a marked emphasis was placed, in this country, on the athletic ability of the Rhodes Scholar candidates. Rhodes had said that he did not want bookworms. But although many of the early Scholars were outstanding in sports, their scholastic records were disappointing. Only fifteen per cent achieved "firsts" in their work. Few of them failed, but some of the Rhodes trustees began to wonder whether it was worthwhile to distribute subsidies to endow Oxford with high hurdlers, good quarter-milers, and an occasional stroke oar.

In 1919, the trustees placed the selection of future Rhodes Scholars in the hands of returned Rhodes Scholars, and in 1929 the basic system of selection was changed. The practice of choosing two men from each state (regardless of population or the number of qualified candidates) was abandoned, and the zone system came into existence. Today the forty-eight states are divided into eight zones of six states each. The selection committee of each state is permitted to nominate two men. These nominees come before a zone committee which chooses four candidates from the twelve nominated. Thus thirty-two men are selected every year.

Frank Aydelotte, President of Swarthmore College, is now American secretary for the Rhodes trustees. He is empowered to appoint the selections committees in state and zone areas. This system is plainly at odds with Cecil Rhodes' idea, but there were obvious inequalities in the old appointive system. New York with a dozen bright boys could choose but one student a year, while Nevada and Arizona—sparsely settled states with a low educational median—could also choose one student a year.

IV

The scholastic frailties of the early Rhodes Scholars cannot be laid entirely to their muscle. The scholastic discipline to which the American college boy is accustomed does not exist at Oxford. There are certain social regulations—he must be in his college, on the penalty of dismissal, by midnight—but there is no scholastic discipline whatever. He may attend lectures or absent himself as he pleases. He may spend his time at Oxford studying racing charts and boning up on the Henty books; no one will protest. The education is there if he wants it, but Oxford is profoundly indifferent to his choice. The American student has spent four years under a compulsive system. He finds it extremely difficult to do things on his own initiative, to adapt himself to a vastly different educational setup.

The Oxford of 1938 does not present the same hazard to the American appointee as the Oxford of 1904. In the old days, the graduate of an American university had to pass Responsions (entrance examinations) and he had to know Greek. Today, Oxford has waived Greek as an entrance requirement for Rhodes Scholars. Also, Oxford usually accepts a graduate of an "approved" school—that is, a college or university approved by the Association of American Universities—as of "senior status." Thus he is exempt from all examinations except those for the Final Honour Schools at the end of his course, and it is possible for him to achieve a bachelor of arts or a research degree in two years.

Rhodes believed that all colonial and American Scholarship students should reside at Oxford for three years, and there are still some of his beneficiaries who believe that it takes that long to get acclimated thoroughly. Under the new dispensation, two years is considered sufficient, but, if he wishes, the student may apply for his third year. His application is rarely refused.

Whatever its faults may be, the new system of selection has definitely raised the academic standing of Rhodes Scholars. There are many more "firsts" and "seconds" in chosen courses than there were in the old days, and the averages of the American students no longer lag appreciably behind those of the Rhodes Scholars from the British colonies. If better scholarship was sought, it has been achieved. Paralleling this academic advance, according to men recently returned, is an increase in the number of students known as "grinds." Gone are the men who could drink ale or whiskey over a five-hour period and walk home unaccompanied. Gone is the colorful freak from the West. Gone are the rebels, the fellows who didn't give a damn. And the odd thing is—so the academicians may be confounded—that the psychologists contend from their statistics that rebels turn out more drunkards than scholars do, and also, more creative minds.

Figures have been collected by the American Associa-

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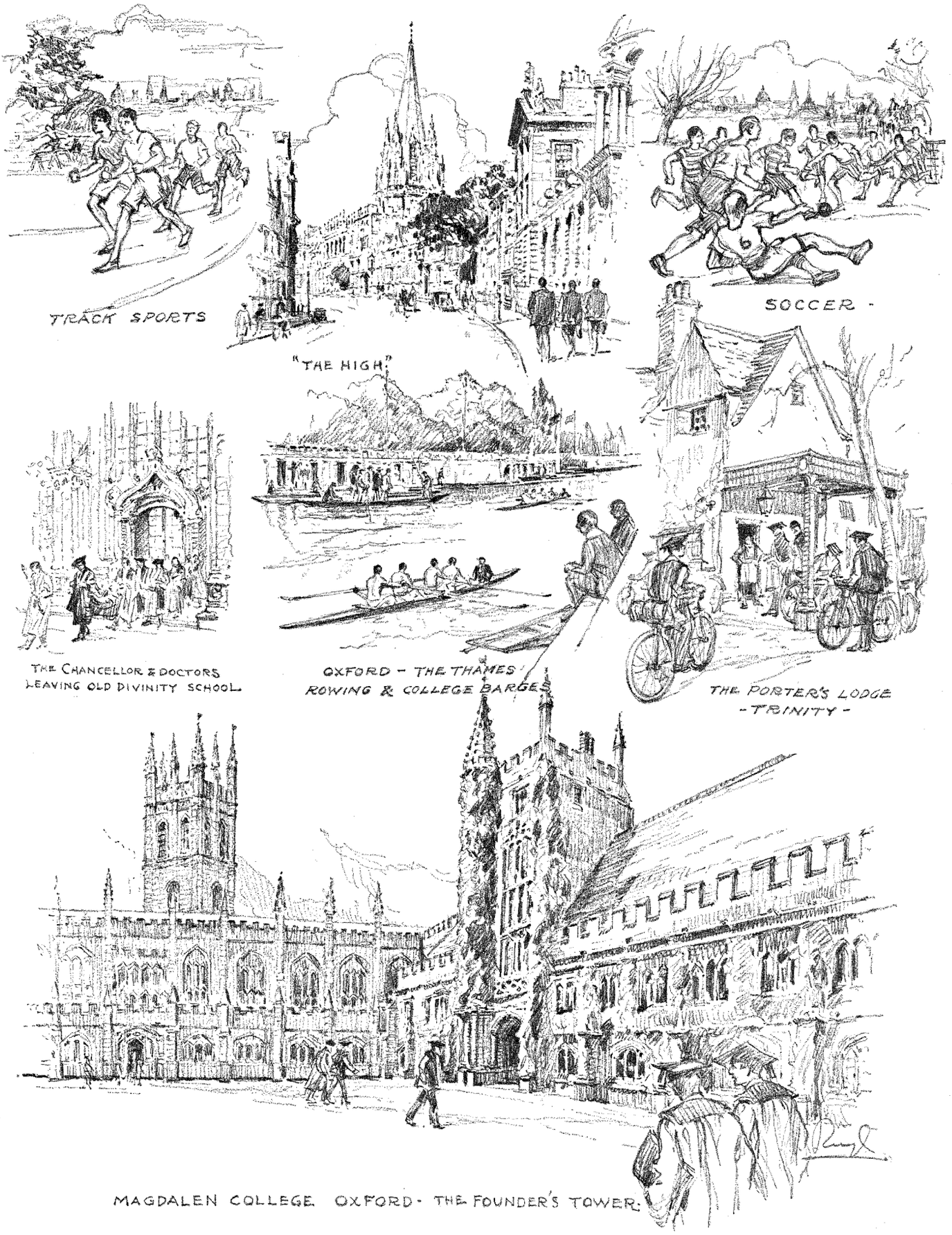
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SOCCER -
THE CHANCELLOR & DOCTORS LEAVING OLD DIVINITY SCHOOL
OXFORD - THE THAMES ROWING & COLLEGE BARGES
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MAGDALEN COLLEGE OXFORD - THE FOUNDER'S TOWER

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tion of Rhodes Scholars (as of 1937) on the occupations of their members:

	Number	Percentage
Teaching in college or university	289	33.22
College and university administration	28	3.22
14 Presidents		
7 Deans		
7 Miscellaneous		
Secondary schools, teaching and administration	27	3.10
Lawyers	178	20.46
Business	124	14.25
Government service	54	6.21
Journalism and writing	35	4.01
Medicine	34	3.91
Ministry and associated fields	26	2.99
In course of study	22	2.53
Research and commercial scientists	16	1.84
Army and navy	11	1.26
Engineers	7	.80
Miscellaneous	6	.71
Unknown	13	1.49
	870	100.00

This, broken down into personalities, is an impressive list. The college presidents include such men as Frank Aydelotte of Swarthmore, Alan Valentine of the University of Rochester, H. S. Hilley of Atlantic Christian College, O. C. Carmichael of Alabama College, Stringfellow Barr of St. John's College, F. P. Day (Canadian Rhodes Scholar) of Union, J. J. Tigert of the University of Florida. Tigert is the former Federal Commissioner of Education.

The list of college professors and college deans is too long to be recited here, but it includes (to name only a few) such men as W. L. Sperry, Dean of the Harvard Theological School; Earnest A. Hooton, Professor of Anthropology at Harvard and author of the recent *Apes, Men and Morons;* Neil Carothers, the Lehigh economist; and B. E. Schmitt of the University of Chicago, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for history in 1930.

Next to teaching, the law is the most popular profession. As a whole, the lawyers have prospered more in a financial way than their brethren, but the names of few of them are familiar to the general public. John H. Winston is head of a celebrated Chicago law firm; J. L. Glenn of South Carolina is a Federal judge; R. L. Henry was formerly judge of the Mixed Court in Alexandria, Egypt; R. L. Disney is a member of the U. S. Board of Taxes and Appeals. There is a heavy larding of former Scholars in the great corporate firms of downtown New York, and three men have served as Assistant United States Attorneys there—John M. Harlan; George Pfann, the one-time All-American quarterback from Cornell; and Eddie Eagan, former world-champion amateur boxer.

One might reasonably expect that a good many Rhodes Scholars would enter the diplomatic service, but that is not the fact. Two or three men are scattered across the world in consular jobs, but the one individual of eminence in the diplomatic field is Stanley K. Hornbeck, for the last decade Chief of the Division of Far Eastern Affairs in the Department of State. B. B. Wallace has done distinguished work in a somewhat allied field, first as special adviser to the Federal Tariff Commission, and then as financial adviser to the Chinese Government.

In the field of science the Scholarships have turned out one great man—E. P. Hubble, the astronomer, now in charge of the observatory at Mt. Wilson, California. But Hubble, curiously enough, studied law at Oxford. He received his scientific education later at the University of Chicago. Henry Allen Moe, treasurer of the Association of American Rhodes Scholars, is well-known as secretary of the Guggenheim Foundation.

Only twenty-six men admit to journalism and writing as their profession, but they have done well by the written word. Among the fine journalists are Ernest L. Lindley of the New York *Herald Tribune;* Saul K. Streit of the New York *Times;* Edwin D. Canham of the *Christian Science Monitor;* Beverly Smith of the *American Magazine;* Robert Lasch of the Omaha *World-Herald;* Felix Morley, Editor of the Washington *Post.*

Robert P. Tristram Coffin is perhaps better known as a poet than he is as head of the English Department at Bowdoin College. Christopher Morley and Elmer Davis have national reputations as novelists and essayists. James Saxon Childers, Dixon Wecter, Allan Seager, and Paul Engle, the Iowa poet, are promising writers among the younger men.

V

The fact that forty per cent of the returned Rhodes Scholars are following academic pursuits seems, in itself, a criticism of the Scholarship system. However vague Rhodes' directions to his trustees, it is obvious from his contempt for the professorial mind ("the college authorities live secluded from the world and so are like children") that he did not intend to establish a fund for the training of schoolteachers.

There are several reasons for the preponderance of schoolmen. One reason is the type of material picked; college professors dominate many of the selection committees and they like their own kind. More important, however, is the economic situation of the returning Scholar. The chances are, if he has not studied law, that he has received a general cultural education rather than a specialized training that would at once fit him into a commercial or scientific job. He has no money of his own. He has already spent six or seven years as a student. He wants to find a job, to marry, to settle down. Teaching offers him a small salary, but it offers it to him immediately, and teaching jobs are easy to find. So—one more schoolman is made.

Before this article was written, Scribner's Magazine sent out a questionnaire to one hundred Rhodes Scholars picked at random from the rolls. More than sixty replies were received. As a whole the documentary material was

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direct, honest, and showed a surprising detachment. On a number of points the old Oxonians were in pretty solid agreement; none regretted the time spent abroad, and only three (all businessmen) reported that the scholarship had been of no advantage to them in their chosen line of work. The charge, frequently made, that Rhodes Scholars are not well received at Oxford was labeled a canard, although several correspondents commented that the natural reserve of the Englishman might lead some Americans to believe that they were being snubbed.

Returning Scholars, after three years of school and Continental travel, frequently find it difficult to adjust themselves to earning a living and to the tempo of American life. Most of the Oxonians denied that their own readjustment had been particularly painful, but a few found it painful indeed.

"This criticism is perfectly valid in a certain minority of cases," wrote one man. "In these few instances I feel that English training has been nothing short of disastrous, but I recall only one or two such instances myself."

The most striking differences of opinion and the bitterest words found in the questionnaires had to do with the present system of appointment. A majority approved of the system, but the minority was eloquent and indignant. Many of those in the opposition reside in the Southern, Western, or New England states, and they feel that the sparsely settled sections have been "frozen out." "It throws most of the elections into the universities," wrote a New Englander, "works tremendously to the disadvantage of certain small states, makes against the principle of variety Rhodes had in mind."

With only a few exceptions, the Scholars announced that the Oxford years had made them more, rather than less, sympathetic with the English. One of the exceptions was a Canadian Rhodes Scholar who said flatly that he always had disliked Englishmen and always would. But a close examination of the questionnaires, as well as personal interviews with many Rhodes Scholars, fails to indicate that this sympathy with the British has any political meaning. If Rhodes hoped to establish a tight-knit coterie of men who would work toward an Anglo-American political alliance, he has failed. There are, of course, some violent Anglophiles in the ranks, but among most of the Oxonians there is a definite skepticism about international entanglements, a friendship for British people rather than British policies.

The important influence exercised by the scholarships has not been in political matters but in education. Rhodes men have been in the vanguard of the revolt against the machine methods of many of the larger universities, the quantity production of half-educated bachelors of arts and bachelors of chiropractic. Many American institutions are now experimenting with the tutorial system and with Honours Schools patterned after the Oxford plan.

At least two large universities, Harvard and Yale, in the effort to cure the evils of bigness, have divided their undergraduates into residential colleges that resemble the traditional college organization of Oxford. These innovations did not grow of themselves; they are direct and indirect outgrowths of missionary work begun when the first Rhodes Scholars came back to this country.

The advantages have not all been one-sided. Oxford itself has profited. The impact of American ideas and English doctrines has tended to abate British provincialism and British smugness; the same force undoubtedly has improved the British graduate schools. Laboratory equipment in the sciences was nonexistent for many years, or it was so primitive as to be ridiculous, and many American students who might have applied for Rhodes Scholarships decided against it because of lack of facilities for proper research. Lord Nuffield, English automobile magnate, has recently given large sums of money to Oxford, and a comfortable part of this endowment will go toward the improvement of physical equipment.

There has been another return for Rhodes' generosity—the establishment of many scholarships for British students at American colleges. Actually today there are more Englishmen resident on scholarships in America than there are Rhodes students resident at Oxford.

VI

A few weeks ago the elections of the Rhodes Scholars who will go to Oxford next fall were announced. Some of these young men are destined to be very unhappy in their new environment. It will not be quite as idyllic as Christopher Morley and other persistent rememberers of the "dreaming spires of Oxford" make out. Oxford is generally agreed to have the worst climate in the world and, if not the worst food, at least the most tiresome diet of vegetables—Brussels sprouts and potatoes, potatoes and Brussels sprouts. The young man will find four tubs to bathe a whole college, and, accustomed to central heating, he will shiver before a tiny coal-grate fire in a stone building five centuries old.

He will believe at first, with (*continued on page* 84)

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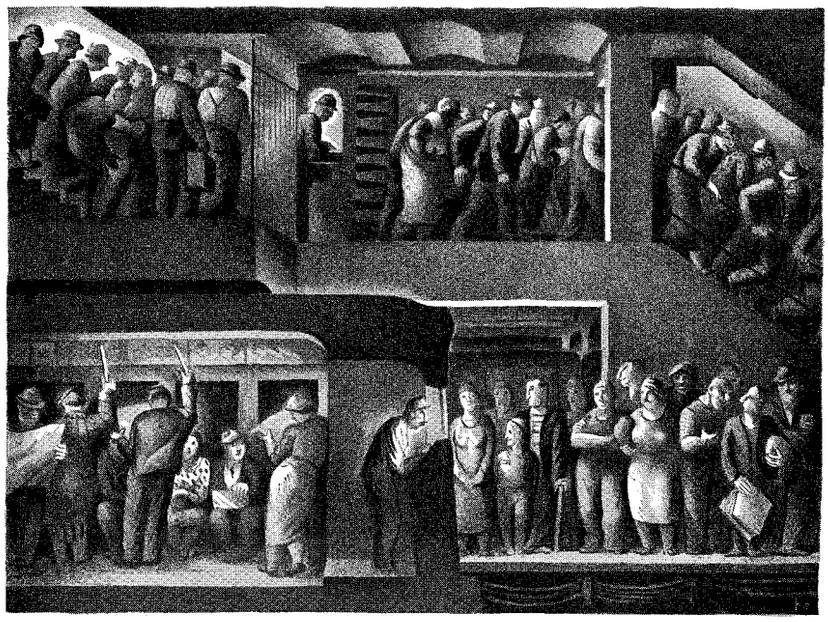
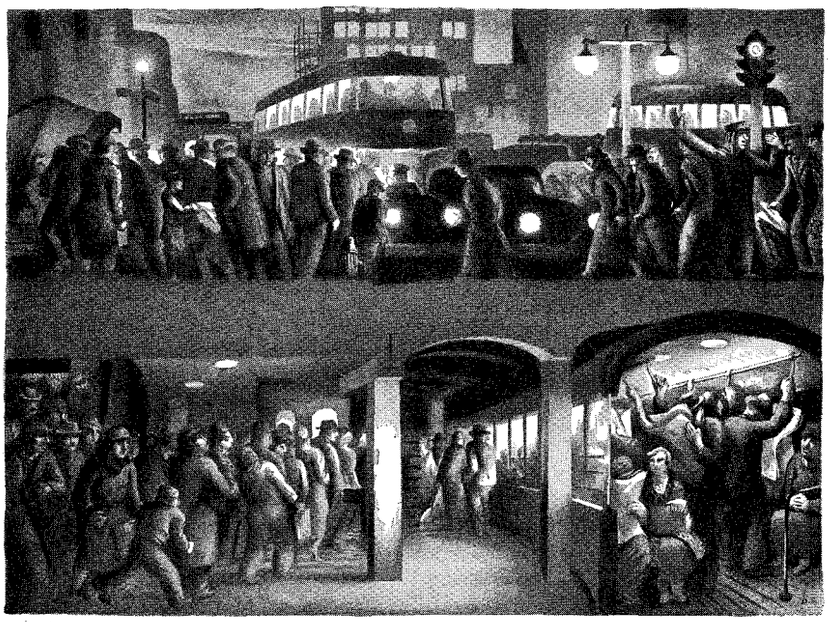


MORNING . . . *The clanking of the turnstiles . . . the rush down the subway steps . . . the bustle, noise, confusion . . . the scramble for seats . . . the door slams shut . . . the sudden jerk, and the train moves on. The people go to work*



EVENING . . . *Crowds pour from skyscrapers, swarm into the streets . . . the blare of auto horns . . . cries of newsboys . . . shrill of traffic whistles . . . the mob in the subway station . . . the hurry. The people start for home*

NIGHT . . . *The glare of city lights . . . the milling crowds: eating, loving . . . girls, loafers, catcalls . . . street sounds, raucous voices, and the thunder of the elevated. . . . The work goes on unceasingly, but some of the people play*

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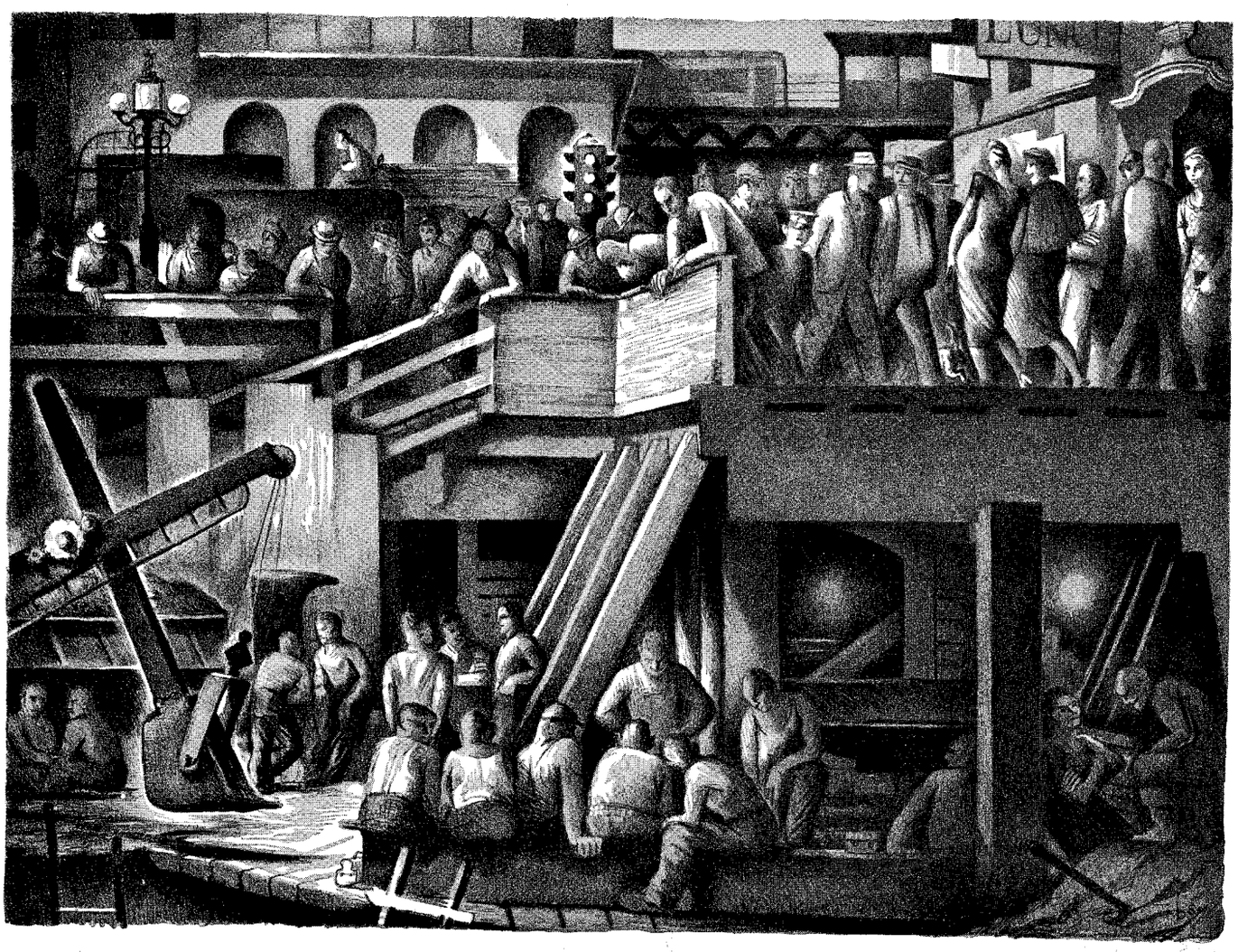
The People Work

FOUR LITHOGRAPHS BY BENTON SPRUANCE

TIME: today. PLACE: any American city. CHARACTERS: average people. . . . These simple directions set the stage for almost all of the pictures that Benton Spruance has produced. His interest is in everyday things; he sees the intrinsic color in the superficially drab routine of the day, and he interprets this experience with intensity. The four-part drama presented here is called "The People Work." Into it Spruance has distilled the essence of the city—skyscrapers, subways, workers, loafers . . . the nervous speed that permeates even the periods of leisure. Even the noises seem to be suggested. . . . Spruance has worked in various media and has had considerable success in oil painting, but because of the swift movement in all his pictures, lithography has best served his purpose. He first experimented with this medium while studying under André L'Hôte in Paris. It was peculiarly suited to him and he has used it ever since to express his ideas on our life and time. . . . Spruance is a Pennsylvanian, born in Philadelphia. He first studied art at the Pennsylvania Institute of Fine Arts and, after working abroad for several years on the Cresson Traveling Fellowship, he returned to his home state, where he is now teaching art.



NOON . . . *The city pauses . . . the workers with lunch pails . . . the crowds at soda fountains, lunch stands . . . the people smoking, talking, laughing . . . the traffic noises, the hissing of machinery . . . the swift hands of watched clocks. . . . The people pause*

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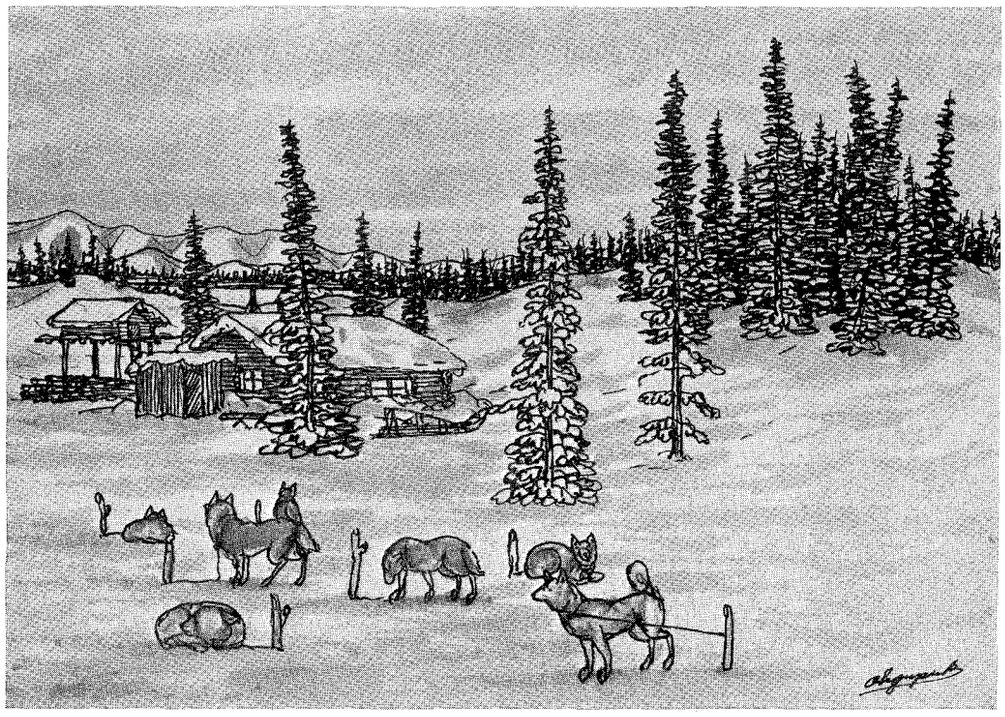

Without Words

ELLIOTT MERRICK

ESKIMO DRAWINGS BY GEORGE AHGUPUK

JAN MCKENZIE came over a knoll and stopped, head back, his rifle in one mitten, his ax in the other. Below him spread the river, ice-locked between the hills. A mile across, the birch bluffs were turning blue in the twilight.

He was not given to poetic fancies, for that is not the way of a Scotch-Eskimo trapper alone in the middle of Labrador. Nevertheless, it touched him always, coming out to the river after days and nights in the spruces to the east, following brooks and nameless chains of lakes that didn't lead anywhere, plowing through willow tangles and up and down wooded hills. It gave him a feeling of spaciousness, like stepping out of doors to see the broad river again, sweeping out of sight between the hills. The river was a known thread that joined him to the nearest trapper fifty miles downstream. The river was the road to home and to his wife, Luce.

It was nine weeks now since the day in September when his canoe and the others from Turner's Harbor had swung off from the wharf and begun the upstream battle. The crowd had waved, and the double-barreled shotguns split the air in the old-time farewell, *Boomboom* . . . and a pause to load . . . *Boom,* saying, "Good-by . . . Luck." Then the trappers floating on the river in their loaded canoes raised their guns and fired one answering shot, "Luck." They picked up their paddles and disappeared around the point, to be gone five months. Sometimes, even when they'd passed around the point, and the town was lost, they could still hear the guns, *Boomboom* . . . *Boom,* like a last calling. It gave a fellow something to remember way off here where you didn't hear anything much except your own voice.

It would be pretty near three months yet before he'd be home with his fur to Luce, he was thinking as he scrambled down the bank and legged it along the ice for "the house." *This* cabin had a window, and a door with hinges, a good tight roof of birch bark, and, within, such luxuries as a sleeping bag, which his tiny log-tilts back in the woods had not.

It was nearly dark when he got there, but not too dark to see in the cove the print of strange snowshoes. And by the point where the current flowed fast and the ice was thin, somebody had been chopping a water hole.

"Hello," he called to the cabin.

From the ridge came a silvery, mocking "hello," and faintly, seconds later, a distant hello across the river, the echo of the echo. Jan crossed the cove bent double, studying the tracks. There were three of them, a big pair of snowshoes and two smaller pairs. The smaller snowshoes had been dragging in a stick of firewood from alongshore —the women.

Jan threw off his bag and hurried into the cabin. No-

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body made snowshoes of that pattern but Mathieu Susaka-shish, the Seven Islands Indian. Nobody but Mathieu knew this cabin was here. He and his wife and daughter had come last year and begged a little tea and sugar. Now they had been here again with their Indian idea that food belongs to anybody who is hungry. Dirty dogs! Where three fifty-pound bags of flour had been hanging, only two hung now. They had dripped candle grease onto his bunk and left his big meat kettle unwashed. He dove under the bunk and pulled out his food boxes. They'd made off with some of his split peas and a few of his beans, a handful of candles too. They had sliced a big chunk of salt pork neatly down the middle.

In a frenzy of rage he ripped open his fur-bag. Every skin was there, and in addition, a black and shining otter skin lay crosswise on his bundles of mink and marten, fox and ermine. He held it up and blew the hair and felt its thickness and its length, stroking its blue-black luster. It was a prize, it would bring sixty dollars, perhaps. But the sight of it made him angrier than before.

"So!" he muttered. "Mathieu thinks one miserable skin of fur pays me for my grub, eh?" He lit a candle, and his hand was trembling with rage. From now on he'd be half-hungry all the time, and hunting meat when he ought to be tending the trap line. He thought of his wife, and the blankets, and the windows, and the boat and nets and the new stove they needed at home. This was his whole year's earnings, these five months in the bush. And Mathieu thought he could steal the grub that made it possible, did he? He thought he could come every year and fit himself out, likely.

Jan took his rifle and emptied the magazine. It was only one bag of flour—but still, there were men way off here in the country who'd died for lack of a cupful, yes, a spoonful. Slowly he reloaded with the soft-nosed cartridges he had always kept for caribou, heretofore. Would he tell Luce, would he ever be able to forget that somewhere back in the ridges, by some secret little lake that no one knew, he had shot three Indians and stuffed them through the ice? Didn't the Bible say, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth?

There was bannock bread to bake and fur to be skinned. It was nearly midnight when he stoked up the stove and rolled in on the bunk for the last good sleep he expected to know for a while. At five o'clock in the starlight he was out on the river shore with a candle lantern made out of a baking-powder can, examining tracks. The polished, shallow trench which their two toboggans had left was so plain that a child could have followed it. Mathieu was ahead, taking long steps, hurrying. The two women were behind, hauling their toboggan in double harness, tandem-fashion. One of them fell and left the print of her knee going down the bank. Jan smiled as though he had seen it and heard her mutter.

He followed their track across the river to the top of a draw between two bare hills. There in the sunrise he turned and looked back at the ice sparkling with frost in the soft golden light, spotted with long blue shadows of the hills. As he plunged downhill into the thick country to the north he had an ominous feeling that he was leaving something. Maybe Mathieu would ambush him; it would be an easy thing to do on a track like this. Would Mathieu guess that he was being chased?

Jan studied the track, unconsciously noting every detail. Here in this book of the snow he might perhaps read Mathieu's thoughts, even a warning of an ambush. Indians were smart in the woods. Did he really think he could out-track an Indian hunter?

"By the Lord Harry, I can have a try," he whispered to himself.

Two mornings ago it was, that they passed through here under the firs, across that little brook. Two days was not much start for them. They had sleds and he had none. Mathieu had to break trail, while he had their hard frozen track to walk on. They had all their winter gear, their blankets and kettles, their tin stove and tent, traps, trout nets probably. He had nothing but the gamebag on his back, nine cakes of bread, tea and sugar, rifle and ax, a single blanket. The chances were he could travel twice as fast as they.

He passed their first fire, where they had stopped to boil tea and had thrown the tea leaves on the embers. The tea leaves were frozen stiff.

All day he swung on, parting the boughs where the spruces were thick, slipping through them as effortlessly as a weasel, trotting down all the hills with a tireless shuffle, trotting again where the way was level and open. Once he stopped for ten minutes to sit on a log and munch dry bread, light his pipe, and swing on. It was frosty, and the edges of his fur cap grew white with his breathing.

Before sunset he had long passed their first night's camp. Through the semi-darkness of early twilight he pressed on, following the hardness of their track more by touch than by sight. In the starlight he made his fire and boiled tea in a ravine by a brook. Here and there a tree snapped with the frost. The brook murmured under the ice. On the western hill a horn owl was hooting.

Every hour he woke with the cold, threw on more wood, turned over and slept again. Around three o'clock he woke and could not sleep again. He sat hunched in the blanket, looking into the fire thinking what a fool he was. He should be on the trap line, not here. He had not come up the river so far away to waste time chasing Indians around the hills. Already he was hungry and wished he had brought more food. It was too bad he couldn't just shoot Mathieu, but it would be no use to leave the women to wander around and starve. At the thought of actually squeezing the trigger and seeing them drop, he shuddered.

By half past four he had boiled his tea and eaten, and was picking his way along the track again. He should have rested another hour, he knew; it was so slow in the darkness. But he could not rest, though he was tired. He wanted to get it over with. Probably they would not bleed much; it was so cold.

The Indians were still heading northwest. Likely they

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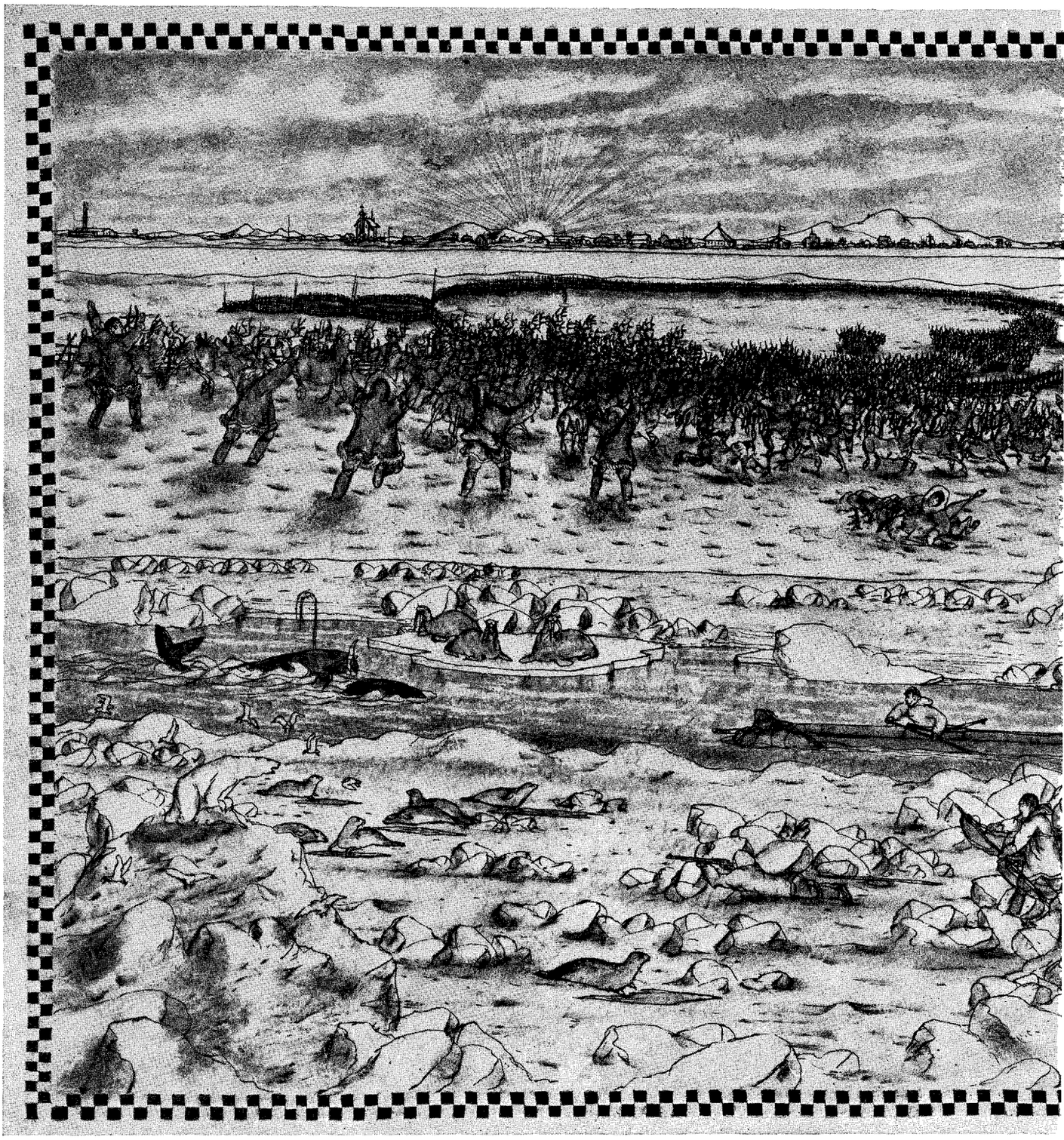

were bound for the hundred-mile lake, Panchikamats, not far from the headwaters of streams that flowed into Hudson's Bay. Mathieu would feel safe there. And he would be, too. It was much farther than Jan could track him, with only three days' grub in the bag.

In the morning he passed their second night's camp. By noontime he had come to the edge of a big, oval marsh that was about six miles wide at its narrowest. On its barren floor there were occasional clumps of dead sticks, juniper and fir, no higher than a man's head, the firs rotten and falling, the junipers gaunt and wind-carved. Compared to its bleak, dead savagery the greenwoods borders seemed sociable and friendly and snug. As the merciless northwest wind had stunted and killed the trees, so it could shrivel and kill a man if it caught him out there in a blizzard.

The trail was dim and wind-scoured. A mile out and there was nothing but the dully shining spots the sleds had polished; two miles out and Mathieu was veering off to the east, deviating now from his northwest course.

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The marks petered out entirely, heading, at the last, straight east. If Mathieu were really heading northwest, the blue notch at the marsh's far end was the natural way for him. Then why, in the middle of the marsh, did he swing off for the steep ridges to the east?

Jan trotted about in a circle, slapping his mittens together and pounding the toes that were aching in his moccasins. The drifting snow slid by like sand, rising in little eddies as the wind rose.

He stopped and stood with his back to the wind, leaning against it. Mathieu, he figured, wanted to go through the blue notch, but it was too plain. He knew his track could be picked up there first thing. So he cut off in the middle of the marsh, thinking there'd be no mark of it left. Mathieu had just made a little circle-round, and was now right on down the valley. With the women hauling sleds, they couldn't get along in those hills. They'd have to strike the valley.

Jan picked up his gamebag and trotted off toward the now-invisible notch. Lord Harry, he was hungry. In the

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wind he felt like singing; the wind drowned sound, sang a song of its own, saved a man from feeling that the miles of quiet woods were listening. He roared in a strong baritone:

Oh we seen the strangest sights of far-off lands,
And we conquered stormy winds and stinging foam,
But the be-e-est is to see the chee-eery lights of ho-o-ome.

The drift had obscured the shores now, and he was as though alone in the middle of a white sea, snow above, below, and on all sides. But he did not think of it. The wind was compass enough for him and had been since boyhood.

He clasped his gun and ax in the crook of one elbow, put his curled mitts up around his mouth, and imitated a mouth organ, hunching up his shoulders and swinging his body, dancing on his snowshoes in the gale.

At dusk, miles beyond the blue notch, he picked up the Indians' track again. He glowed with the warmth of a hunter's pride. They'd never get away now; they were doomed, unless it snowed.

A mile farther on they had camped, and there he camped too. There was still a faint warmth in the depths of their ashes. But the sight of a bundle lashed in the low branches of a spruce made him pause. It was a hairy caribou skin, a big trout net, and a heavyish iron Dutch oven. So, they were lightening loads, were they? They knew they were being tracked then. How did they know?

Jan sat on the fir brush of their tent site and thought about it. They didn't know, they couldn't know. Mathieu was just playing safe, that was all, announcing, if he should be followed, that he was still a-drivin' 'er for all he was worth, bluffing a pursuer, trying to say, "I know I am being followed"—just in case he should be followed. Mathieu would go on for a week, get his women set in a good camp, then circle back, hunting as he came, and pick up his stuff again.

That's what you think, Mathieu.

That night he ate another half a bannock, only half when he could so easily have eaten three whole ones. What a fool he was to have traveled so light. If, by some mischance, he didn't catch them now, he'd be stranded off here with nothing to eat.

Rolled in his blanket and their caribou robe, he had the best sleep yet. It was risky. He had his gun beside him. For why couldn't Mathieu come back tonight as well as in a week? All about was the ring of darkness; here was the firelight. What a perfect mark to shoot at. Yes, but Mathieu wouldn't shoot him. Why, Mathieu's father used to camp on the shore at Turner's Harbor in the summertime years ago. Mathieu's cousin used to wrestle with Jan by the hour, and Mathieu himself had been in the foot races they ran on the beach by the blue, cool bay long ago.

He sat and poked at the fire. Mathieu wouldn't shoot you, he was thinking, but you'd shoot Mathieu. Mathieu would steal his grub, but he wouldn't steal Mathieu's grub. Head in hands, he rocked to and fro, bewildered and hating this mental tangle. Oh, if Mathieu only hadn't come along at all; if only Mathieu hadn't taken a whole bag of flour, he would be so glad for Mathieu.

He settled it this way: if Mathieu wants to come along and shoot me tonight, let him, that's good luck for Mathieu; but if Mathieu doesn't, maybe Mathieu will get shot himself tomorrow night.

The stars paled and the east grayed the same as on other mornings. Jan did not set out until there was a little light. It would be so easy for Mathieu to wait hidden by the track.

He walked with his cap on the side, exposing one ear, and when that ear began to freeze he tilted his cap and uncovered the other. Every mile he stopped and listened, mouth open, holding his breath. Late in the forenoon as he stood examining a small valley thick with willows and boulders, he was conscious from the corner of his eye that a tuft of snow was slipping down the face of a gray boulder off to the left. Was somebody behind there? He turned and ran, dodging through the trees. Skirting the end of the willows, he stealthily approached the trail farther on. No, no one had been there. It must have been a willow twig brushing the rock in the breeze. Here were the three prints, just the three prints, Mathieu's almost indistinguishable under the women's and the sleds'. The women had given up hauling tandem. They took turns single, and when they changed places Mathieu didn't wait for them. They had to run a little to catch up, poor things. Luce could never have hauled like that.

As he tramped, he got to thinking of the otter skin Mathieu had left. It was funny the way Indian hunters would take food. They'd been hunters for so many ages they thought a bag of flour, like a caribou, was anybody's who needed it. But they wouldn't steal fur. Indians! They were like a necessary evil, they were like children. It would be better if they *did* steal fur and left the grub alone. They could pack grub as well as anybody, but they were too lazy. They let the trappers wear themselves to skin and bone struggling up the river in a canoe loaded to the gunwales, risking their lives for it in the white rapids, lugging their loads up The Great Bank, a mile long and steeper than the bridge of Satan's own nose, breaking their backs for it across twelve miles of swamps and brooks and slippery rocks on the Grand Portage where the tumplines pulled their hair out by the roots and they carried till their eyes turned black and their trembling knees sagged under them. And then—then the Indians came along and helped themselves as though flour were worth no more up here than down on the bay shore.

They won't help themselves to my grub, Jan thought grimly. Some day I'll come back to the house maybe and find it cleaned right out. And what about me, living on jay's legs and moss till I fall in the snow and die?

The sky was growing deeper gray, darkness coming early. The air was chill with a suspicion of dampness. Come a big batch of snow to cover their track and make the walking back heavy, he'd be in a fine fix with no food. He smelled the wind, and it smelled like snow. Before dark

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it began to fall, and at dark he still had not caught them. Must be getting weak, he thought ruefully. He'd set some rabbit snares tonight. Or maybe he'd get a partridge. And maybe he wouldn't.

He stood on the shore of a little lake and leaned against a tree, uncertain. With the new snow and the dark, there was only the barest sign of the track now. By morning it would be gone. What was that sharp smell?

He threw back his head and sniffed. Wood smoke! He had caught them. Let the snow pelt down, let it snow six feet in the night; he had caught them and they couldn't get away.

Strange, though, that they should camp before the snow got thick. An hour more and they would have been safe. Well, Mathieu had made his last mistake this time.

Over a knoll in a thick clump of firs Jan built a small fire to boil the kettle. He was ravenous, and weary to the bone. They were camped, they would keep till he got ready for them. And they couldn't smell his smoke with the wind this way.

He ate the last of his bannock, drank four cups of tea, and smoked his pipe to the last dregs. Then he left his bag and ax, took his rifle, and stole out across the dark lake. It was black as ink, and the new snow was like cotton wool to muffle his steps. Just back from the far shore he saw their dome-shaped *meetchwop* glimmering. They were burning a candle in there, one of his own probably.

He crept up closer on his belly, foot by foot. The two sleds were stuck up against a tree; there was the chopping block, the ax, the chips. Snowshoes were hanging from a limb, the two small pairs. The women inside were baking bread. He could hear the frying pan scrape on the tin stove. They were talking in their soft, musical voices, more like a brook under the ice than like human talk. They weren't hardly human anyway. But he could not bring himself to walk into the tent and shoot them in cold blood. Better get Mathieu first. But where were the big snowshoes—where was Mathieu? Behind that black tree there with his rifle cocked?

He lay silent, scarcely breathing, ears stretched for the slightest sound. There were only the wind and the falling snow and the women's voices and the scraping pan.

Fifteen minutes, a half-hour, he lay thus.

He was freezing, he couldn't lie there all night. Inch by inch, he crawled away. Silent as a shadow, he went back across the lake. There was danger everywhere now, every time he moved a muscle. He could feel it all around him, feel a prickling in his scalp and a supernatural certainty that as he was stalking Mathieu, Mathieu was stalking him. Cautiously, with long waits, he approached his camp. The fire was out. His fingers touched the gamebag, and drew back. Something was there, something that shouldn't be! *Something was wrong.* Chills went up and down his spine. He whirled toward a deeper patch of shadow, knowing with the certainty of panic that gunfire would belch from that shadow and blind him. His eyes roamed round in his head in the darkness and he waited, turned to stone.

There was no sound. Nothing but the soft hiss of the snowflakes drifting down.

Then he smelled it. Bread, new-baked bread, sweet as life to his nostrils. He drew off his mitten and touched the gamebag again. His fingers counted them—seven crusty bannock cakes, still warm.

"Mathieu," he whispered to the engulfing darkness. There was no answer. He struck a match and looked at the cakes. He bit one, and shook his head, ashamed. All his muscles sagged as he slumped into the snow and took a deep, deep breath—the first, it seemed, in many days.

Everything was different now. Noisily he crashed down a big tree for his night's fire. He was sticking up a lean-to by the fireplace, he was chilled by the night's cold, not by the cold horror of that other unthinkable job. Lord, he'd rather Mathieu plugged him full of holes than to take a sight on Mathieu. It was like waking up from a nightmare. He had half a mind to go across the lake now and ask Mathieu's woman to sew up the tear in his britches, and have a good sleep in the Indians' warm tent. How they would giggle and talk with their black eyes!

But he was too ashamed. Mathieu was a better man than he was, that was all—smarter in the woods and more forgiving. I wouldn't forgive Mathieu, he mused, for taking a bag of flour, but he forgives me for trying to kill him. All the time the snow's coming down and he only had to go on a little piece farther tonight to lose me. He knows that, but he takes a chance and sneaks back to feed me, me that's chasing him to kill him. Mathieu don't want I should starve going back to the river. Mathieu—he don't want us to part unfriendly.

Lord, it beat all. If ever he told this to Luce she'd say he was the head liar out of all the liars on the whole river.

He finished one of the fragrant, tender bread cakes and lay down with his back to the fire. It was a long time since he'd felt so happy. Wonderful strange too, how much he and Mathieu had said to each other without words, way off here, never meeting, eating each other's grub.

Toward morning the snow stopped. Just after sunrise the Indian family broke camp and climbed the hill up from the shore. Jan, watching from the opposite hill across the lake, saw them silhouetted, three dark figures on the bare ridge. He pointed his gun at a tree top and let go greeting. *Boomboom . . . Boom.* He saw the two women, startled, duck behind their sled.

But Mathieu stood erect against the brightening sky. He raised his rifle and fired one answering shot.

So they stood for a moment, on opposite hills, with upraised hand. *Good-by. Luck.*

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The Two Bears

A Sketch

RICHARD SULLIVAN

I DON'T KNOW where Judy got old Petticoat or by what mysterious brooding she picked out his name. He was probably one of the miscellaneous odds and ends of Christmas or a birthday—a small, rather mild-looking, mustard-brown Teddy bear. He leaned in corners of the coat closet or slept at the bottom of the toy chest for months before Judy got around to noticing him. Then one day she started dragging him about everywhere she went, dragging him and hugging him; she consulted him politely from time to time, fed him imaginary tea from her doll dishes, and at last took him to bed with her. The next day she announced that his name was Petticoat. Thereafter, where she went he went.

Often after that she neglected him during the day, but at night she refused to go to sleep without him. He was not always a soothing bed companion; indeed, she often complained that he kept her awake by shouting songs from his corner of the pillow or by getting up and dancing—stomp, stomp, stomp—across the covers. After such disturbances, of course, Judy had to have an extra drink of milk and another story before she could settle down to sleeping. She usually lengthened the extra story on these nights by interrupting it to denounce Petticoat all over again; and at the end of it, after the door was closed, she would sometimes scold and abuse the bear for five minutes, even to the point of spanking him until he squeaked.

His squeak was a hoarse little mouselike sound. I didn't know that he spoke at all until one night when I saw him stubbornly maintain silence when asked if he liked us, and then burst out into ecstatic chirruping when asked if he liked Judy.

Despite his alleged wildness he was a very quiet-looking bear, stodgy and sedate even in his youth. When his yellow-brown fuzz wore short with age—and especially after Judy had clipped the hair of his whole head with the manicure scissors—he became a sad and bald little old creature, dull-eyed and apathetic, with just a trace of wistfulness in the stitched line of his mouth.

It was perhaps his thinning fuzz which led Judy to clothe him at last in a flimsy, lace-trimmed costume cast aside by one of the dolls. This doll dress, a giddy pink-and-blue-and-white atrocity, hung upon Petticoat like a nightgown on a plump old lady. Its short sleeve ruffles came down over his wrists, and its hem would have hidden his feet completely had he not constantly asserted his masculinity by cocking his legs at odd and severe angles which kept the skirt about his waist.

We were all very fond of him. When Judy went to the hospital with her infected ear, Petticoat went with her—and stayed with her; was permitted to stay while we were thrust out. And after a week or two he impressed his grave personality even upon the internes and nurses, who sometimes held long and sober conversations with him as he lay beside Judy, and at last took to calling him familiarly by his outlandish name.

It was soon after Judy was taken to the hospital that we discovered the second bear. On a Saturday night after visiting hours were over, we were walking around in the snow, hating to go home to a very empty house. We saw the bear in a department-store window, sitting on top of a high, white pedestal beside a Christmas tree and grinning down at a whole floor full of sparkling and glittering trains and blocks and dolls and drums. He was such a big, silky, comical, and magnificent bear—so richly chocolate-brown and with such hairy chops—that we both wanted to buy him at once for Judy. We were not sure at that time that she would be home for Christmas, but without giving the thought time to hurt us, we muttered nervously that such a bear could surely go to the hospital for Christmas, even if other toys could not. We went into the store and put a dollar down on him. When we came out, we stood at the window for several minutes gloating in. It was perhaps because we were both shaky with a fiercely suppressed worry at that time that we did

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not think of any possible rivalry between this bear and Petticoat. Or perhaps if we had thought of it, we would have wanted him anyhow for Judy, without any acute twinge of conscience at our disloyalty to the bear who was at that moment in the hospital.

Judy came home the middle of December. After a week in bed she was able to be up for a few hours every day. By Christmas day she was nearly well. When we carried her downstairs in the morning, and she saw the tree, she said very solemnly: "See?—See?" in the assured tone of one clinching forever the truth that good girls are remembered by Santa Claus.

The new bear was sitting in the new red wagon in front of the new dollhouse. Other new toys were laid about under the little drooping green-and-silver tree. The bear was all Judy saw. She tiptoed up to him, clasped him gently and tenderly, snuggled him, and turned to us. "See?" Then she put him in the wagon and rode him carefully up and down the room.

We pointed out the other toys. She noted them all, even played with them. But the new bear fascinated her; she kept returning to him. He was almost as big as she was. We told her he was Petticoat's father. That apparently gave her an idea. She sent me upstairs to get old Petticoat —her own legs were still too wobbly from the long stretch in bed to let her climb the steps—and then she set the tiny old bear in the new bear's lap and gave them both a slow, cautious ride in the wagon.

"He's my Petticoat, too," she told us, indicating the new bear.

"Oh, yes. Old Petticoat and new Petticoat."

Perhaps we should not have been so willing to accept the new bear into the family. I wish now we had been more aloof. But we trusted Judy's constancy; and I suppose, no matter what the reception, there would have been no great difference in what happened. Old Petticoat, yellow and bald, dressed in his crazy gown, made a sorry contrast to the glossy new bear on whose lap he slumped glumly during the wagon ride. Size was not the main difference between them, although Petticoat was outbulked twenty times by the new bear. But the new bear had soft glistening hair an inch and a half long; Petticoat was clipped and worn thin. And there was an extraordinary contrast in personality, in manner, in expression even. The new bear had a rascally, irresponsible fatness to his furry chops and his belly; his eyes were wild and impertinent; his face grinned; his thick arms stuck out as if they were always waving; he did not squeak when you pressed him—he almost mewed. Beside him old Petticoat looked more meek, more stodgy, more bald, and more aged than ever.

There was nothing antagonistic about the new bear. He was too plump and silly and thoughtless-looking to be considered mean. But it was simply impossible for him not to outshine old Petticoat. Judy fondled him capriciously all day long. Old Petticoat lay under the tree with his face in a small tin pie plate.

Christmas night Judy insisted that both bears go to bed with her. She seemed equally fond of them, but it bothered me that she had so soon given the old bear's name to the new one.

On the next night she asked for both bears again, and on the third night again. But on the third night she let old Petticoat sleep at the upper outside edge of the pillow, while new Petticoat lay beside her. In the morning the old bear was on his ear on the icy floor, his skirt up over his shoulders.

She kept calling for both bears for about a week, but then one night when we laid old Petticoat beside her she quietly shoved him off to the floor. We picked him up, murmured something about accidents, and put him back on the pillow. She threw him violently over into the corner by the window.

"He—makes—me—mad!" she declared out of the corner of her mouth.

We tried hard to soothe her; we tried subtly to reinstate old Petticoat under the covers; but she would not have him. And there was no probing her reasons. It was simply and finally that she would not have him.

We tried again the next night. It was no use. She made faces at him after she threw him out—fierce, menacing faces accompanied by mutters. We brought him downstairs with us when she had gone to sleep. He sat, very small and listless, with his legs doing the splits on the davenport, his sharp, whiskerless nose pointing obliquely at the corner where the Christmas tree had stood, his eyes dully gazing. He had his usual faithful stodginess, his glum, faded meekness: there was nothing new or at all pitiable in his stupid stolidity. The doll dress was hitched up over his stomach. He was not even surprised at being downstairs on the davenport at an hour when he should have been upstairs in bed. We knew his nights of singing and stomping and sleeping in the bedroom were over.

We took him upstairs with us later, and unlocked the bottom drawer of the old dresser in the closet. This drawer held Judy's christening dress, her first pair of shoes, some safety pins, our marriage license, a pink shawl with a cod-liver-oil stain on it, two insurance policies, an unfinished crib cover, and a bunch of envelopes.

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We crowded the shawl over closer to the other things to make room for Petticoat in the corner. Then we laid him, plump, meek, and tiny, in the drawer with his legs sticking up.

We thought we heard a cough then, and hurried into Judy's room. We had been jumpy about night noises ever since she came home from the hospital. The moonlight was thin and misty over her bed. She lay with one arm thrown over the big, dark bear beside her. We watched her for a moment, wondering if we had really heard a cough; but she was quiet now, and we tiptoed out.

The bottom drawer was still half-open. We went back, looked down together at old Petticoat; then we pushed the drawer shut and slowly locked it.

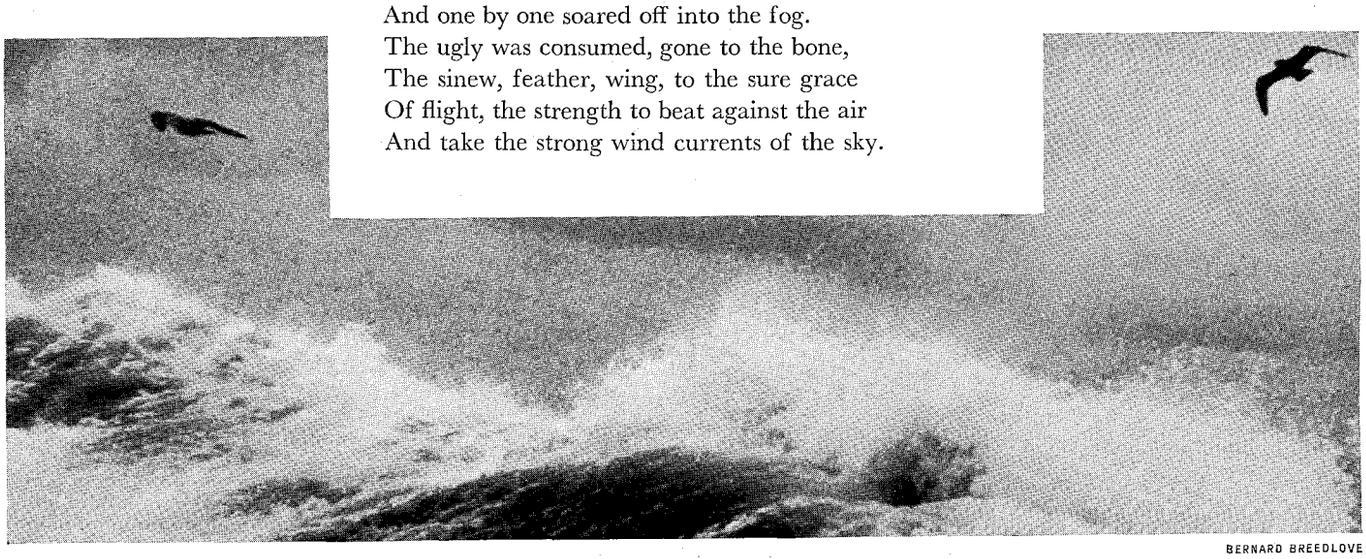
From This the Strength

FRED LAPE

The fog had made a twilight on the water.
The shore rocks rose, ugly and aged teeth
Of earth, discolored at their bases where
The tide had ebbed. Upon their tops the gulls
Stood silently facing the hidden sea.

Two boys with garbage came to the land's edge.
The gulls rose in the mist, circling the boys,
Crying about their heads, gliding down air.
The boys leaned out and slung their load of waste
Over the rocks. Shrieking the gulls swept down.
Their bodies wove together by the cliff.
The strongest found the food. The others swung
In circles waiting turn, or poised on water,
Beating their wings like butterflies, or clinging
To the wet rocks, let the slow roll of surf
Surge under lifted wings. One gull flew out
With red meat in his bill. The fog received
Him in its arms; only the white tail shone,
A comet curving down the sphere of mist.
Two gulls settled upon the cliff again.
They stretched and shook their wings, and folded them
Feather by feather to their sides, like old
Housewives storing their linen into drawers.

The boys went back. The gulls had cleaned the waste
And one by one soared off into the fog.
The ugly was consumed, gone to the bone,
The sinew, feather, wing, to the sure grace
Of flight, the strength to beat against the air
And take the strong wind currents of the sky.



BERNARD BREEDLOVE

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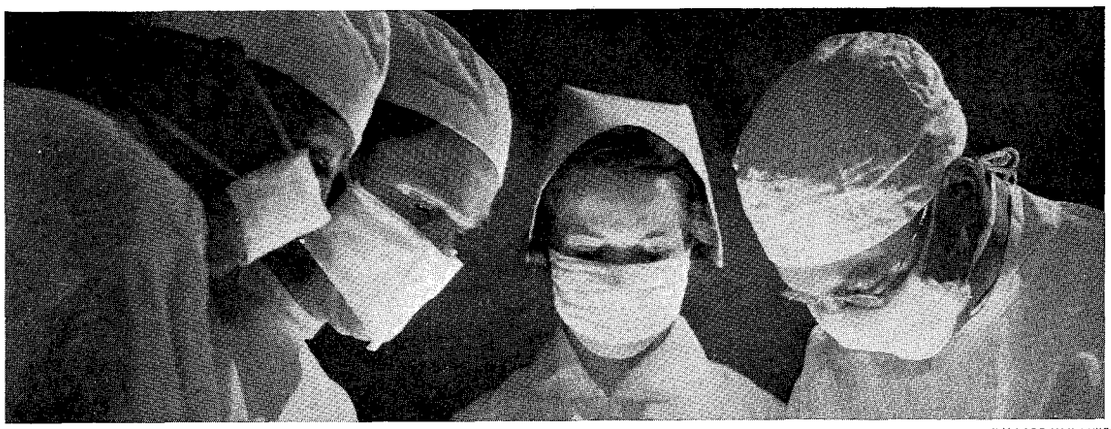

WILLARD VAN DYKE

The Flu Epidemic of 1918

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

The third of a series of articles in which Scribner's is reconstructing memorable fragments of our neglected past in the light of their contemporary meaning

EVERY newspaperman, publicity man, and politician knows that a big news event is sometimes thrust out of public notice by a still bigger—or more exciting—event which happens simultaneously. If he wants his story to land on the front page, he prays that there will be no grave threat of war, no great disaster, no juicy murder to compete with it for public attention. There is relativity in news. When, for example, a *Hindenburg* disaster takes place, even a struggle between the President and Congressmen over the Supreme Court sinks for the time being into comparative insignificance in newspaper readers' minds.

Now and then the same sort of thing happens in the larger field of history. An event of great historical importance is crowded off the front pages and out of people's memories by other simultaneous happenings. Could one find a better example of this truth than the fact that the most terrific epidemic which ever visited the United States—an epidemic which brought death to half a million Americans—never became the big news event of its day, was only sparingly written about, and was soon half-forgotten?

It would be interesting to know how many readers are aware of the huge proportions of this epidemic. It would be still more interesting to know how many readers under the age of twenty-five *have ever heard* of the great influenza epidemic of 1918.

Readers who were grown up in 1918 will recall it, more or less vaguely, as a sudden scourge of a particularly virulent form of grippe (known at the time as "Spanish influenza") which swept through the country during the last two months of the World War—those months of late September, October, and early November, 1918, when the Allied troops were victoriously thrusting the Germans back across the ruined countryside of France and Belgium, when the Central European empires were crumbling, when Woodrow Wilson was laying down the inexorable terms of armistice to a frantic German Chancellor, when the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign was arousing a new frenzy of war enthusiasm, and when the American public were wondering if the fighting would be over soon.

These readers will remember how friends and members of their families and fellow office workers were taken ill, how the influenza often turned into pneumonia, how doctors and nurses were overworked (if indeed obtainable at all), how people went about with white cotton masks over their faces. Some readers will remember going home with a high fever and aching bones and a cough, and being warned to stay in bed lest pneumonia develop—as it often did. Ex-soldiers may recall that their regiments at the training camp or at Brest or in the trenches were depleted by sudden illness. But even these older readers will perhaps be surprised when they are reminded how widespread and destructive was the plague.

The epidemic took at least half a million American lives—ten times as many as the Germans took during the War. In other words, it killed almost as many people in this country as are now living in the City of Washington. In the Army camps in the United States, every fourth man came down with influenza, every twenty-fourth man got pneumonia, and every sixty-seventh man died from the combined effects of the two diseases.

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Nor was this an American epidemic only. It was world-wide. In India it killed some five million people. It spread almost simultaneously to the remotest regions—Africa, upper Labrador, the Philippines, the South Seas. In Alaska whole villages of Eskimos lost their entire adult population; in Western Samoa the epidemic took, directly or indirectly, seven thousand lives out of a population of thirty thousand; in Fiji some 85 or 90 per cent of the population of Suva fell ill. Although the total loss of life the world over cannot possibly be computed, certainly it was much larger, in a few months, than the total loss of life in all the many years of fighting in the World War.

If that is not enough, listen to this further statement. According to no less sober and cautious an authority than the British Ministry of Health, the epidemic ranks "not lower than third, and perhaps second, upon the roll of great pestilences" of all recorded history. "No epidemic of smallpox or cholera," says a report issued by this Ministry in 1920, "not even the typhus periods of the earlier years of the nineteenth century, can vie with the influenza of 1918–19 as agents of destruction." The only two rivals in history, it seems, are the plague of Justinian's reign and the fourteenth-century Black Death.

Yet so completely did the end of the War displace this great plague in popular attention and destroy the memory of it that you will find only the most fleeting mention of it—if any at all—in the history books. That is one reason why I venture to guess that few members of the generation which is now growing up have ever heard of the influenza epidemic of 1918.

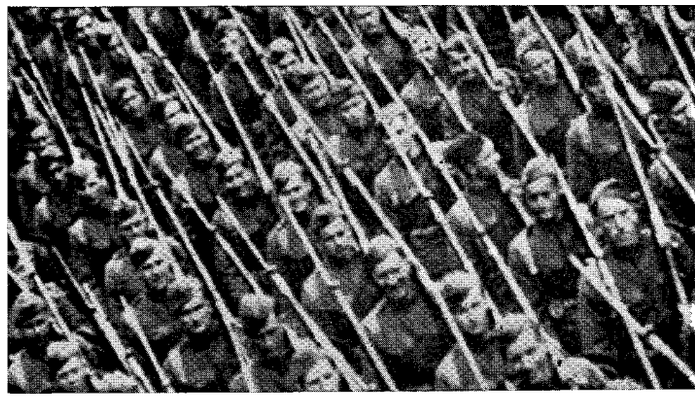
II

Since there was a war going on at the time and hysteria ran high, it was natural that many credulous Americans should have imagined that influenza germs had been brought to America by German agents. One gentleman, Lieutenant Colonel Philip S. Doane of the Shipping Board, suggested an even more definite possibility. "We know," he was quoted as saying, "that men have been ashore from German submarine boats, for they have been seen in New York and other places. It would be quite easy for one of these German agents to turn loose Spanish influenza germs in a theater or some other place where large numbers of persons are assembled. The Germans have started epidemics in Europe, and there is no reason why they should be particularly gentle with America." Unfortunately for this delightful theory, careful postwar research shows that one of the places where the epidemic was first reported in the whole world was Camp Funston, in Kansas.

Did the epidemic actually start in Kansas? To ask that question is to find oneself confronting one of the obscurest riddles of medicine. As everybody knows, there are periodic waves of diseases or groups of diseases variously known as influenza or grippe. Sometimes these waves are big, and the disease is frighteningly severe; it was very widespread and very bad, for example, in 1889–90, and pretty bad in 1928. Sometimes it is comparatively mild.

INTERNATIONAL

The influenza epidemic struck hard in the Army camps. Every fourth man came down with the flu, every twenty-fourth man caught pneumonia, every sixty-seventh man die



In April, the disease broke out among American troop abroad, apparently carried there from American Army camp

INTERNATIONAL

By the middle of October, the epidemic had reached its cl max in New York City. Theaters and public meeting place were closed. Outdoor church services were held in the street

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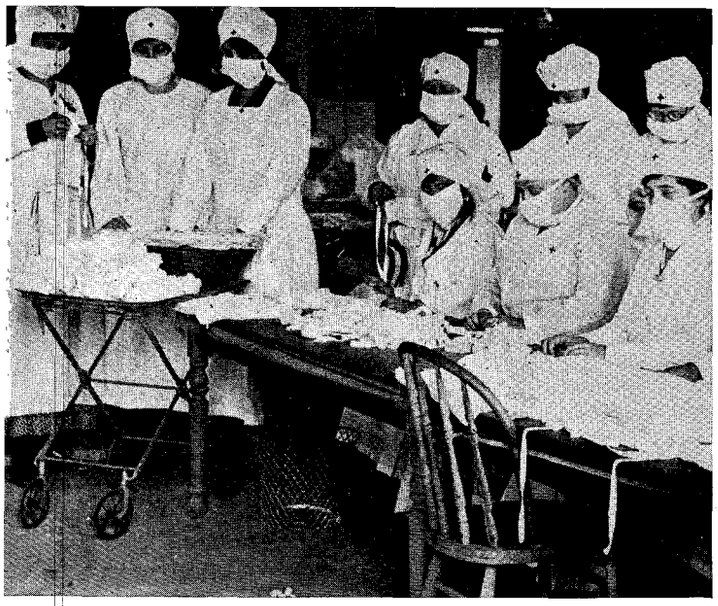

INTERNATIONAL

As the epidemic spread across America, doctors and nurses were overwhelmed. Hospitals were overcrowded. Volunteer nurses worked night and day, but still the death rate grew

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Influenza ran wildly through Europe, for soldiers had to be shifted, and as they marched, the flu marched with them

KEYSTONE

Early in November, the Allied troops were routing a demoralized enemy. America forgot illness, forgot masks, for the War was ending and the influenza epidemic was ending too

The epidemic of 1918 began in a rather mild form in the spring of the year. It was recorded at Camp Funston on March 5, spread quickly through the camp, passed off. On March 18 it hit the Oglethorpe camps. In the same month the same disease—or what looked like it—appeared in such widely separated places as China, the Japanese Navy, and the French village of Chaumont.

That is a strange set of facts to build a theory upon. They suggest that possibly the influenza broke out in no one place, but in several places simultaneously. What followed was even stranger.

By April the disease had reached American troops at Brest, apparently having been carried there from American Army camps. It had broken out also among the British troops, and among the German troops on the Western Front. In May it was reported not only from France but from Spain, Scotland, Greece, Macedonia, Egypt, and the Italian Navy. By June it had taken hold in Germany, Austria, Norway, and India. It was running wildly through Europe, and no wonder, for most of Europe was fighting, and troop trains and ships were constantly transporting men hither and yon in quantity. Spain had a hard time with it toward the end of May; hence the name "Spanish influenza" which became attached to it. And as it spread it increased in virulence. During those summer weeks of 1918, when Ludendorff's final thrusts into French territory were being turned back at Château Thierry and Compiègne and Hazebrouck, and Foch was beginning the counterattack which never stopped for long until the War was over, few Americans heard much about the influenza epidemic, but it was moving fast and taking an increasing toll abroad.

Then it moved *westward* again—back across the Atlantic. And all at once it was no longer a mild disease, either in the United States or in the other countries, all over the world, to which it had been brought. Now it was terrifying.

Toward the end of August, some fifty cases suddenly appeared among the men at the Naval Station at Commonwealth Pier, Boston. Within a week there were 2000 men down with influenza in the Naval Forces of the First Naval District, centering in Boston. Sailors often mingle with soldiers: on September 7 or 8 influenza had broken out at Camp Devens near Boston. The scourge was beginning its real American onslaught.

In each place the first few cases appeared to be mild, but presently one case in six or seven turned into pneumonia; and this took so severe a form that a pneumonia patient had only about two chances in three of pulling through. The disease spread from the military through the civilian population, doing its greatest damage among young men and women. It leaped from one end of the country to the other. By the first of October the epidemic had reached its peak in Boston (and simultaneously, believe it or not, in Bombay, India); by the middle of October it had reached its peak in Philadelphia and Baltimore (and also, for variety, in Liverpool and Vienna); during the next week, from the nineteenth to the twenty-

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sixth of October, it came to its climax in New York (as well as in Berlin, Paris, and Stockholm). Another week, and Cleveland was seeing the worst of it (along with London); still another, and Pittsburgh, Spokane, Edinburgh, and Amsterdam were having their crises. Meanwhile, influenza and pneumonia were running through all the other American cities, through the Army camps in America, and through the troops in half a dozen theaters of war.

III

To meet the crisis, Congress made a special appropriation of a million dollars for the Public Health Service, and the Red Cross appropriated $575,000. Though nobody knew just how the disease was communicated, the coming together of people seemed to have something to do with it, and therefore football games and boxing matches were canceled, and the Kentucky races were called off, and theaters and other places of amusement were closed, stranding thousands of actors on the road. All releases of motion pictures were canceled until the epidemic should abate.

In Boston and Washington the public schools were closed. The New York Public Library discontinued the circulation of books. The New York Telephone Company, with no less than 1600 of its operators ill, asked its subscribers not to use the telephone except for the most urgent calls. Dr. Royal S. Copeland, now Senator from New York but then Health Commissioner of New York City, asked business houses to stagger their hours of opening and closing so as to relieve the congestion in the subways and other transit lines. A political campaign was under way, but political meetings were few. In Seattle and many other cities, every place of public assembly was closed. Even war plans were delayed: the Provost Marshal General canceled orders for the entrainment of 142,000 draft registrants because conditions in the training camps were already so appalling.

Meanwhile the health authorities lectured their frightened communities on hygiene—and thus occasionally provided a little comic relief from the stress of illness and worry, as when Dr. Copeland warned New Yorkers not to kiss except through a handkerchief and, taking his cue from the custom of observing heatless days and motorless Sundays to save fuel for war purposes, called for "spitless Sundays." Five hundred New Yorkers were arrested for spitting. The New York Medical Society warned against handshaking.

In Washington and elsewhere one saw people wearing strange-looking white cotton masks in offices and shops; they looked ridiculous, to be sure, but was it not one's patriotic duty to wear them to defeat this new enemy of a nation at war? Barbers generally put on masks, but even so they were regarded with such suspicion that the sale of safety razors boomed. Nor was ingenuity asleep: in the *Popular Science Monthly,* Edward T. Duncan suggested that you could smoke cigarettes through a mask if you put two cornplasters on the mask, one inside and one outside, and cut a hole through the mask to fit the holes in the plasters. The holes would be corked when not in use.

Yet all precautions seemed useless. So savage was the attack of the epidemic that mines and factories and shipyards were crippled by sick leaves. Over half the population of San Antonio, Texas, fell ill. In other cities one person in three or four was laid up. The death rate in Camp Sherman approached those of the plague in London in 1665 and of yellow fever in Philadelphia in 1793.

Doctors and nurses everywhere were overwhelmed. A physician would answer a call and instead of treating one patient would have to treat ten or fifteen—members of the family and neighbors who had been unable to get a doctor or nurse—before he could leave. Hospital conditions were a nightmare: wards designed for thirty people would be jammed with seventy, half of them dying; when the day nurses came on duty they would find many new faces in the beds—patients put in the places of those who had died in the night. Doctors and nurses were falling ill themselves, some to die in three days. Panic was everywhere. A nurse who had then had only two months of training tells me she was offered $100 by telephone to come and look after a man and his wife who were both ill. Dr. Copeland appealed to every woman in New York with any knowledge of nursing to volunteer for immediate service; and in Philadelphia, which was harder hit than any other big city in the country, the Council of Defense advertised for help from "any person with two hands and a willingness to work."

It had to be a willingness to face grim scenes, too: one nurse in Philadelphia found a house in which a lone woman had been dead and unburied for a week; another found a husband dead in the same room where his wife was lying with newborn twin babies: death and life had come to that home simultaneously. Cemeteries appealed for more gravediggers. In several cities there was a serious shortage of coffins; in Philadelphia the J. G. Brill Company, manufacturers of streetcars, turned its woodworking shop over to coffinmaking as the bodies piled up in the morgue. Mid-October was a grim time in hundreds of communities.

IV

The disease was no respecter of persons. Among the millions of Americans who came down with it was the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, a young man named Franklin D. Roosevelt—arriving at New York from a two months' visit to Europe, he was taken to his mother's house in an ambulance.

The most important sufferer from the influenza—unhappily, perhaps, for the theory that the enemy had arranged the whole thing—was not an American, but the German Chancellor. On October 23, when Germany's Bulgarian allies had already surrendered, when her Turkish allies were on the verge of surrender, and her Austrian allies were likewise pressing for peace negotiations; when it was already clear (*continued on page* 74)

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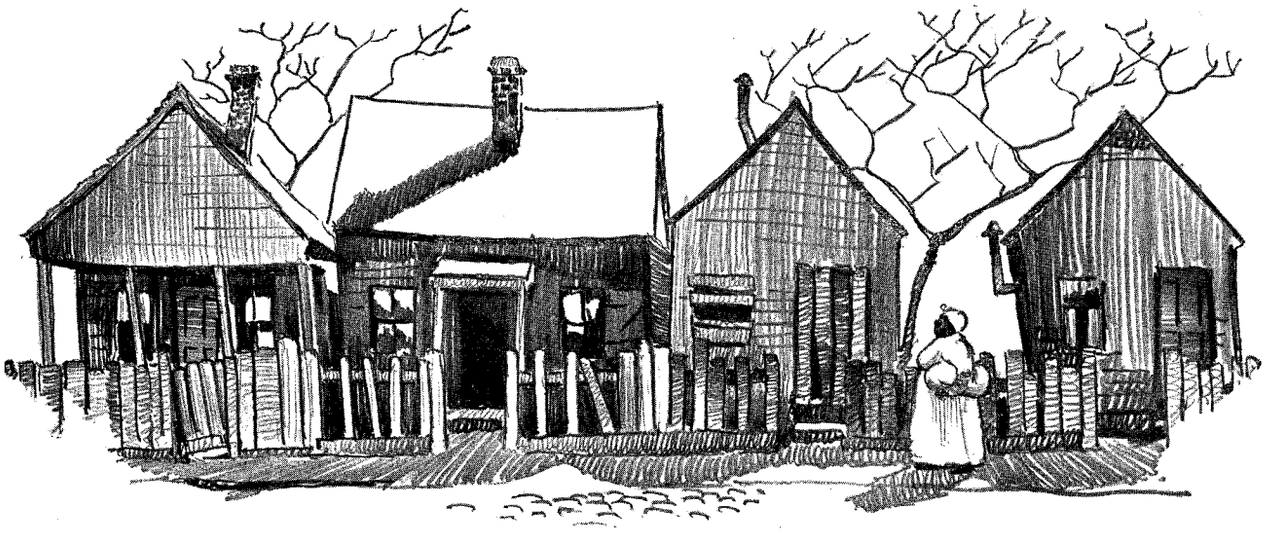

Clothe the Naked

DOROTHY PARKER

DRAWINGS BY WALTON BLODGETT

Big Lannie went out by the day to the houses of secure and leisured ladies, to wash their silks and their linens. She did her work perfectly; some of the ladies even told her so. She was a great, slow mass of a woman, colored a sound brown-black save for her palms and the flat of her fingers that were like gutta-percha from steam and hot suds. She was slow because of her size, and because the big veins in her legs hurt her, and her back ached much of the time. She neither cursed her ills nor sought remedies for them. They had happened to her; there they were.

Many things had happened to her. She had had children, and the children had died. So had her husband, who was a kind man, cheerful with the little luck he found. None of their children had died at birth. They had lived to be four or seven or ten, so that they had had their ways and their traits and their means of causing love; and Big Lannie's heart was always wide for love. One child had been killed in a street accident and two others had died of illnesses that might have been no more than tedious, had there been fresh food and clear spaces and clean air behind them. Only Arlene, the youngest, lived to grow up.

Arlene was a tall girl, not so dark as her mother but with the same firm flatness of color. She was so thin that her bones seemed to march in advance of her body. Her little pipes of legs and her broad feet with jutting heels were like things a child draws with crayons. She carried her head low, her shoulders scooped around her chest, and her stomach slanted forward. From the time that she was tiny, there were men after her.

Arlene was a bad girl always; that was one of the things that had happened to Big Lannie. There it was, and Big Lannie could only keep bringing her presents, surprises, so that the girl would love her mother and would want to stay at home. She brought little bottles of sharp perfume, and pale stockings of tinny silk, and rings set with bits of green and red glass; she tried to choose what Arlene would like. But each time Arlene came home she had bigger rings and softer stockings and stronger perfume than her mother could buy for her. Sometimes she would stay with her mother over a night, and sometimes more than a week; and then Big Lannie would come back from work one evening, and the girl would be gone, and no word of her. Big Lannie would go on bringing surprises, and setting them out along Arlene's bed to wait a return.

Big Lannie did not know it, when Arlene was going to have a baby. Arlene had not been home in nearly half a year; Big Lannie told the time in days. There was no news at all of the girl until the people at the hospital sent for Big Lannie to come to her daughter and grandson. She was there to hear Arlene say the baby must be named Raymond, and to see the girl die. For whom Raymond was called, or if for anyone, Big Lannie never knew.

He was a long, light-colored baby, with big, milky eyes that looked right back at his grandmother. It was several days before the people at the hospital told her he was blind.

Big Lannie went to each of the ladies who employed her and explained that she could not work for some while; she must take care of her grandson. The ladies were sharply discommoded, after her steady years, but they

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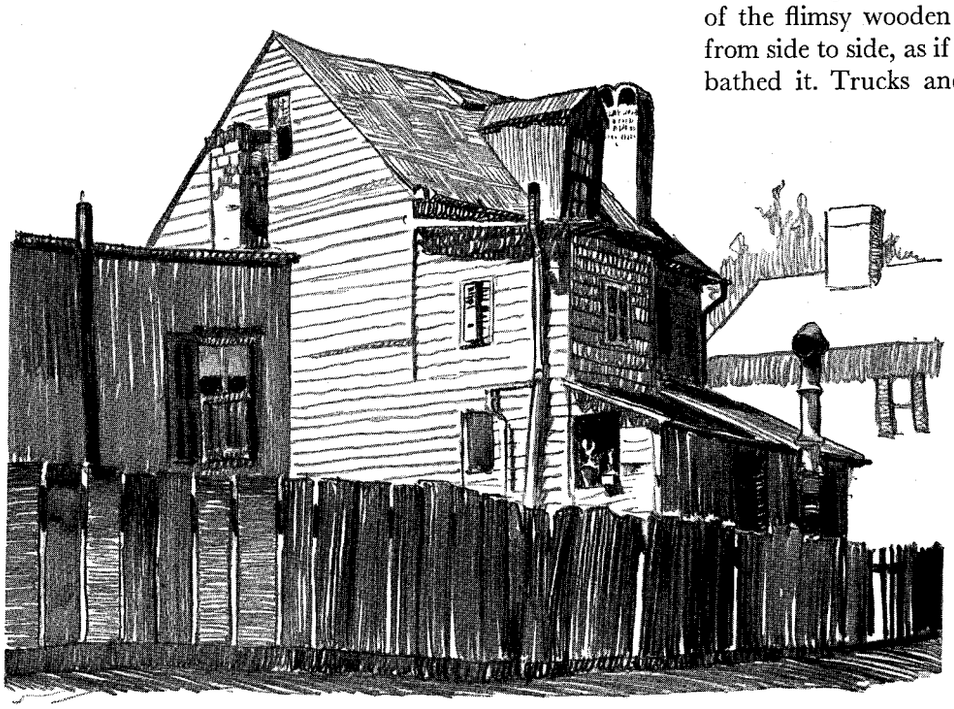
dressed their outrage in shrugs and cool tones. Each arrived, separately, at the conclusion that she had been too good to Big Lannie, and had been imposed upon, therefor. "Honestly, those niggers!" each said to her friends. "They're all alike."

Big Lannie sold most of the things she lived with, and took one room with a stove in it. There, as soon as the people at the hospital would let her, she brought Raymond and tended him. He was all her children to her.

She had always been a saving woman, with few needs and no cravings, and she had been long alone. Even after Arlene's burial, there was enough left for Raymond and Big Lannie to go on for a time. Big Lannie was slow to be afraid of what must come; fear did not visit her at all, at first, and then it slid in only when she waked, when night hung motionless before another day.

Raymond was a good baby, a quiet, patient baby, lying in his wooden box and stretching out his delicate hands to the sounds that were light and color to him. It seemed but a little while, so short to Big Lannie, before he was walking about the room, his hands held out, his feet quick and sure. Those of Big Lannie's friends who saw him for the first time had to be told that he could not see.

Then, and it seemed again such a little while, he could dress himself, and open the door for his granny, and unlace the shoes from her tired feet, and talk to her in his soft voice. She had occasional employment—now and then a neighbor would hear of a day's scrubbing she could do, or sometimes she might work in the stead of a friend who was sick—infrequent, and not to be planned on. She went to the ladies for whom she had worked, to ask if they might not want her back again; but there was little hope in her, after she had visited the first one. Well, now, really, said the ladies; well really, now.



The neighbors across the hall watched over Raymond while Big Lannie looked for work. He was no trouble to them, nor to himself. He sat and crooned at his chosen task. He had been given a wooden spool around the top of which were driven little brads, and over these with a straightened hairpin he looped bright worsted, working faster than sight until a long tube of woven wool fell through the hole in the spool. The neighbors threaded big, blunt needles for him, and he coiled the woolen tubes and sewed them into mats. Big Lannie called them beautiful, and it made Raymond proud to have her tell him how readily she sold them. It was hard for her, when he was asleep at night, to unravel the mats and wash the worsted and stretch it so straight that even Raymond's shrewd fingers could not tell, when he worked with it next day, that it was not new.

Fear stormed in Big Lannie and took her days and nights. She might not go to any organization dispensing relief, for dread that Raymond would be taken from her and put in—she would not say the word to herself, and she and her neighbors lowered their voices when they said it to one another—an institution. The neighbors wove lingering tales of what happened inside certain neat, square buildings on the cindery skirts of the town, and, if they must go near them, hurried as if passing graveyards, and came home heroes. When they got you in one of those places, whispered the neighbors, they laid your spine open with whips, and then when you dropped, they kicked your head in. Had anyone come into Big Lannie's room to take Raymond away to an asylum for the blind, the neighbors would have fought for him with stones and rails and boiling water.

Raymond did not know about anything but good. When he grew big enough to go alone down the stairs and into the street, he was certain of delight each day. He held his head high, as he came out into the little yard in front of the flimsy wooden house, and slowly turned his face from side to side, as if the air were soft liquid in which he bathed it. Trucks and wagons did not visit the street, which ended in a dump for rusted bedsprings and broken boilers and staved-in kettles; children played over its cobbles, and men and women sat talking in open windows and called across to one another in gay, rich voices. There was always laughter for Raymond to hear, and he would laugh back, and hold out his hands to it.

At first, the children stopped their play when he came out, and gathered quietly about him, and watched him, fascinated. They had been told of his affliction, and they had a sort of sickened pity for him.

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Some of them spoke to him, in soft, careful tones. Raymond would laugh with pleasure, and stretch his hands, the curious smooth, flat hands of the blind, to their voices. They would draw sharply back, afraid that his strange hands might touch them. Then, somehow ashamed because they had shrunk from him and he could not see that they had done so, they said gentle good-bys to him, and backed away into the street again, watching him steadily.

When they were gone, Raymond would start on his walk to the end of the street. He guided himself by lightly touching the broken fences along the dirt sidewalk, and as he walked he crooned little songs with no words to them. Some of the men and women at the windows would call hello to him, and he would call back and wave and smile. When the children, forgetting him, laughed again at their games, he stopped and turned to the sound as if it were the sun.

In the evening, he would tell Big Lannie about his walk, slapping his knee and chuckling at the memory of the laughter he had heard. When the weather was too hard for him to go out in the street, he would sit at his worsted work, and talk all day of going out the next day.

The neighbors did what they could for Raymond and Big Lannie. They gave Raymond clothes their own children had not yet worn out, and they brought food, when they had enough to spare and other times. Big Lannie would get through a week, and would pray to get through the next one; and so the months went. Then the days on which she could find work fell farther and farther apart, and she could not pray about the time to come because she did not dare to think of it.

It was Mrs. Ewing who saved Raymond's and Big Lannie's lives, and let them continue together. Big Lannie said that then and ever after; daily she blessed Mrs. Ewing, and nightly she would have prayed for her, had she not known, in some dimmed way, that any intercession for Mrs. Delabarre Ewing must be impudence.

Mrs. Ewing was a personage in the town. When she went to Richmond for a visit, or when she returned from viewing the azalea gardens in Charleston, the newspaper always printed the fact. She was a woman rigorously conscious of her noble obligation; she was prominent on the Community Chest committee, and it was she who planned and engineered the annual Bridge Drive to raise funds for planting salvia around the cannon in front of the D. A. R. headquarters. These and many others were her public activities, and she was no less exacting of herself in her

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private life. She kept a model, though childless, house for her husband and herself, relegating the supervision of details to no domestic lieutenant, no matter how seemingly trustworthy.

Back before Raymond was born, Big Lannie had worked as laundress for Mrs. Ewing. Since those days, the Ewing wash tubs had witnessed many changes, none for the better. Mrs. Ewing took Big Lannie back into her employment. She apologized for this step to her friends by the always winning method of self-deprecation. She knew she was a fool, she said, after all that time, and after the way that Big Lannie had treated her. But still, she said, and she laughed a little at her own ways. Anyone she felt kind of sorry for could always get round her, she said. She knew it was awful foolish, but that, she said, was the way she was. Mr. Ewing, she said behind her husband's hearing, always called her just a regular little old easy mark.

Big Lannie had no words in which to thank Mrs. Ewing, nor to tell her what two days' assured employment every week could mean. At least, it was fairly assured. Big Lannie, as Mrs. Ewing pointed out to her, had got no younger, and she had always been slow. Mrs. Ewing kept her in a state of stimulating insecurity by referring, with perfect truth, to the numbers of stronger, quicker women who were also in need of work.

Two days' work in the week meant money for rent and stovewood and almost enough food for Raymond and Big Lannie. She must depend, for anything further, on whatever odd jobs she could find, and she must not stop seeking them. Pressed on by fear and gratitude, she worked so well for Mrs. Ewing that there was sometimes expressed satisfaction at the condition of the lady's household linen and her own and her husband's clothing. Big Lannie had a glimpse of Mr. Ewing occasionally, leaving the house as she came, or entering it as she was leaving. He was a bit of a man, not much bigger than Raymond.

Raymond grew so fast that he seemed to be taller each morning. Every day he had his walk in the street to look forward to and experience and tell Big Lannie about at night. He had ceased to be a sight of the street; the children were so used to him that they did not even look at him, and the men and women at the windows no longer noticed him enough to hail him. He did not know. He would wave to any gay cry he heard, and go on his way, singing his little songs and turning toward the sound of laughter.

Then his lovely list of days ended as sharply as if ripped from some bright calendar. A winter came, so sudden and savage as to find no comparison in the town's memories, and Raymond had no clothes to wear out in the street. Big Lannie mended his outgrown garments as long as she could, but the stuff had so rotted with wear that it split in new places when she tried to sew together the ragged edges of rents.

The neighbors could give no longer; all they had they must keep for their own. A demented colored man in a near-by town had killed the woman who employed him, and terror had spread like brush fire. There was a sort of panic in reprisal; colored employees were dismissed from their positions, and there was no new work for them. But Mrs. Ewing, admittedly soft-hearted certainly to a fault and possibly to a peril, kept her black laundress on. More than ever Big Lannie had reason to call her blessed.

All winter, Raymond stayed indoors. He sat at his spool and worsted, with Big Lannie's old sweater about his shoulders and, when his tattered knickerbockers would no longer hold together, a calico skirt of hers lapped around his waist. He lived, at his age, in the past; in the days when he had walked, proud and glad, in the street, with laughter in his ears. Always, when he talked of it, he must laugh back at that laughter.

Since he could remember, he had not been allowed to go out when Big Lannie thought the weather unfit. This he had accepted without question, and so he accepted his incarceration through the mean weeks of the winter. But then one day it was spring, so surely that he could tell it even in the smoky, stinking rooms of the house, and he cried out with joy because now he might walk in the street again. Big Lannie had to explain to him that his rags were too thin to shield him, and that there were no odd jobs for her, and so no clothes and shoes for him.

Raymond did not talk about the street any more, and his fingers were slow at his spool.

Big Lannie did something she had never done before; she begged of her employer. She asked Mrs. Ewing to give her some of Mr. Ewing's old clothes for Raymond. She looked at the floor and mumbled so that Mrs. Ewing requested her to talk *up*. When Mrs. Ewing understood, she was, she said, surprised. She had, she said, a great, great many demands on her charity, and she would have supposed that Big Lannie, of all people, might have known that she did everything she could, and, in fact, a good deal more. She spoke of inches and ells. She said that if she found she could spare anything, Big Lannie was kindly to remember it was to be just for this once.

When Big Lannie was leaving at the end of her day's work, Mrs. Ewing brought her a package with her own hands. There, she said, was a suit and a pair of shoes; beautiful, grand things that people would think she was just a crazy to go giving away like that. She simply didn't know, she said, what Mr. Ewing would say to her for being such a crazy. She explained that that was the way she was when anyone got around her, all the while Big Lannie was trying to thank her.

Big Lannie had never before seen Raymond behave as he did when she brought him home the package. He jumped and danced and clapped his hands, he tried to speak and squealed instead, he tore off the paper himself, and ran his fingers over the close-woven cloth and held it to his face and kissed it. He put on the shoes and clattered about in them, digging with his toes and heels to keep them on; he made Big Lannie pin the trousers around his waist and roll them up over his shins. He babbled of the morrow when he would walk in the street, and could not say his words for laughing.

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Big Lannie must work for Mrs. Ewing the next day, and she had thought to bid Raymond wait until she could stay at home and dress him herself in his new garments. But she heard him laugh again; she could not tell him he must wait. He might go out at noon next day, she said, when the sun was so warm that he would not take cold at his first outing; one of the neighbors across the hall would help him with the clothes. Raymond chuckled and sang his little songs until he went to sleep.

After Big Lannie left in the morning, the neighbor came in to Raymond, bringing a pan of cold pork and corn bread for his lunch. She had a call for a half-day's work, and she could not stay to see him start out for his walk. She helped him put on the trousers and pinned and rolled them for him, and she laced the shoes as snug as they would go on his feet. Then she told him not to go out till the noon whistles blew, and kissed him, and left.

Raymond was too happy to be impatient. He sat and thought of the street and smiled and sang. Not until he heard the whistles did he go to the drawer where Big Lannie had laid the coat, and take it out and put it on. He felt it soft on his bare back, he twisted his shoulders to let it fall warm and loose from them. As he folded the sleeves back over his thin arms, his heart beat so that the cloth above it fluttered.

The stairs were difficult for him to manage, in the big shoes, but the very slowness of the descent was delicious to him. His anticipation was like honey in his mouth.

Then he came out into the yard, and turned his face in the gentle air. It was all good again; it was all given back again. As quickly as he could, he gained the walk and set forth, guiding himself by the fence. He could not wait; he called out, so that he would hear gay calls in return, he laughed so that laughter would answer him.

He heard it. He was so glad that he took his hand from the fence and turned and stretched out his arms and held up his smiling face to welcome it. He stood there, and his smile died on his face, and his welcoming arms stiffened and shook.

It was not the laughter he had known; it was not the laughter he had lived on. It was like great flails beating him flat, great prongs tearing his flesh from his bones. It was coming at him, to kill him. It drew slyly back, and then it smashed against him. It swirled around and over him, and he could not breathe. He screamed and tried to run out through it, and fell, and it licked over him, howling higher. His clothes unrolled, and his shoes flapped on his feet. Each time he could rise, he fell again. It was as if the street were perpendicular before him, and the laughter leaping at his back. He could not find the fence, he did not know which way he was turned. He lay screaming, in blood and dust and darkness.

When Big Lannie came home, she found him on the floor in a corner of the room, moaning and whimpering. He still wore his new clothes, cut and torn and dusty, and there was dried blood on his mouth and his palms. Her heart had leapt in alarm when he had not opened the door at her footstep, and she cried out so frantically to ask what had happened that she frightened him into wild weeping. She could not understand what he said; it was something about the street, and laughing at him, and make them go away, and don't let him go in the street no more, never in the street no more. She did not try to make him explain. She took him in her arms and rocked him, and told him, over and over, never mind, don't care, everything's all right. Neither he nor she believed her words.

But her voice was soft and her arms warm. Raymond's sobs softened, and trembled away. She held him, rocking silently and rhythmically, a long time. Then gently she set him on his feet, and took from his shoulders Mr. Ewing's old full-dress coat.

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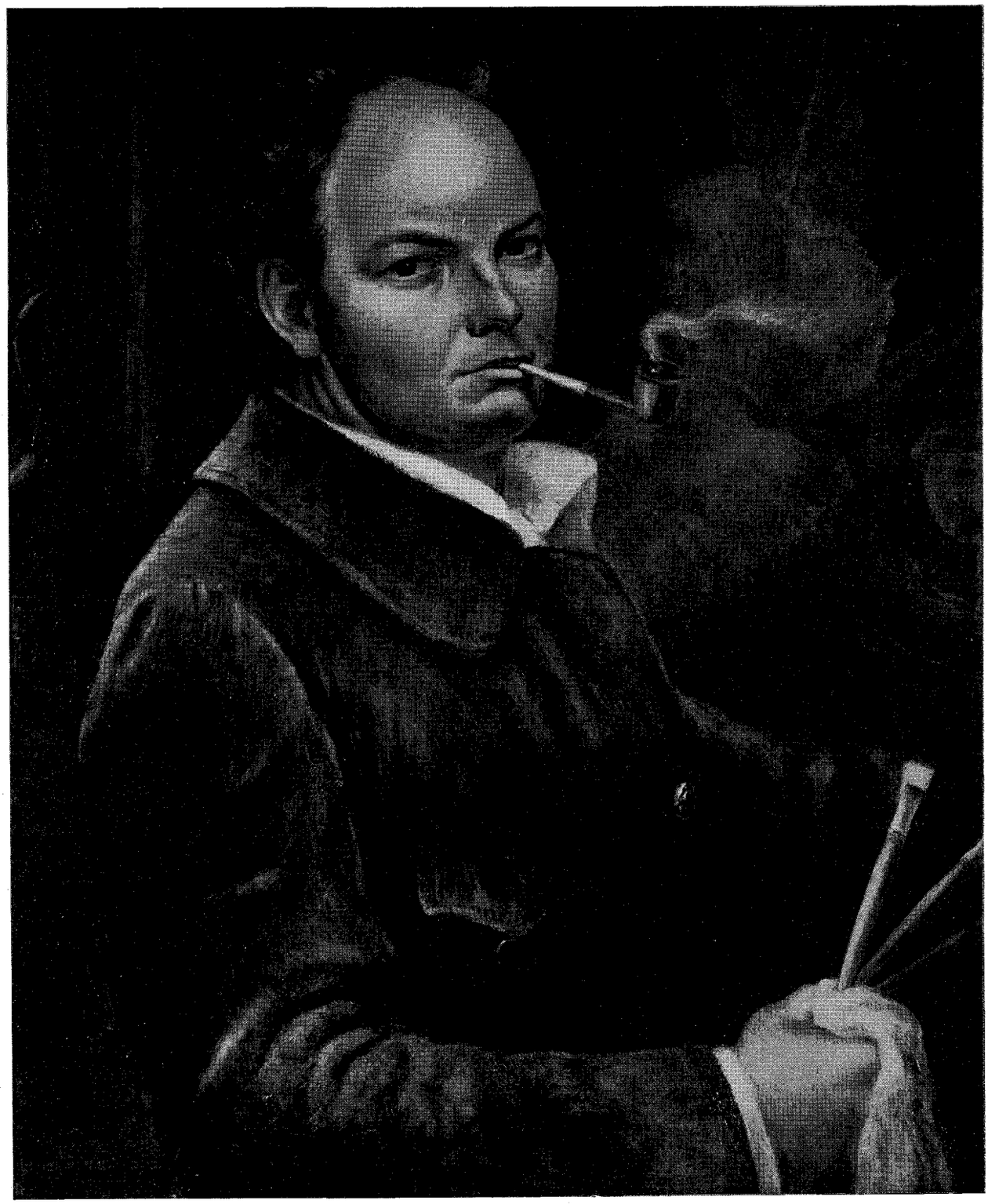

JOHN STEUART CURRY, *Self-portrait*

As a boy on a Kansas farm, he made pictures of windstorms, animals, and the vicissitudes of life on the plains. In his mature years, he has painted the same things and has won great renown. The subjects are important to him as his interpretation of them is important to the understanding of American life.

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SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES *the Kansas farm boy who has become a master of American genre painting . . . his background and methods . . . his influence on art*

John Steuart Curry

Kansas Cornfield, *as painted by a man who has planted it, plowed it, seen it withered by the hot wind*

BY

THOMAS CRAVEN

In the northeastern corner of Kansas, thirty miles from the State University, lie the remains of an abandoned country town. It is a desolate sight, this windswept ruin at the crossroads—the eroded bones of a community killed by drought. A few box-elder trees, dead long ago, stand on one side of the main highway; on the other side, among the sunflowers, an iron safe, half-buried in a pile of bricks, marks the grave of the Farmers' State Bank. The railroad is gone, and the white schoolhouse, and on the site of the Calvinist House of God stands a comfort station erected by an overland bus company. When this ruin was a local habitation, it was called Dunevant in honor of a general of the Civil War. The general is forgotten, and his monument is no longer on the map, but Dunevant will be long remembered as the home town of a famous American painter.

John Steuart Curry was born three cornfields east of the town, in 1897, the descendant of many generations of farmers. The Currys came originally from Scotland, a clan of Covenanters who immigrated to South Carolina, and in the middle years of the last century, followed the line of frontier expansion into the Mississippi Valley. The painter's father, Smith Curry, has lived and worked on a Kansas farm for most of his seventy-three years. The father is no ordinary sodbuster. One winter, in his youth, he sold his corn and attended the University with William Allen White and Colonel Funston; he traveled in many parts of the country and bought a strip of land in Arizona; and in 1895, when he married Margaret Steuart, he took his bride to Scotland for their honeymoon, a departure sullenly resented by Kansas clodhoppers.

A God-fearing man accustomed to toil, Smith Curry is still active and undiscouraged. He has had good years and bad, made money and lost it; and if, today, his orchards are barren, his barns unpainted, and his corrals empty, he will give the reasons without complaining. "The toll of the elements—five years of dreadful acts of God; no corn, no cattle; a bank failure and double liability as a stockholder; the money from my wheat crop eaten up by taxes and interest on borrowed money."

John Steuart Curry was the first-born of five children, three sons and two daughters. "I was raised," he says, "on hard work and the shorter catechism. My father fattened cattle for the Kansas City markets, and the stock had to be cared for. We were up at four o'clock the year round, feeding the steers, planting and plowing corn, cutting hay and wheat; and in the school months, doing half a day's work before we rode to town on horseback to our lessons. But we didn't mind. It was the only life we knew—and I had a good constitution." He was a boy of

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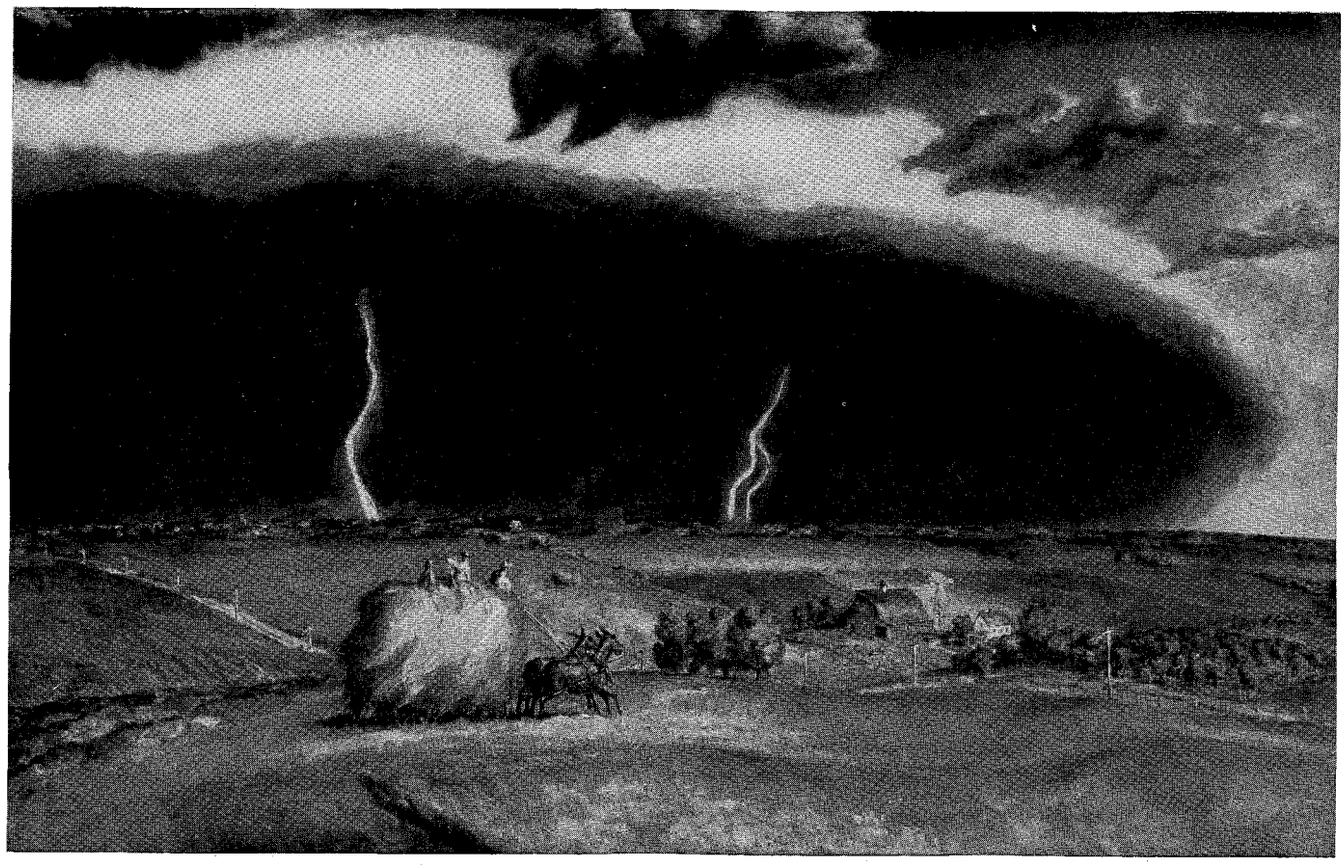

Born into a land of sudden and frightful changes, young Curry was extraordinarily sensitive to natural phenomena. When he came to paint Line Storm, *the artist imbued the landscape with his early fear and awe, transforming both earth and sky into an enormous personality alive with dramatic terror*

exceptional strength, with the heft of a bull and the speed of a hound—a large head and neck, powerful shoulders and the tapering figure of a born football player.

There was more to his life than the heavy routine of tillage. His pietistic inheritance, by some mysterious psychological operation, was transferred to a field which country boys were not supposed to cultivate, the field of art. Extraordinarily sensitive to natural phenomena, he began, as a child, to give rein to his impressions; and once the habit of drawing was formed, there was no stopping him, for he was stubborn and Scotch and capable of self-discipline. Nor was he, like most beginners in odd places, opposed by his parents: his father's silence meant consent, and his mother, a college graduate, brought before him reproductions of the old masters collected on her honeymoon, giving him his first glimpses of the promised land.

Curry, alone among American artists of distinction, has developed in a straight line. He seemed to know, as if by instinct, the world he was to make peculiarly his own. He has had his heartaches and tribulations, but he has never suffered over subject matter, never had to hang his head in shameful retreat from the fads imposed upon his credulous fellows by alien tricksters or upstart propagandists. As a boy on a Kansas farm, he made pictures of windstorms, animals, and the vicissitudes of life on the plains; in his eleventh and twelfth years, living on the Arizona ranch with his father, he tried his young hand at cowboys, landscape, and the vanishing herds. In his mature years he painted the same things and won great renown. The subjects were important to him, as his interpretation of them is important to the understanding of American life.

There can be no doubt that he was profoundly affected by his environment, that the spirit of the plains entered his blood, lending color and substance to all his experiences. He lived in a land of sudden and fearful changes of weather, of smiting extremes of heat and cold; he saw the cornfields and the spring loveliness of the far-off slopes shriveled to the ground by the southwest wind; he saw unprotected herds slain by the driving sleet of blizzards, tornadoes come crashing down the wide valley, with families diving into dugouts and white-eyed horses running madly before the storm.

From his first sentient moments, Curry heard men and women moaning about the weather. Among no other people, not even sailors on the high seas, is there so much talk about the weather, or such apprehensiveness of the destructive forces of nature. He heard the hysterical supplications of kneeling farmers, and his conception of the Almighty was the Old Testament god of vengeance visualized by Blake in his illustrations for the Book of Job.

He went to the county high school, but he was not by temperament a student. He was outstanding in athletics,

Pictures, courtesy of the Walker Galleries

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and he pursued his drawing with increasing devotion—the rest bored him beyond measure. For the most part, he was boisterous and carefree, but there were times when he would withdraw into himself and endeavor in his sketches to express his adolescent notions of the ways of life. At the close of his third year, he left school to study art. He passed the summer working on the railroad as a section hand, bought himself a suit of "style-built" clothes, and went down to Kansas Ciy to enroll in the Art Institute.

Of the opinion, after a month, that he was wasting his time, he moved on to the Art Institute of Chicago, where he studied for two years, supporting himself by sweeping the floors and serving as bus boy in the cafeteria. He was ambitious to become an illustrator, and laid plans to tackle New York. Then America joined the Allies, and Curry joined the army. He was sent to a training camp, but was summarily released when it was disclosed that he was under age. In 1918 he entered Geneva College in Pennsylvania, as a special student of art and football, and thus achieved more than local celebrity as a star halfback. In December, 1919, we find him in Tenafly, New Jersey, working in the studio of Harvey Dunn, the kingpin of the magazine artists of the day.

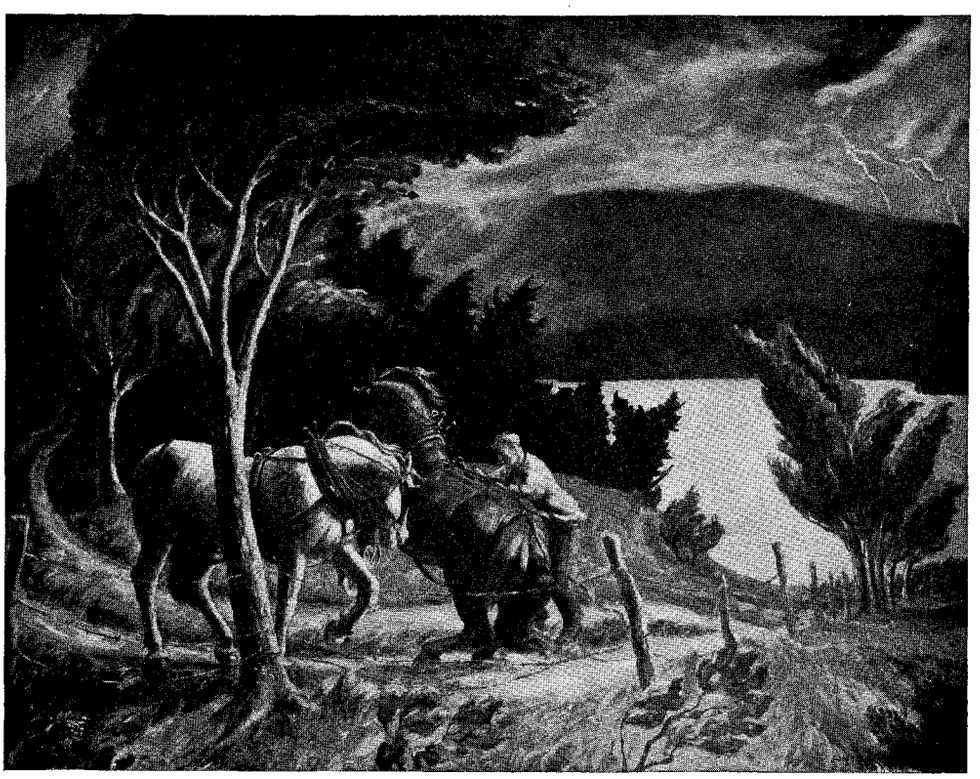
"Harvey Dunn was more than the big shot of popular-magazine illustration," Curry declares. "He was an artist—not a Daumier, nor even a George Bellows, but all the same, an artist, with a driving energy that was unmistakably American. And he was every inch a man."

Dunn, who was above the jealousies of the tribe, took the trouble to get acquainted with his new pupil. He discovered that Curry, though pitifully untrained, had the stuff which makes for greatness; that he had an original mind, a conviction about art that was almost a religion, healthy determination and, in place of mere talent, character.

As a preliminary to a personal connection, Curry was entrusted with the delivery, in Philadelphia, of large batches of illustrations which the prolific Dunn was executing for the Curtis publications. The editors were impressed by Curry's personality and ordered a drawing. "I had no idea of the way in which illustrations were manufactured," he confesses. "The subject was a passenger train, and I just went ahead and made a picture of the old Northwestern Express that roared by my father's farm at dusk." This was his first published work, an endpiece in the *Saturday Evening Post* for which he was paid twenty-five dollars. He was then twenty-two years old.

A beginner, he lived meanly for a time like a monk in a cell, in a bleak room over a garage with a hungry bulldog for a companion. The *Post* bought another drawing, raising the price to $100; and then *St. Nicholas* sent him a short story to illustrate, for a fifty-dollar commission. Other jobs came in, though slowly. During the succeeding five years, Curry made his living as a magazine artist. In 1923, the year of his first marriage, he moved to New York and thence to Westport, Connecticut. Strictly speaking, he was never a shining light in the field of popular illustration. His work was a hybrid commodity, something between the conventionalities of the trade and the honest effort to portray characters of flesh and blood. What saved his stuff from total uselessness was the intensity of purpose behind it, the unexampled seriousness with which he tried to instill the drama and flavor of the real West into the "Westerns" doled out to him—the romantic drivel of Zane Grey and Max Brand.

But the more painting and character he put in his work, the less acceptable did it become to his employers, and he was far from happy. From time to time, turning aside from bread-and-butter jobs, he painted his first independent pictures, water colors and oils of Kansas scenes, one of which was exhibited at the National Academy. Though in the right direction, these paintings, structurally, were poor, and he was miserable. Furthermore, the editors who had befriended him in the hope that he might adapt him-



Curry's preoccupation with the battle between man and the elements is expressed with sharp, violent beauty in Storm Over Lake Otsego

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self to their requirements, gradually dropped him; and he found himself with no money, no markets, a wife to support, and no future—nothing save the forebodings of a return to the farm. Pulling himself together with desperate resolution, he made up his mind that there was but one thing to do—to go to Paris and begin all over again.

Never talkative, and taciturn to the point of surliness when in low humor, Curry, passionately aroused, comes to life with a candor and directness which are not only confounding but certain of results. He needed money and he got it. He called at the office of a New York banker, his first patron, and pleaded his case with disarming eloquence. The banker, touched by the innocent audacity of an artist in trouble, wrote out a check for $1000 and created a secretarial job for the artist's wife in the Paris branch of his trust company.

"I could never make that banker out," Curry remarks. "A couple of years before this, he had bought one of my paintings, my first sale, and he cared nothing for painting —said he was much more interested in the quality of the varnish on the masts of his yacht. He thought artists were weaklings and failures—yet he sent me to Paris."

Curry's year in Paris was cheerless and unexciting. He refused to be caught in the hurry of cubism, never herded with the louts of the Latin Quarter, and fired no volleys of impressionist color at the face of nature. It was a year of laborious study, of countless anatomical drawings of the nude, and analyses, in water color, of his favorite painters, Courbet, Delacroix, and Rubens—particularly Rubens, whom his mother had taught him to love in his earliest childhood.

He returned to America in the summer of 1927, a vastly improved draftsman, but penniless and with no prospects. His wife went back to the offices, and his brother, a successful broker, advanced him money for the purchase of a small house in the woods near Westport, Connecticut. Here, with iron courage, he swore he would produce one picture of strength and beauty, or acknowledge defeat and retire to the dust bowl. On his first trial, he painted from memory an alfresco ceremonial, the famous *Baptism in Kansas,* which, on its exhibition at the Corcoran Gallery, was instantly acclaimed as the work of a new master of American genre. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney bought the painting for her museum and granted the artist a subsidy of fifty dollars a week for a term of two years.

Immensely heartened, Curry produced in the following four years a body of work which placed him in the front rank of American artists. From material gathered on two successive visits to Kansas he painted *The Tornado,* awarded second prize in the Carnegie International of 1933; *The Gospel Train; Return of Private Davis; Spring Shower,* acquired by the Metropolitan Museum in 1933; and other dramas of the Middle West.

His work was brought before the public by leading galleries and museums, and he was well on the road to the heights he had set himself to attain. But in 1932, he underwent an emotional crisis, the agony of which will never be known, for he tore himself away from those whom he might have taken into his confidence. His inspiration—he is fundamentally an inspirational painter—dried up, and in search of new scenes, he accompanied the Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Circus on its New England tour. Because of his love for animals and his physical hardihood, he was popular with the circus folk, and the net result of the experiment was an exhibition of animals and acrobats, unquestionably the best things of the kind thus far produced by an American painter. His wife died, he opened a studio in New York, and to supplement his income, settled down in the prosaic capacity of teacher in Cooper Union and the Art Students League.

Portrait of an artist, American version—Grant Wood of Iowa drawn by Curry of Kansas

In 1934, thanks to the wisdom and understanding of his second wife, Curry had recovered his old vigor and enthusiasm. His new wife, an English girl acquainted with the world, seemed to know what was best for his work, and how to facilitate the solution of problems which, bearing hard upon him, made him explosive and unreasonable. Home again at Westport, he painted *The Line Storm,* the finest of all his Western landscapes, and then undertook to decorate in fresco the auditorium of the local high school. When the panels were unveiled, he was called upon for a speech. He talked learnedly of design, art and reality, and the dull things which he imagined artists should discuss, but noticing the indifference of the audience, concluded abruptly with a great laugh. "This is my first mural job," he blurted out. "Next time I'll do a lot better."

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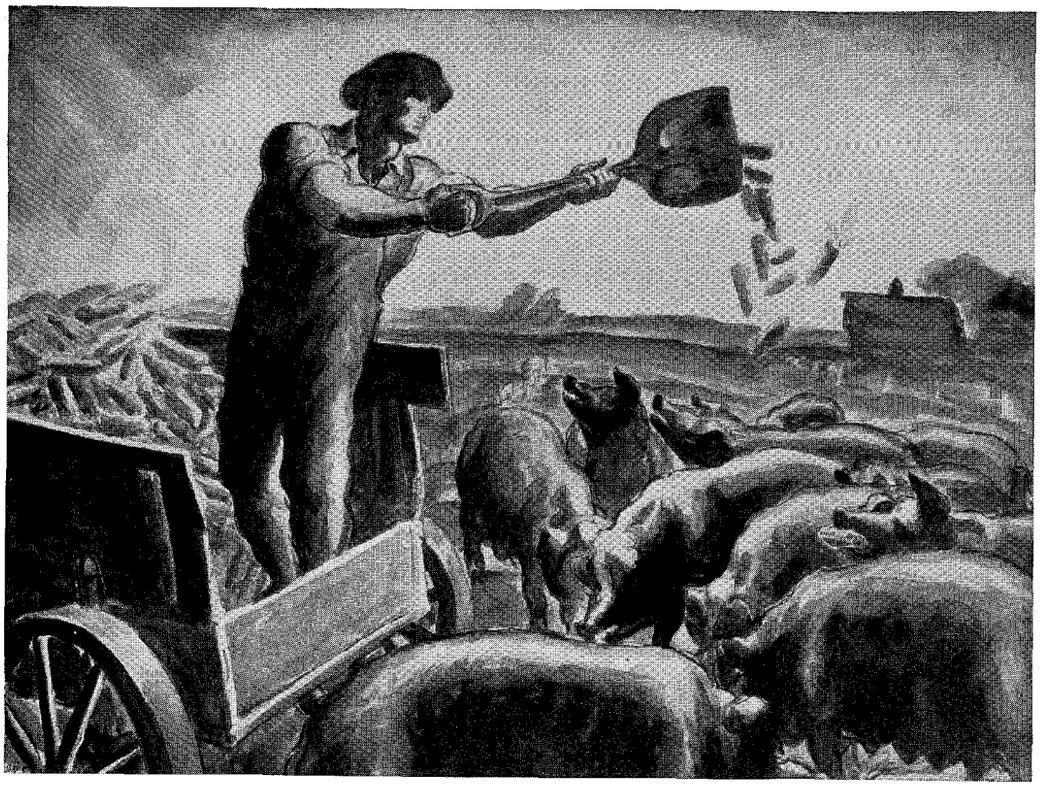

Curry finds inspiration in everyday human material. In The Prodigal Son *he has painted an incident that for years was a part of his daily routine*

The opportunity to do better came in 1935, when the Federal Government ordered two large murals—consideration $5000—for the Department of Justice Building in Washington. This commission occupied his major energies for two years, and was finally finished, after continual bickerings with the bureaucrats in charge. In the fall of 1936, having been appointed to the unique position of "Artist in Residence" by the University of Wisconsin, he moved to his present home in Madison, to try his luck in a new environment.

It would be hard to name a less derivative artist than John Curry, one whose work is so conspicuously free from extraneous influences. The Italians have left no mark upon him, and there are few perceptible indications of his debt to Rubens and Delacroix. The average painter, in his youth, attaches himself to a favorite master, spends years in assiduous imitation, and then, usually when it is too late, struggles to impose a borrowed style on native themes. Curry reversed the procedure. He understood from the outset that technique, in the true sense of the word, was not a mechanical process to be acquired in an art school or in Paris; that it was largely conditioned by the depth and intensity of one's experiences; and his problem, in all his undertakings, was to devise his own convincing and appropriate scheme of expression.

Thus he has formed no settled method of design, no structural mannerisms in which the pattern basis is emphasized at the sacrifice of meaning. But the design is there—in his best things solid as bricks but indissolubly bound up with the content, or subject matter. In consequence, he is, like Ryder, a poor painter to steal from, and he has few technical followers. His influence, however, on the trend of American painting can scarcely be overestimated: throughout the country young artists are emulating his example and striving in their own way to capture the poetry of rural life.

Curry once told me that his style was formed on the King James version of the Bible. He meant that his devotional upbringing rendered him susceptible to the frenzied behavior of his people, a religious manifestation impelling him to discover in his surroundings a grandeur of action comparable to that of the children of the Old Testament when scourged by the wrath of God. He is not ashamed of his religious sentiments any more than he is ashamed of his old-fashioned affection for his father and mother.

A man of his temperament is at once the master and the victim of his subject matter. Unlike Benton, he is not readily adaptable, does not yield without a struggle to the pressure of new situations. "It is everyday human material," he explains, "that lends my brush its fill of inspiration—" but only material to which he is attracted by emotional associations of long standing. "When Curry is right," in the words of Grant Wood, "he is the most moving painter alive"—at second best, he is much less than distinguished. His work is disconcertingly uneven, ranging from the most majestic landscapes in contemporary art to commissioned portraits of surprising mediocrity. He paints the massive beauty of bulls and stallions, the violent action of hogs killing rattlesnakes; but his delineations of clowns and acrobats, done without inspiration, are only examples of sound draftsmanship or exercises in complicated movement. In his Federal mural, *Western Migration,* treading on hallowed ground, he has presented, on a grand scale, the characteristics of the pioneers, one of the few first-rate murals financed by the government.

Curry succeeds in an art that generally brings disaster. There is no lightness in his painting, no caricature or irony, no propaganda for the underprivileged: instead, he offers his materialized experience in a specific locality. He is the poet of the new American school, but a poet steeped in realities. No ro- (*continued on page* 96)

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SCRIBNER'S PRESENTS *each month a short story by a new and talented writer, with illustrations by an equally talented artist . . . see note below*

Mr. Geiger

JEAN FESLER WILLIAMS

DRAWINGS BY DAVID HENDRICKSON

MR. GEIGER raised his head from the hand which supported it. "And then say, 'We always hold ourselves in readiness to be of service to valued customers like yourselves.' Now will you read that back, Mrs. Stemp?"

Mrs. Stemp read in a slow monotone, her large face wrinkled as always over the puzzle of her own notes. To tell the truth, Mr. Geiger was nearer sleeping than thinking about his own familiar words. The sun striking on his large glass-topped desk diffused a soothing heat, and his mind and conscience both were lulled by the work of the evening before. He had spent from six o'clock to ten gathering for one of the auditors every bit of information available on an extinct company. This morning when he took it down, neatly written out on the backs of used stationery, the auditor smiled and said, "It was just a personal matter, Al. I'm afraid you spent too much time on it."

"No trouble. No trouble at all," cried Mr. Geiger, gratified.

Now a confidential murmur issued from Mrs. Stemp. "Mr. Hahn just came in," she whispered.

Quickly Mr. Geiger glanced around, saw that Mr. Culbertson, the manager, was out, stretched his face into alertness. At his best and when his health was good, he felt, he was a nice-looking man—you might almost say a good-looking one. Of course it was work and not looks that counted, but still he wanted to make the best possible impression, if only on Mr. Hahn. It didn't pay to be high and mighty just because he was second in command. After all, it was not very long since he had been a clerk.

"Can I help you?" Mr. Hahn was tentatively fingering one of the files.

"I'd appreciate it. Fact is, I'm renting my house and I'd like to get a line on the fellow that wants to rent it."

"Nothing easier." Mr. Geiger led him back to the glass-topped desk, made notes, put through phone calls. The results made him purse his lips and shake his head. "Seems this fellow's been through bankruptcy, and has bills up to—well, a substantial amount—against him now. Doesn't look like a good risk to me."

"Well, well." Mr. Hahn shook his head. "I certainly am glad I checked before I rented to him. Smooth-talking fellow too. You'd think to listen to him he was in the money."

"Plenty of them are like that." Mr. Geiger nodded wisely. "I don't hardly need to tell you this is confidential. It's not just in our line to get this information, you know. But I'm always glad to protect an employee."

"I certainly am obliged. You got an interesting job here, Al."

"Ve-ry interesting." Mr. Geiger nodded thrice. "More to it than you'd think."

"I believe you. Say, what's this I hear about the whole department from the National coming into this office soon as the merger goes through?"

"I heard something like that." Mr. Geiger was cautious. "Maybe it wouldn't be such a bad thing. A little fresh blood. Of course, we're a mighty pleasant little family here, just Mr. Culbertson and Tom and Mrs. Stemp and me. But we're used to things. Maybe putting a few beginners onto the ropes, we could learn something new ourselves."

"Well, that's one way to look at it," said Mr. Hahn.

II

MR. GEIGER said good morning to the guard, to the elevator man, to the girls—newcomers from National—clustered around the cloakroom mirror. He laid his clean gray hat and package of shoes to be soled on the shelf, then crouched to mirror height and combed his hair vigorously with a pocket comb. "New dress?" he said to one of the girls, but she muttered, "Heavens, no.

A New Author

Jean Fesler Williams reports that she is not an unpublished author, for, at the age of thirteen, she won a newspaper Christmas-story contest for high-school students and that two boys of her age reprinted the story on their own press. She was born in St. Louis in 1908, and attended schools in Cleveland, New York, and Chicago. In 1924 she went to Bryn Mawr, where she was on the staff of *The Lantern* and the *College News*. Since graduation she has held interesting secretarial positions and has had some newspaper experience. She was married in 1935. Fishing with her husband in the summer and listening to Mozart phonograph records during winter evenings are her favorite pastimes. Now, she tells us, she plans to spend more and more time writing—trying short stories and perhaps, eventually, a novel. The situation in "Mr. Geiger" is, she says, adapted from observation, but all the characters and incidents are imaginary.

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He seemed to grow more perfect in the rôle to which these people had assigned him

Two years old," and thrust the jacket on a hook. Gradually they silenced, dispersed, taking away to four corners of the room the gaiety Mr. Geiger loved to hear.

Looking around as if to see where it had gone, he took his morning *Press* out of his pocket and with it slapped the dust from his blotter. The desk in front was already occupied by Jimmy Mead, the director's grandson; Mead shifted his shoulders a little but did not turn. Mr. Geiger settled himself, and restraining his impulse to begin with page one and the President's speech, turned instead to "Popeye the Sailor" as young Mead had done. He looked absently at the pictures, preoccupied as always with the social possibilities of being within Mead's hearing before work officially started. He chuckled uncertainly.

"Did you see Popeye this morning?" he said, choking.

"Yeah." Young Mead's back, so broad and assured, covered with such excellent tweed, did not turn a fraction. His voice was good-natured, far away.

Why didn't he laugh? He always laughed when Evens said that to him. Evens could look up from his paper shaking with spontaneous mirth and shout, "Did you read—" this or that, it didn't matter, and everyone at least smiled.

He folded his paper and turned back to the President's speech.

III

At two o'clock of a warm spring afternoon, Mr. Geiger was trudging the four blocks from the streetcar to his home, the splintery handles of two heavy baskets of pansy plants cutting into his hands. When he reached the little house with a high porch, he set the pansies carefully down and rapped on the hooked screen door. His wife, a small spare woman in a large apron, opened to him with an expression of disapproval. "I suppose you haven't had your lunch," she said. It was a statement; lunch bought in town on Saturday would be unthinkable.

He washed his hands in the kitchen, rubbing yellow soap gingerly on the sore places.

"There's some of the tuna fish; you don't want anything else, do you?" This was also a statement.

"No, that's fine." He was not dampened, knowing without even thinking about it that the flat unfriendly voice was pure habit. Even when it took on the edge of actual combat, as it did now and then, the battle would be equal. They would argue about money, or whether their son should be punished, momentarily hating not each other but the smallness of their life. She would produce no intangible weapons to worst and shame him as Evens did when Geiger tried to show that he was the more experienced.

"Where's Edward?"

"Out somewhere with those Vitantonio boys."

"They're hardly the ones for him to spend his time with."

"No, they're not, and you've got to speak to him about it. I've talked to him and talked to him till I'm tired, and it doesn't do any good."

Mr. Geiger nodded benignly, revolving the things he would say to his son. "My boy, folks judge you by the people you run around with. I try never to be seen with anybody who would reflect on my character. That doesn't mean you can't be democratic, but you can be choosy too." No serious doubts disturbed his pride in Edward, so much handsomer, so much smarter than he was. In this he was unlike his wife, who continually fretted, seeing Edward dead when he went out for a ride, seeing him a gangster when the black-eyed Vitantonio boys called at the side door.

"I got some pansies at the market."

"Seems to me you got enough flowers."

"These were only twenty cents a basket. Come look at them." He led her out on the porch.

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"They do look healthy," she said reluctantly, melted against her will by the dark soft petals in the midst of green leaves. "Come eat your lunch now, and you better put the screens up before you plant them."

IV

HALF the Accounting Department—three men and three girls—were going to work this evening. "There's no reason why one unlucky soul should sort files for a week," said the manager. "Get together and finish it in an evening."

It was characteristic of the group that they chose a dine-and-dance place for dinner. Good, substantial Tom would never have done that, thought Mr. Geiger, and certainly not Mr. Culbertson nor Mrs. Stemp, who weighed one hundred and eighty pounds and was an ardent Methodist. Fortunately she was not included in the overtime group, for it was not possible to imagine her dark bulk moving over a dance floor, and Mr. Geiger, as the Old Guard, would have felt obliged to ask her.

Would an outsider ever suspect that he and Mr. Culbertson and Tom had run an accounting department before these light-hearted youngsters were out of their Eastern colleges? Now Tom was no better than a traitor to the old order—he had gone over to the enemy, and been accepted as one of them. A sharp homesickness seized Mr. Geiger for the peaceful days when John Culbertson turned over stamp catalogues in his cubbyhole, and he received visitors with the air of the manager. Then the glass top on his desk covered rows of clippings, verse, and mottoes. (He had taken them out when he found Miss Sharpe and Miss Donnelly laughing over them one noon.) Then nobody had heard of these elaborate card systems, this minute analysis of balance sheets. Nobody thought of sending him out to tell slow accounts how to run their business. Less than a year ago Coulton and his crew had been brought in to turn the place upside down, and the other company officers seemed positively to encourage him.

Not that Mr. Geiger failed to realize that Coulton was a brilliant man; so well did he know it that after one of the periodic lectures to the staff he would sit in a trance of hero-worship, hoping for the time when he would be called in for consultation. "Geiger, you've had a lot of experience with this; how would you handle it?"

It was nearly six now; as he glanced around the room he saw that the others had somehow slipped away without his seeing them. Never mind; he had heard them talking about the Trianon. As he hurried up the street it occurred to him that the company's supper money would not nearly cover tonight's expenses. Should he slip in for a bite at Clark's instead? No, that wouldn't be sociable. Firmly he turned in at the Trianon and, with his coat on and hat in hand, marched past two pairs of outstretched Chinese hands.

Inside was the atmosphere of all such places, compounded of semidarkness, slippery music, air close with food and incense—but it was almost new to Mr. Geiger, new and disturbing. Wasn't this the sort of thing you read about in the newspapers, businessmen dining with their secretaries? Even he recognized that there was little in common between this gathering and a Sunday-supplement intrigue. Yet as he neared the table, maintaining a fixed smile for the whole length of the room, he thought the girls' eyes looked larger, their faces unfamiliar. He sat down next to Miss Donnelly and said jauntily, "Well, now, Ruth, we'll get that dance I been talking about."

Ruth Donnelly's elbow moved imperceptibly under the table edge into the ribs of Lucy Sharpe. A suppressed smile twitched at Lucy's mouth, for she had overheard herself win fifty cents on who would have to dance first with "Old Fussbudget." The others sat about, not bothering to talk until dinner mellowed them. Polite conversation they had outlawed long ago among themselves.

"Well," said Mr. Geiger loudly, clearing his throat. "What are you all having?"

Nobody answered. "I guess you can give me the American special," he murmured to the waiter. "Is the apple pie fresh? I'll have that, and coffee."

Silence again. Mr. Geiger registered without a turn of the head who was having cocktails and who was not. But the exact nature of the thoughts which enabled them to bask in such relaxation, Miss Cozad with her eyes half-closed listening to the music, Evens blowing smoke rings (Mr. Geiger did not smoke)—this was beyond his analysis. He felt uncomfortable, and his face stretched into various stiff postures against his will.

"Shall we dance now?" he said to Miss Donnelly. His voice had the unused sound which follows even three minutes of silence if one has been conscious of it. Miss Donnelly rose, all in one motion. His chair rasped on the floor, and he stumbled slightly over it. His napkin lay in a particularly large crumpled peak, instead of subsiding gracefully as Ruth's did.

"Watch this," whispered Miss Cozad to Mead. "This is going to be good."

Mead, in whom survived a prejudice against talking about people while they were there, gave a noncommittal half-smile. Miss Cozad was disappointed. In the artificial twilight the couple moved expertly among the crowd, Ruth's small black hat reaching to just the right point on Mr. Geiger's shoulders. It was not for nothing that he had spent the Saturday nights of his youth taking Irma to Benefit Balls. And he had never been so glad of his skill as now.

"Well!" he said jovially close to the black hat. "We just seem to fit, don't we?"

"Very nice," said Ruth. "Nice music."

At the moment he thought her charming, even if she did spend all her money on clothes, and tap her feet impatiently when he dictated. By day, the reluctant attraction he felt for her neat little figure, encased in a bright dress, was soured and yet stimulated by disapproval. Now he relaxed, admitted he liked to look at her. As they drifted back, he announced, "That was certainly fine. Ruth is certainly a fine little dancer."

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Mead was showing Lucy a match trick, Tom was saying to Evens, "Yes, but I can't waste much sympathy on a couple of Wall Street boys who lose their reputations, when fifty thousand stockholders—" Nobody looked up. Miss Cozad, speechless when she was not making a retort, looked into space, her black eyes and the modeling of her cheekbones giving a spurious look of intelligence and strength. Once again the currents had been set up to baffle Mr. Geiger.

But his innocent warmth overcame them for the moment.

"How about a dance for you, Miss Cozad?"

"Oh, your soup will get cold. Let's wait until we've had dinner."

"Well, don't forget we have a date when the salad comes on."

But when the salad came, she was dancing with Evens. He watched them move so slowly, so casually, they seemed to be walking in their sleep. If this was to be admired, then his own technique, in this, as in everything else compared to these people, was tiresomely painstaking. Ruth Donnelly made him feel better by saying, "Ted's just plain lazy. He can dance beautifully when he takes the trouble. But give me a little spirit and not this droopy stuff."

They left the restaurant before he had a chance to capture one of the other girls. But the evening still seemed good to him. After a couple of hours' dusty work, rejecting and saving papers, they paused to make a football pool, and Mr. Geiger, who usually said, "I'm not a betting man," put in his quarter with the rest. He hated the idea of losing it, but not as much as he enjoyed the worldly feeling engendered by dropping it in the hat. Perhaps his money wouldn't be lost. He looked doubtfully at the names he had drawn, "Yale, Holy Cross, Colgate, Minnesota," and said with a smile, "I hope the old Yale bulldog roars tomorrow." He wanted to ask how good the other teams were, but disliked to admit he had not been following them.

When they finished at midnight, Mr. Geiger was much the freshest of a rather gray-faced group. "This is the way to do things, folks," he said jovially. "All chip in and make a party of it. Takes the pain out of working. Anybody else catching the twelve-fifteen?"

There was just time to make it, and he was halfway out the door. But not so far that he did not hear Evens say, "Now can I run the rest of you home?"

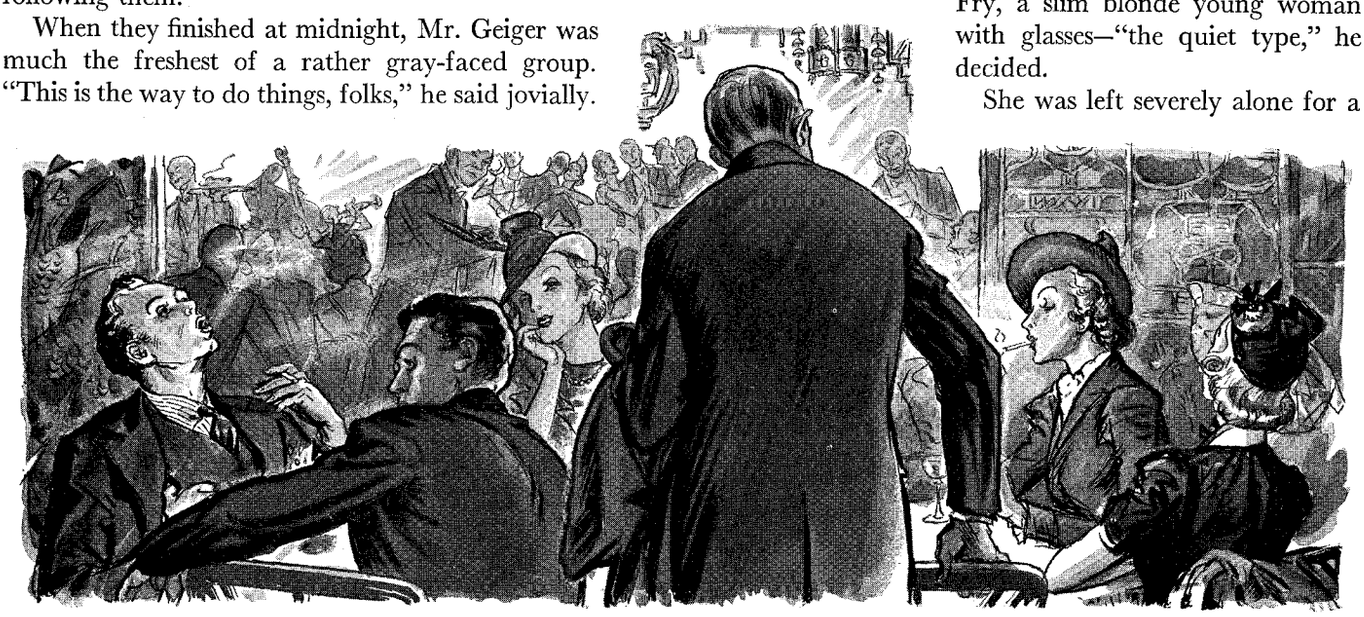
V

Mr. Geiger had aged a good deal during the last year. He was thinner, but he had a pronounced little paunch. His hair was a nondescript pepper and salt, his face more like one of the extinct land reptiles. More often he dipped out soda from the box in his desk drawer into a paper cup "for my acid condition." His wife noticed these things vaguely. As she had always resented his jaunty moods, due partly, she believed, to "getting out in the world" instead of staying home as she did, partly to his being younger than she by three years, she softened as he lost them. They quarreled less often; for in the midst of a dispute Mr. Geiger grew humble, thinking, "If I fight with my wife, I can't get along with anybody."

At the office he paused longer over his dictation and giggled nervously when Miss Donnelly tapped her pencil. Any group of more than two he approached with a sly sidling motion, trying to overhear before they dispersed. He complained increasingly of the inaccuracy of the file girls, and when he was not complaining, watched them rise, bend, whisk their skirts around their legs, with a veiled yet repulsive expression of hunger. No one failed to notice this. Like a finished character actor, he seemed to grow more perfect in the rôle to which these people had assigned him. Geiger couldn't do right. If someone else made a mistake and he found it, he was a snooper. If they found one of his—here was another proof of his stupidity, to be passed from ear to ear.

Then an event of the greatest importance to him occurred. A new girl came to the office. Miss Sharpe, one of his chief enemies, married and was replaced by Miss Fry, a slim blonde young woman with glasses—"the quiet type," he decided.

She was left severely alone for a



The others sat about, not bothering to talk

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time, as was the custom with newcomers, and nobody told her anything—not even to despise Mr. Geiger.

Grateful for any signs of friendship, she was pleased at first when he gave her his letters and talked to her about his son's scout meetings. For him these half-hours were a respite—a temporary restoration of self-respect.

He no longer looked forward to the time when Coulton would say, "Geiger, give me the benefit of your experience." Now he dreaded Miss Cozad's sleek head appearing around the file to summon him. That meant Coulton's sharp "Did you write this letter? You've given them about twice too much information," or, "How many times did Hennessy at Central Graphite call you today? Four? That's too many. We can't spend all our time on them. If they won't lay off, refer them to me."

That wasn't right, Mr. Geiger went so far as to tell Miss Fry. They had done business with Hennessy for years and at all costs you should keep your old friends. Good Will, the Greatest Intangible Asset. As a matter of fact, he and Mrs. Geiger played cards with the Hennessys every two weeks, and it was almost impossible not to be obliging. He didn't mention this, for it was part of his year's knowledge that Coulton would consider knowing Hennessy an evil to be confined to working hours.

He knew too much after this year, and the wrong things—how little use he was to the officers whose accounts he handled—how decisions were made without him—how his English, laboriously learned in night school, was equally betraying, whether he made mistakes or spoke with stilted accuracy. But there was comfort in talking to Miss Fry—in implying that these frivolous people around them were really children lost in the dark. Pity was what they deserved. How much better he would feel if, only for one second, they would realize it!

It took Miss Fry a good many weeks of these little talks to understand that they were far from improving her standing in the office. When she did—beginning to catch its casual tempo like a timid new pupil at dancing school—she was too gentle to silence him. All she could do was to wrinkle her earnest forehead while he harangued, and take good care to leave at five. She even learned the backward glance at the locker door to make sure he was not going to hold her coat.

But one night she didn't get away on time. Mr. Geiger was full of his wrongs, and he had to tell them or burst. That morning, to begin with, Evens had demanded belligerently why he was answering an inquiry on the United Oil Company. Didn't he know that account was Evens', had been for a week? He didn't know, nor did he understand the change.

"If people would tell me things," said Mr. Geiger, his voice sliding into a whine. "But nobody does."

Then no one would take his letters. Ruth Donnelly, in a bad humor that morning, slipped a sheet of plain paper in her machine when he came up behind her, and began typing headlines from her newspaper. There was something overt, something he could tax her with in revenge for all her intangible slights. But he didn't quite dare. Instead, he sucked in his cheeks and waited for Miss Fry.

If the Accounting Society's lunch had not gone so well, the afternoon would have been less awful. He returned from luncheon in a glow of self-approval, late, it was true. But to have Coulton tell him like a schoolboy that he should have been there two hours ago—that was too much. Outsiders recognized his good sense, his long service, better than his own department. He almost said so to Coulton; his lips quivered on the edge of a retort, and his lowering face said more than he knew.

"I wanted to tell him," he began an hour later to Miss Fry. "What right have you to speak that way to a man older than yourself? If you knew—if you just opened your eyes and saw the time that's wasted around here. The talking and the nonsense. And then I shouldn't take a little time for lunch with a fine group of men."

That was just the beginning. Miss Fry, her startled eye on the clock, tried to stop the flood of words that followed. But it was no use. He went on with a morbid accuracy of detail to tell incident after incident over the past two years. Neither of them heard the entrance of Coulton with Tom Miles, the shipping manager. When at last Coulton's sharp "Staying overtime, Al?" cut across the stream, it was Miss Fry who was the more dismayed.

"Do him good," thought Geiger, almost cheerful with rage. "Told him, didn't I? Practically to his face."

So exalted was he that he decided to walk home, a matter of three miles. Not until he reached his doorstep had misgiving and the cold wind together lowered his temperature to bleak numbness.

VI

COULTON probably never made a kinder or a more inaccurate statement in his life than he did next morning when he said, "Geiger, Mr. Miles would like to have you back in his department. What would you think of it?"

Six months, a month, ago Mr. Geiger would have said "no." Now he gave a number of little relieved nods.

"Ed Rossiter is retiring, you know, and Mr. Miles and I both think you would be well suited to the bookkeeping end of the work. We'll call it done then. I believe they have been pretty rushed there since Rossiter was sick, so you might start in with them right away. Just turn over any loose ends to Evens this morning."

Mr. Geiger trotted down the long corridor carrying an armful of personal papers to his new desk. Should he, in spite of everything, have said good-by, he wondered? But no one had seemed to notice his leaving. His mood was more carefree, in a way, than it had been for a long time. After all, no one would call this a demotion to his face. An item would appear soon in "The Acme Family," and he could show it to Irma:

"Albert Geiger has returned from Accounting to Shipping, where he started work for the company eighteen years ago, to replace Ed Rossiter, who is retiring following his long illness. (We understand Ed is convalescing nicely, and welcomes callers.) Glad to have you back, Al, says Shipping."

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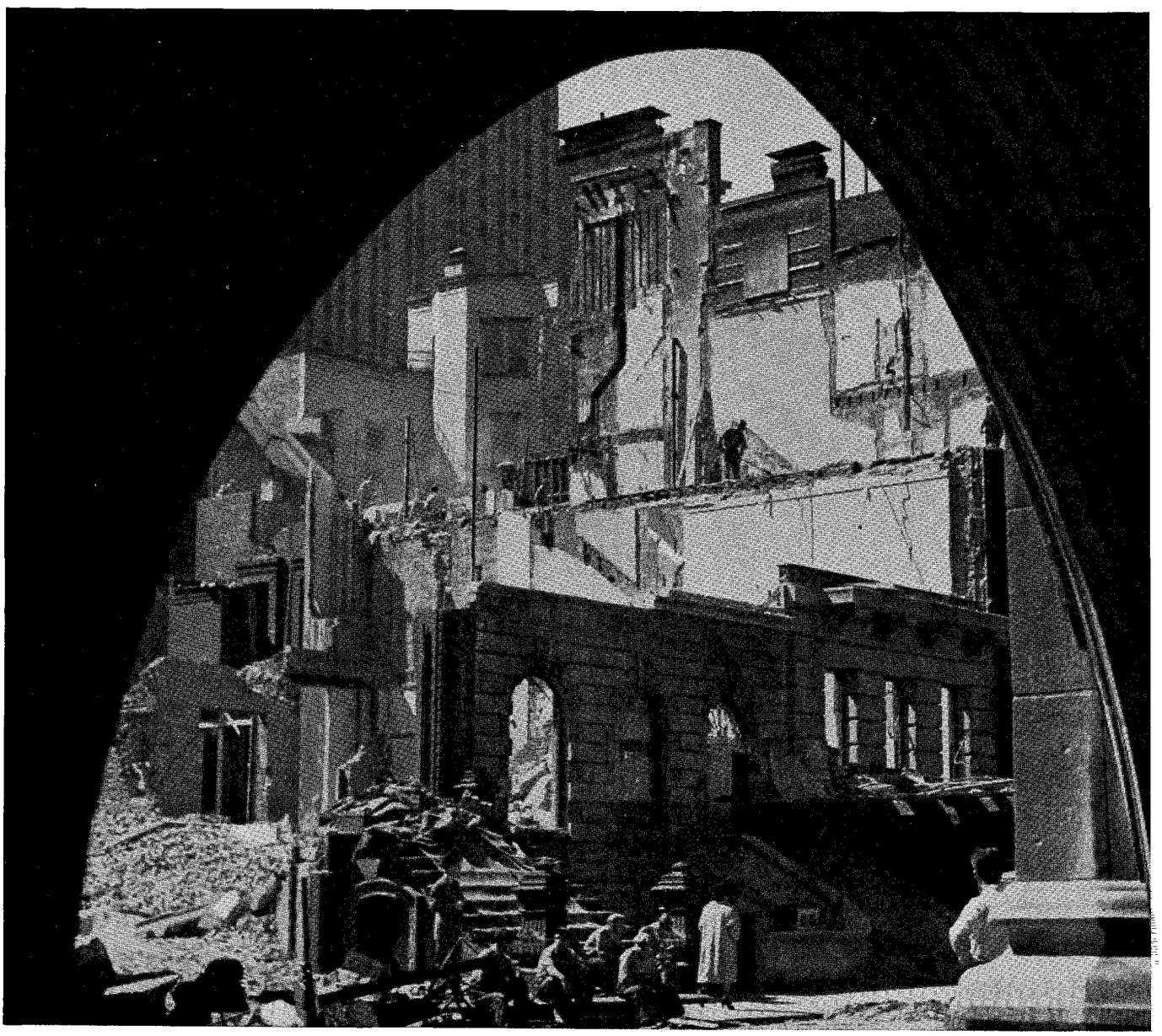
LIFE IN THE U. S... PHOTOGRAPHIC

In spite of the photographic exhibitions held throughout the country, the Editors feel that there are still many fine print which the public never sees. For every example of the photographer's art that finds its way into the camera shows there must be several prints that he, personally, considers to be better than those chosen for exhibition. With this idea in mind this new department of the magazine should develop into the finest collection of contemporary photography to be published in any form. The work of both amateur and professional photographers will be represented. The pictures will be of interest to the general reader and of special interest to the able amateur. Although we intend to restrict ourselves to the American scene, we have no other editorial requirements. For technical facts about these prints see page 74.



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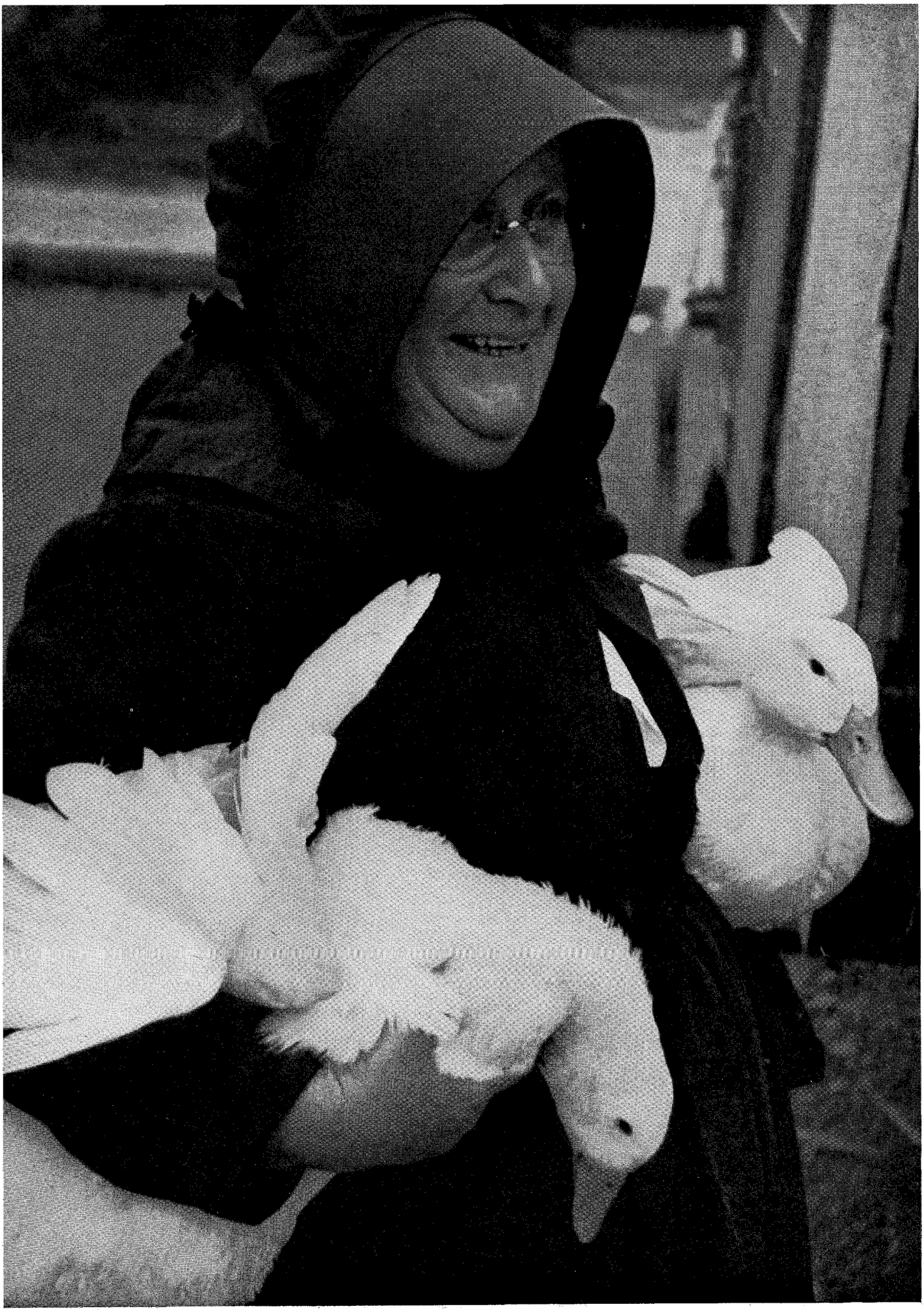

AMISH WOMAN WITH DUCKS by A. Molind

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RUTH ELIZABETH FORD by George Platt Lynes

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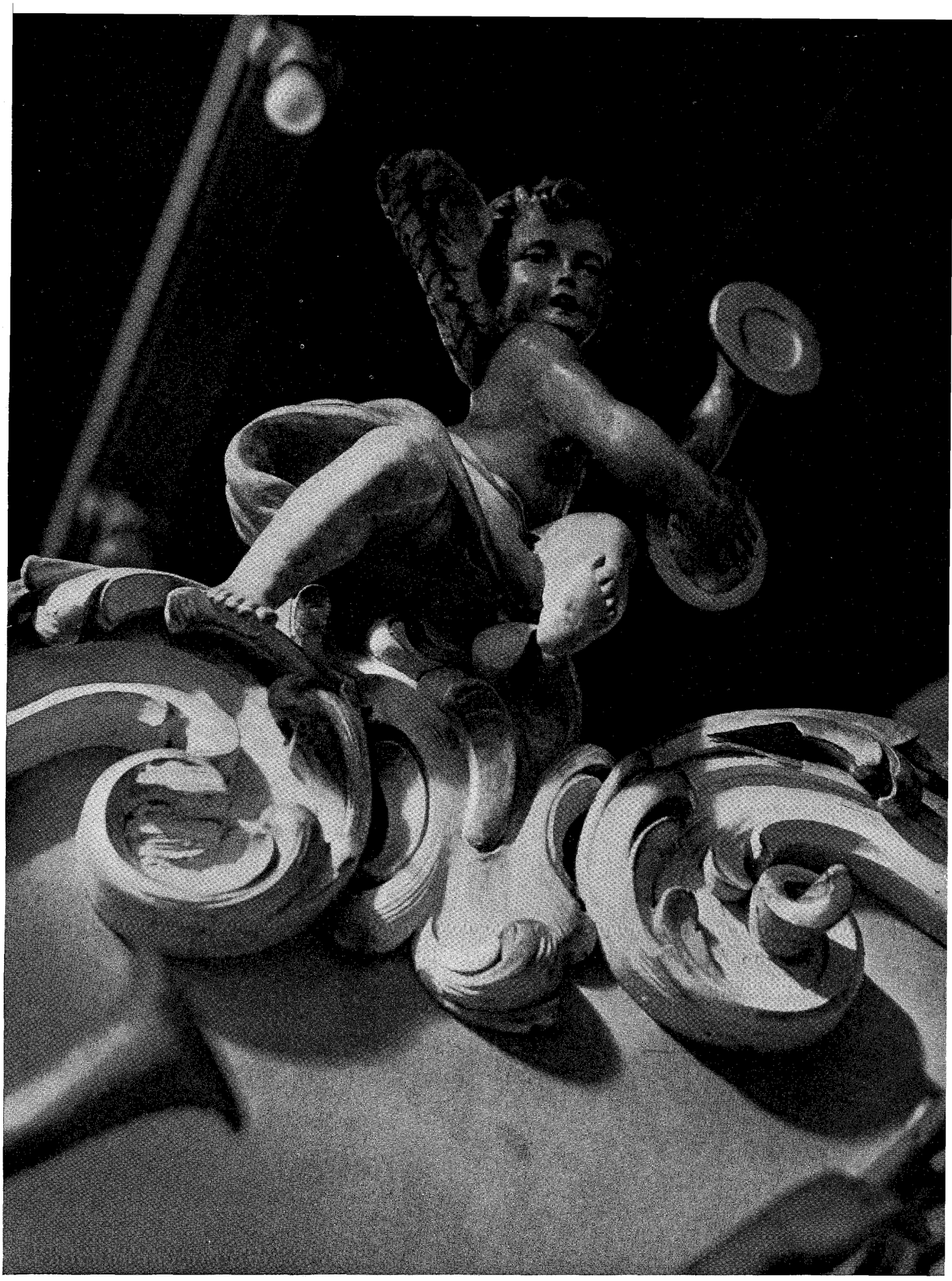

MERRY–GO–ROUND DETAIL by William G. Houck, Jr.

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VICTORIAN HOUSE by Willard Van Dyke

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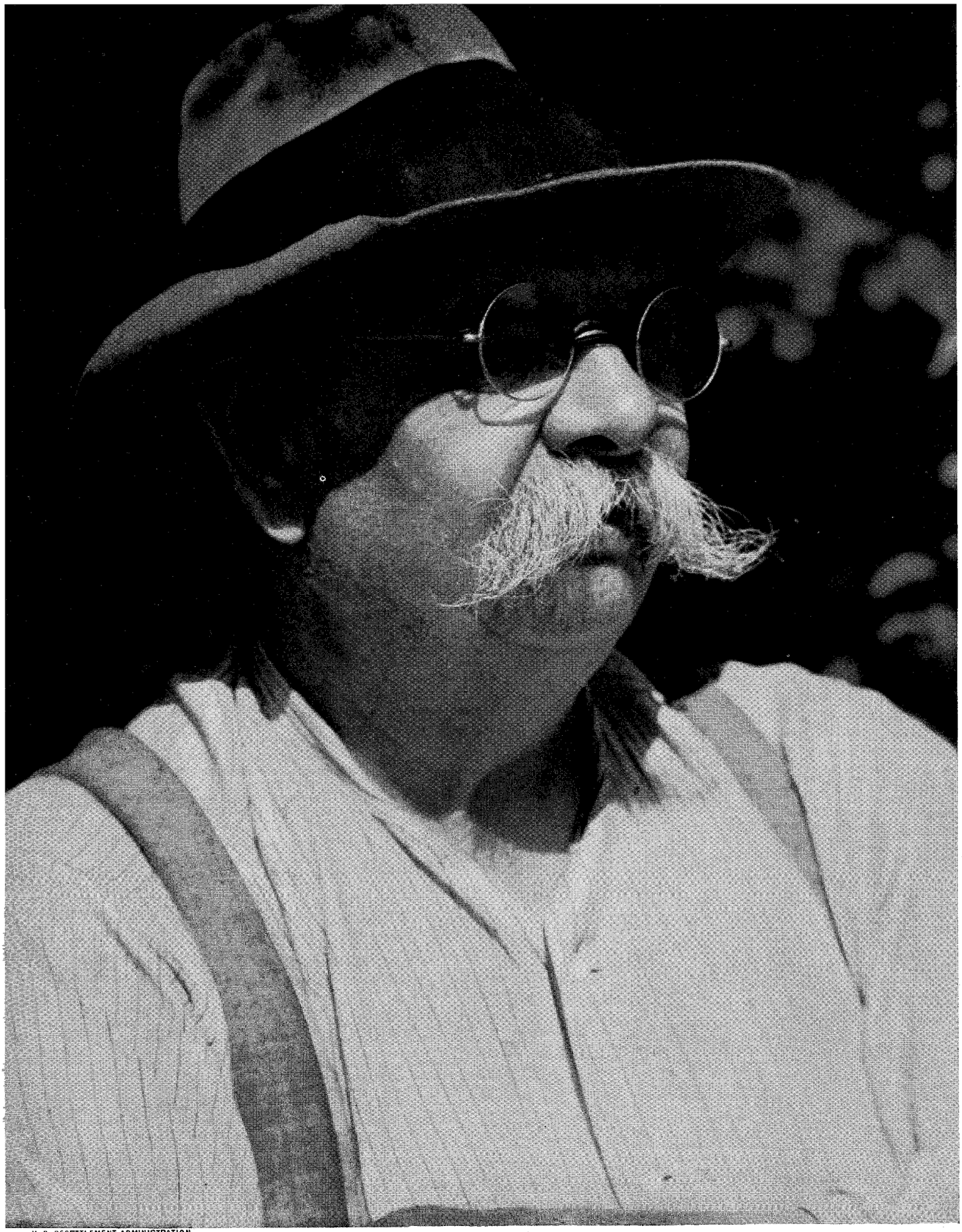

U. S. RESETTLEMENT ADMINISTRATION

WATCHMAKER by Arthur Rothstein

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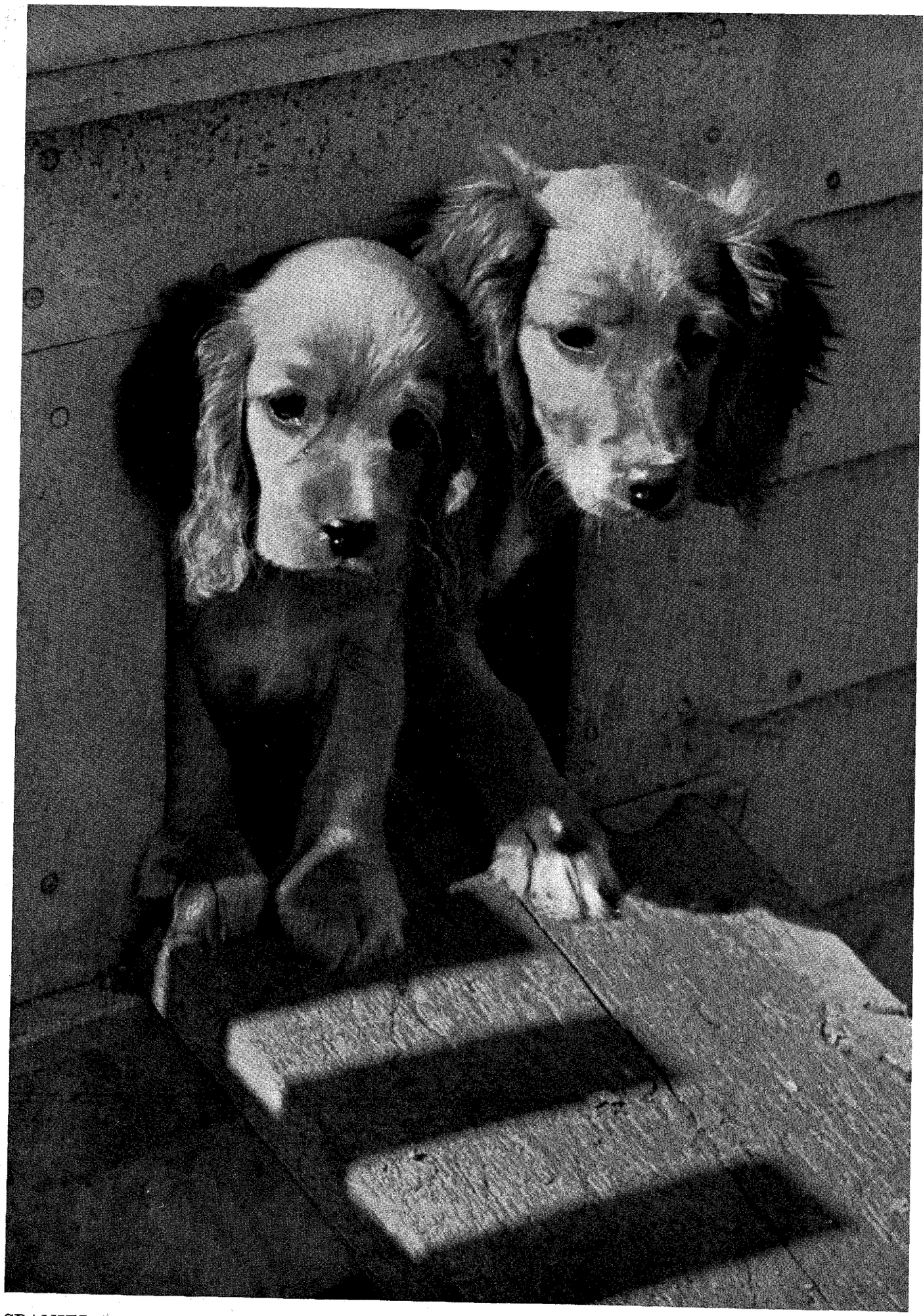

SPANIEL PUPPIES by John B. Titcomb

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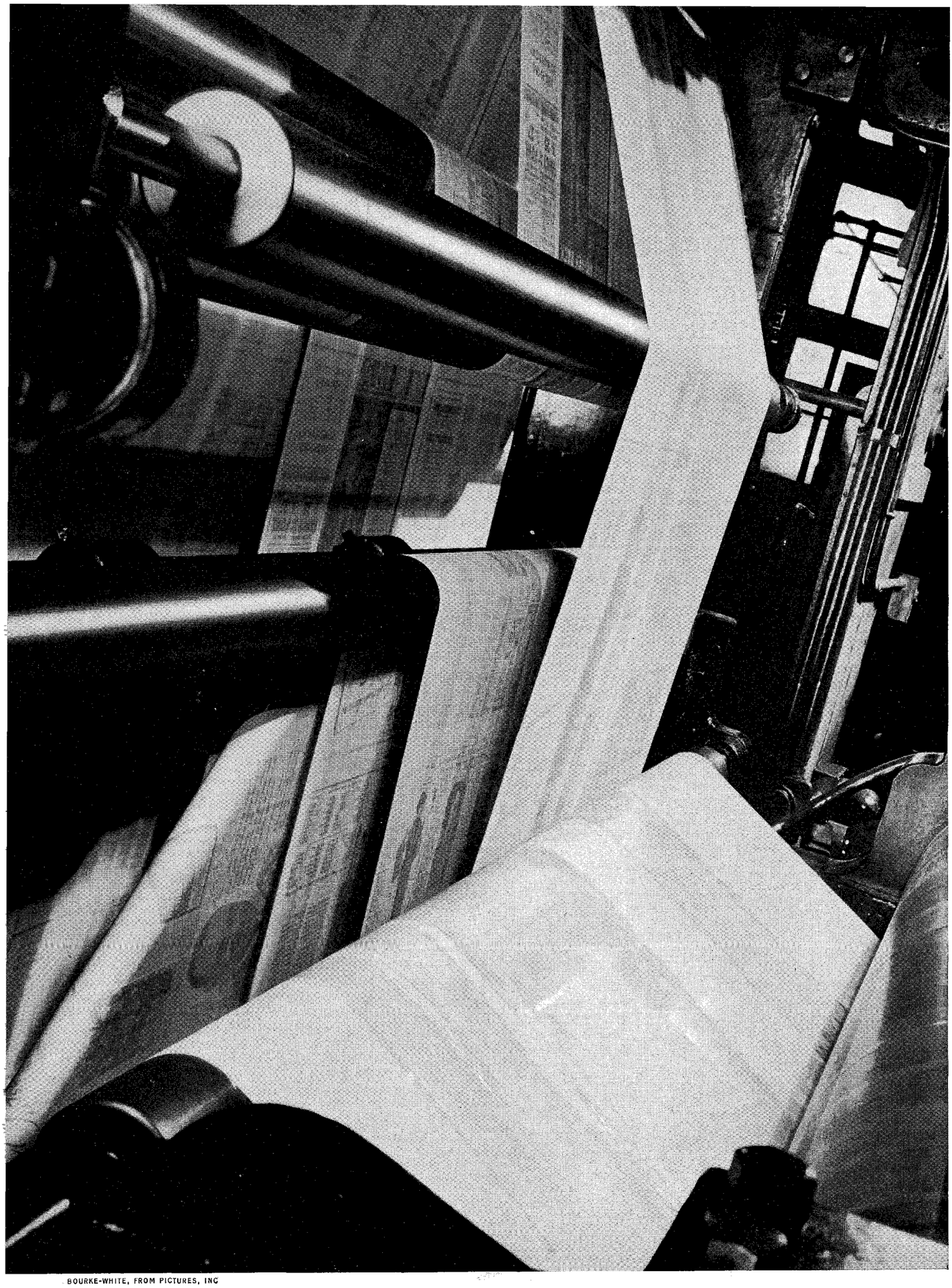

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Life in the United States

BRIEF ARTICLES OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

The Copy Boy's First Story

SAMUEL KREISLER

After the confusion of the first days, I liked working on the newspaper. Even though I was only the copy boy, everything I did seemed important, not in putting out the paper, perhaps, but in itself. I said to one of my friends at that time that I was dealing with the stuff of history. (I was very proud of that phrase, even though I was conscious of its banality.)

I was only the office boy, but I got a terrible kick out of walking to the two teletype machines in one corner of the room, and reading the news as it clicked down on the endless roll of yellow paper.

I liked to watch the linotype machines, and I finally summoned together enough courage to ask one of the operators to set up my name on a slug.

I liked the aloofness of the men in the office. Once the postmaster of the city visited the newspaper, and as he was leaving, one of the rewrite men said very casually, with absolutely no contempt in his voice, "Cheap politician." I thought that was right, particularly the way he said it—no contempt, no derision, just the plain statement of a fact that needed no additional comment.

The newspaper was published every afternoon, and the night shift, on which I worked, wrote and set up the entire paper, except parts of the first and third pages. In spite of this, the office was very quiet, and there was little for me to do; I had to keep the copy moving into the composing room, bring the proofs back, make a few trips to the reference room (it was never called the morgue), and run a few errands for coffee and cigarettes.

It wasn't enough to keep me busy, and I would have to sit around for long stretches with nothing to do, uncertain in my idleness. I wanted approbation, and I wanted to be accepted as a functioning part of the office, and so it was annoying just to sit and not know whether there was work that I was supposed to do.

Very soon, however, I took my cue from the night editor, who noticed my discomfort one evening and handed me a nickel. "Run downstairs," he said, "buy yourself a magazine, sit still, and stop looking for something to do. You make me nervous."

$100 PRIZE

SEE "STRAWS IN THE WIND" FOR BIOGRAPHY

After that, of course, I had no difficulties. I even began bringing books to the office and would read them, sitting at the desk opposite the editor's, which I appropriated for myself, to the amusement of the rest of the office.

It was very nice to sit there opposite the editor. Sometimes we would both clip the newspapers, and I would make small piles of the clippings, arranging the stories according to length and importance. Once in a while the editor would hand me a clipping at the end of his shears, and I would take it in the end of mine, read it and put it in the appropriate group.

Occasionally, he would accompany the clipping with a remark or two, and I learned a lot from what he said.

One Sunday night, things were especially slow. With hardly enough work to keep the men busy, the office drowsed in the heat of the summer night. One of the rewrite men sat at his typewriter holding a pulp magazine in one hand and feebly pecking away at his typewriter with the other, trying to give the appearance of industry. A copy reader sat with his head between his arms at the semicircular desk. The editor sat opposite me concentrating on the comic section of one of the morning papers. Not a telephone had rung in the past fifteen minutes.

Suddenly I heard voices in the far, dark part of the office, as if two people were arguing. I could see no one, but I listened carefully, and finally made out parts of the conversation.

"No," said one voice, "I want to go home. Please, Georgie. They don't want to. I'm scared."

There was a pause and another voice answered, "No, you said we should come. I don't care. I'm going to tell them."

The two voices had become louder now, and the editor heard them.

"See who it is, kid," he told me.

I looked at the dark part of the office but could make nothing out clearly. From the conversation I had heard, I decided that these people, whoever they were, could not be important, so I called to them.

"Hey there, what do you want? Come over here."

For a moment there was neither movement nor answer, and then someone said, "There, you see, now we have to go," and two boys came into the light and walked up to my desk.

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They stood before me, their eyes wild, roving around, engrossed in the details of the office. Then, suddenly aware of the stares of the eight men in the office, they stood looking only at my desk.

They were both young, one about ten, and the other a year or two younger, both red-faced, perspiring, with dirty hands and faces, both dressed in identical gray knickers and khaki shirts.

I looked at the editor, but as he had already turned back to his comic section, I decided to question them myself.

"Well, boys," I said in my most authoritative tones, "just what is it you want?"

Uncertain of himself, the older boy cautiously placed a small paper bag on the desk.

"It's in there," he said.

"What?" I asked.

"The bat!" both of them pronounced this word very impressively.

"What bat?" I asked, feeling that I wasn't handling the entire affair satisfactorily. I turned to the editor for help, and saw that he was watching the scene, but in spite of my silent signals he said nothing, so I had to go on.

"The bat," said the older boy. "We were asleep, and I got up and killed it. It's a vampire. It's dangerous. It kills people."

The younger boy, who had been silent during this explanation, suddenly spoke. "Are you going to print it?" he asked me breathlessly.

I couldn't understand what they were trying to tell me, and didn't know what to say next, but fortunately the editor interrupted me.

"Where did you catch it?"

The two boys looked at me and then immediately walked to his desk. I was disappointed, feeling that even they recognized that I was only the office boy after all.

In an excited and incoherent blur of words, they poured out a story until the editor stopped them.

"You," he said, pointing to the taller boy, "you tell me."

Immediately he began: "Well, you see, mister, we went to bed and then my brother Johnny here, he woke up and saw the bat. He got scared and woke me up and I saw the bat and got up and killed it. But first I broke a light and I fell down and hurt myself."

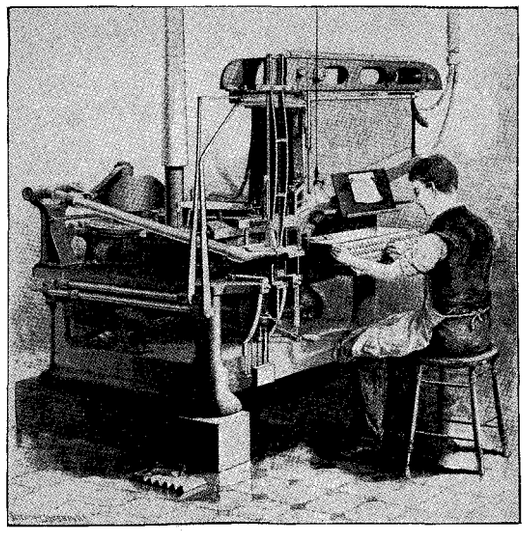
"How did you kill it?"

"I got a broom and put on the lights and chased it. Gee, it flew around the room. Look, do you want to see it?"

The editor said, "No, no," but in his excitement the boy did not hear him. He grabbed the small package he had placed on my desk, opened it and began to wave a small bat under the editor's nose.

He screeched like a girl and jumped back, overturning his swivel chair. "Take it away!" he screamed. "Get it out of here. I hate the damn things."

While the editor glared around the room to quiet the laughter of the men in the office, I grabbed the bat from the boy and hid it under a newspaper.



SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

Unable to quiet the snickering and laughter, the editor picked up his chair and sat down. He ran his hands one after the other through the sparse tuft of reddish-brown hair that centered on his otherwise bald head.

The two boys were thoroughly scared.

"Listen," said the editor to them, "I know you're both brave boys, and we want to hear all about the bat. Now you tell it to this man." He pointed to me. "He is our star reporter. Do you know what a star reporter is?"

The older boy nodded.

I picked up the bat and a pencil and led the boys to the far corner of the office, where I turned on the lights.

I took down their names and their address, measured the length of the bat, and listened to them expound on how the bat was dangerous, a vampire in fact, and it was a menace to the entire country. (That was their exact phrase.)

When they ran out of words, I thanked them for giving us the story, and started to take them to the door. They seemed unwilling to leave, and I noticed that the elder one frequently looked toward the doors of the composing room where the machines could be seen.

It was almost two o'clock when I finally got rid of them, so I ran to the composing room to get the proof that must have piled up while I was talking to the kids. On the way I met the editor, and he waved the proofs at me as he smiled.

"Well," he said, "did you get the story?"

I grinned back at him.

During the next few minutes, I was busy running the final page proofs back and forth, and all the time I was thinking that here I was working on a newspaper, but it wasn't anything like the movies. It wasn't like *The Front Page,* which I had recently seen. All I did was sit around and read, and the most exciting thing that happened to me was when I talked to two kids.

Then, suddenly, as the machines in the composing room stopped, I thought that this story of the boys and their bat was a good one. It could be written. It was a human-interest story.

I ran to the editor and told it to him.

"Well," he said, "why don't you write it?"

I looked to see if he was kidding, but he only nodded at me. I turned and walked to a typewriter and I heard him say, "Don't try to be too funny, kid."

Later when I brought the story to him we were alone in the office. It was a quarter to three and he sat at his desk, reading my book.

I gave him the story, and he read it slowly, with a pencil in his hand. He didn't use the pencil at all, and when he was through he simply put the story into his desk drawer.

Then he got up and put on his jacket.

"Time to quit," he said. "It's late."

He didn't say a word about the story, and it wasn't printed. I felt bad about it, and because the men in the office had taken to calling me the "star reporter."

But a few days later I didn't mind it at all, because I got my first bit of rewriting to do.

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Deeters

HELEN E. LIVINGSTON

FOUR MONTHS ago I received notice to "Report for work at nine o'clock on Monday." This time it was definite. Not, "We'll call you," or "Come in next week," but "Report for work!" Here was the opportunity I had been waiting for to show what I could do. During the desperate days when I peddled myself to possible employers, there had been reassurance in the knowledge that, given a chance, I could demonstrate my worth. I had tackled other jobs with less knowledge and experience than I could bring to this one, and had made good. All I needed was a job—any job; my old confidence in myself told me that. Now, by some miracle, I had that job, and there was once more a niche in the scheme of things for me to fill.

The familiar alarm clock, tyrant of former working days, assumed a new and important rôle in the household. It, too, was necessary! And I joined the many-elbowed mob on inbound cars, buoyed by a feeling of kinship with fellow passengers who were needed some place at nine. Already I could see myself busy at a desk, could feel the glow which comes with a day's work well done.

At the office it was suddenly important to be casual that first morning—casual and assured. No one must suspect the terrific importance of this job to me. My eyes mustn't tell them. They must see an alert, efficient person who knows the answers and does the right thing at the right time.

. . . It must not be the wrong thing . . . the wrong and the right . . . many things are wrong and one is right and it must not be the wrong thing. These people know which is right and they are watching me. Which is right? Which wrong? This strange, uncertain mind of mine must shake things into proper proportion and find the answer.

. . . Who is this sitting in my chair, responding to my name? It is not the person I had known as myself—a person who had said "yes," and "no," positively and watched pieces of this and that mold themselves together into something meaningful, something whole. This mind of mine, which had, of old, functioned smoothly and in orderly fashion, is suddenly an alien thing, uncontrollable and confused. It is paralyzed with a fear born of the dreadful knowledge of the importance of this job and assured self-sufficiency . . .

So I struggled with myself like an over-anxious batter who grips his bat too tightly, facing the next ball which may mean the difference between winning the game and the ignominy of

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SECOND PRIZE

SEE "STRAWS IN THE WIND" FOR BIOGRAPHY

"striking out." Nights I tried for composure, pacing the floor and arguing: "You can handle this job! Relax! Settle down!"

Reviewing the day's work, it was suddenly clear to me why I should have done this, should not have done that. What had happened to this mind of mine? A new fear formed itself—a fear that it had broken down and disintegrated beyond repair. Rest!—that was the thing. So I forced myself to bed, to wake up out of dreams that the alarm clock had betrayed me and I had arrived hours late for work; that incoherent, overwhelming emergencies had arisen and I had failed to meet them. And then one day, through the encroaching black mists, I realized that this was recuperation from a strange illness of mind and spirit which only the economists have named, and they call it "unemployment." Like a patient recovering from a fever, I had felt sure and strong that I could walk alone, and then had been overcome by a strange unsuspected weakness and dizziness when I had tried it. This was the beginning of convalescence, and there must not be a relapse. Here was understanding at least—the beginning of diagnosis if you will.

There was a therapeutic quality to this positive approach, and I began to look for similar cases. It was not difficult to find them. Friends and acquaintances, I found, had the same symptoms and were fighting the same fight in their new jobs. Mine was not, then, an isolated case. It was, rather, a somewhat mild attack of a very prevalent disease. I had been out of work only six months, and there was the assurance that I would be taken back as soon as possible. Some of my friends had been out of work a year—two years. We had been part, we knew, of a great group of unemployed whose symptoms and reactions had something in common with our own.

Reassured, we began to recognize signs of a return to normalcy. Small triumphs, which would have passed off as routine in former days, achieved new significance and gave new courage. We stored them away carefully to hold off the periods of black despair which still held power over us. And gradually, because most of our employers have been very patient and understanding, we are finding ourselves again. If they had not been—if with the first mistakes we had been plunged back into the depths from which we had started to ascend, how much blacker would have been the pit for the brief glimpse of light!

What is it about this new ailment, unemployment, which makes such devastating inroads on its unsuspecting victims? Partly to understand our own unaccountable reactions, partly to fortify ourselves, we set out on a non-professional study of the disease.

By all precedent we must concoct a name for it—some unpronounceable name with a formidable sound. John suggested *depressus deterioratus.* Elizabeth contributed *lapsus egomania.* Jane, with a psychology major, liked "The Emergence of a Negative Personality,"

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but it was immediately discarded as lacking the flavor of the laboratory. We must isolate a germ, said Ralph, and he drew a delightful sketch of it—a small involved thing with horns and a sneer. "Deeters" we named it—Deeters out of Jitters by Delirium.

The ideal breeding place of the Deeter, we concluded, is in the folds of letters which begin, "We regret that it has become necessary to suspend operations temporarily," and on pink slips labeled, "Due to reduction of force." The small beast is quick to recognize his victim and sets out for the seat of his operations, the ego. Said ego, having just been disillusioned concerning its assumed importance in the scheme of things, is in a weakened condition, and the delighted Deeter sets to work. (Note by Ralph: "It should be recorded that the ego reacts more positively to violent dismissal. When someone says, 'You're fired!' he at least recognizes your personality. But when your department is temporarily suspended, and you and some hundred others are just not necessary at the time, the poor old ego hasn't much to argue.")

The patient does not, of course, suspect his infection. He sets out with determination to find another job. Thus he approaches an old friend who, also unsuspecting, greets him as a normal person. The conversation goes from the general to the point where the friend says, "How's the job coming along?" It is at this point that the energetic Deeter bores in with his horns. The interview concludes on a false note of heartiness, and with the assurance that "with your ability and experience, something is sure to turn up." But in the eyes of your friend is something which says, "Another victim!"

The reaction to such an encounter depends upon the patient's natural resistance. It is comparatively simple for a booming Babbitt to regard it as just another incident and go on to the next friend. Given a background of insecurity and spasmodic success, the ego takes it at a stride. But the patient who has been raised in an atmosphere of security, who has ingrained in his being, consciously or not, the conviction that honest, intelligent effort will bring its own rewards, suffers a severe shock. He is, after all, only another one of the many disemployed. As such, it is his own problem, not the problem of his friends. And gradually he avoids those who would

The ideal breeding place of the Deeter is in the folds of letters which begin, "We regret that it has become necessary to suspend operations temporarily"

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ask, "Have you found anything yet?" and shrinks from former associates who might feel obligated to assist as a favor. Warped thinking, I grant you. He should be out selling himself to every one who might be able to help. But there is a cold, clammy feeling which comes with asking for something out of friendship, trading on an understanding which was born of mutual respect.

Instinctively such a patient seeks out employment possibilities where he will be little known nor long remembered. He will get some job—any job—and then seek to re-establish himself without the stigma of being unemployed. So he fills out form after form and blank after blank. The "date of last employment" recedes farther into the past, day by day, and foreboding sets in. A possible employer cannot but be influenced by the length of time which has elapsed. Yet, hopefully, he continues to fill out blanks which reduce the personality to a simple matter of age, height, weight, and previous experience.

Each morning the classified advertisements in the newspapers offer new hope. Scanning the "Help Wanted" columns, he finds amazing opportunities for salesmen who can present to the public a remarkable new automobile polish, a revolutionary gadget which is only waiting to be peddled to eager housewives.

Sometimes a small squib promises to be just the thing. Eagerly, he polishes shoes and brushes up the best suit, sets the alarm in order to be there before the specified time. I remember one such offer which invited applicants interested in "educational work with children." It proved to be the carefully worded solicitation of a professional dance academy for door-to-door salespeople who would "work" the factory districts, promising the possibility of a moving-picture career for under-nourished youngsters if the parents but agree to pay for the dancing course on the installment plan. The salesmen would work on a commission basis and make their own collections.

As the days pass, the energetic Deeter, of course, is thriving. Sociologists have found in all mankind certain fundamental urges which form the bases of social growth and development. Two of the most important are the desires for security and recognition. And the smart little Deeter, who never saw a sociology book, knows all about these. The suspicious landlord and the dwindling bank account are his allies in his assault on security, and prospective employers and employment agencies are taking care of the desire for recognition.

"Sorry we can't use you just now."

"Afraid your field is crowded."

"No applications taken today."

It is at this stage that desperation sets in, and there are growing indications of the paralysis of fear. It manifests itself in various ways. Some few, with less imagination than had Hamlet, "take

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HERBERT C. McKAY, F. R. P. S.

arms against a sea of troubles," and achieve short-lived recognition in the suicide column. Others join a movement, finding reassurance in serving on innumerable committees and discussing policy. Still others adopt the philosophy of a gambler, and flock to "bank nights," or pen laborious praises of this soap or that automobile, lured by the fabulous prize contests announced at every twist of the radio dial. False and escapist reasoning, you may say. Yet there is something typically American about it. With everything to gain and little to lose, take a chance! How many financial empires and family fortunes have been founded on just such reasoning—or lack of it?

So, day by day, more alarming evidences of the disease manifest themselves. The patient has reached a degree of unconsciousness, and his reactions are instinctive rather than planned. Strange, unreasonable cravings assert themselves —cravings for some ridiculous finery which would, in effect, flaunt itself in the face of Fate, for some foolish extravagance which would consume a dollar or so of the few that remain but would furnish food for the hungry ego. Reason would counsel against it. So much money for so many days, it would say. This for beans, and this for rice, and this for a can of tuna. But a ferocious desire for the old careless pleasures says, "Skip a meal and go to a show where you can forget it all!" Succumbing, the patient sees gay, bedecked mannequins flit against modernistic backgrounds to the Cinderella ending and suffers pangs of hunger as he watches them eat from bountiful tables.

Moments of consciousness counsel against such a course. This is not the way out! Given an opportunity, something is sure to develop. Something will turn up today . . . this week . . . something must turn up this month. So with the desperation of the death struggle, he goes forth again, receiving fresh promises and more disappointments. A short-time job tides over a difficult situation. Friends who have learned not to ask too many questions are carefully casual in leaving a package of cigarettes when they call. It is no longer possible to accept invitations which cannot forever be returned with a cup of tea and a biscuit. Not that the friends would *mind*, but the patient himself is too conscious that the cupboard is bare.

So we have fought for the right to life until the great day comes when there is a job again. If we find its demands unduly strenuous and bewildering, and if we falter on the upward path, then we like to think it is because we have been ill. Given time and given understanding, we will walk alone again, hoping to have achieved immunity with the one attack. Someday we may be able to refer to it cheerfully, even to brag of our recuperative powers after the manner of men the world over. But until that time we have been too close to the end of everything to be completely casual about it.

The significance of our experience lies not in the simple account of our own symptoms and reactions—just as the whole story of the effects of a plague cannot be told by the temperature chart of one group of patients. Rather it is important only as a basis of interpretation for the seemingly inexplicable pains and setbacks in connection with national recovery. Viewed from the disconnected jumble of headline news, they present a bewildering maze of chaotic contradictions.

But we who have learned that recovery is not a quick cure, but a process of recuperation, can detect the dim outlines of a pattern. And we know that at the heart of the matter lies the urge for the fullness of life which comes to those who have faced extinction. Recovery is not all pills and plasters. Neither can it wait for fairy godmothers. Far more fundamentally, we believe, it depends upon recognition of the fact that if the body is to be whole, every part of it must function normally, and that the healing power of time, given a sympathetic and healthful environment, can work a cure.

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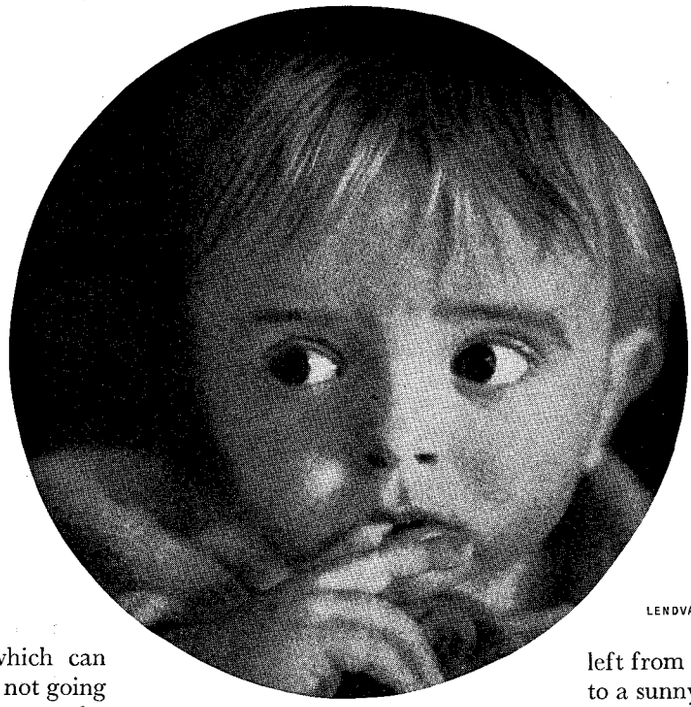
Our Greatest Experience

ANONYMOUS



LENDVAI-DIRCKSEN, FROM BLACK STAR

THE greatest experience which can come to a human being is not going at maturity, or in later years, over the Great Divide of Life into the Beyond; it is not standing on the deck of the *Lusitania* looking down into dark waters which in a few moments will close over one as securely as the lid of any coffin; it is not being wheeled along a corridor to an elevator to be whizzed up to the major operation after a verdict of "just one chance in a hundred." These experiences require courage, but attached to them is a time limit. When, in desperation, courage has been pushed to the highest point, the experience is over. Everything has happened which was to happen, and there can be nothing but peace or resignation.

The greatest experience, the one which shakes a soul with hopes and fears, the results of which are never-ending and, incidentally, the one which pays the biggest dividends, is to be found in the adoption of children. Go into a Children's Home and from the culls, the waifs, and strays of broken homes pick out a child. He will be more than willing to leave the insecureness of his present surroundings for the unproven security of a new home. But the new home has the glamour of the possibility of a new father and mother, and every child wants parents more than anything else.

The early years of marriage are running over with the new home and new interests, the hoped-for progress of the husband's business—and adjustments. As years follow one another, this accumulation of new experiences in living, entertainment, study, new hobbies, and fads does not bring contentment. Something more is needed to round out life.

Several illnesses caused us to delay bringing to fruition our often-discussed plans of adopting a child. We had considered one seriously two different times. Then the War burst upon us, and my husband, with three years' experience in the regular army, felt that he could help. And he did. After the Armistice it took time to recover health and to re-establish a business. That accomplished, the ever-present wish for a child in our home came up.

Without realizing it quite, we were working toward the fulfillment of that wish in everything we did. The sand left from a sidewalk repair was removed to a sunny, out-of-the-way corner of the garden to be used in garden work. But it was fenced around with four-inch planking, and I saw my child playing there long before the sand pile *was* used. The plan for placing a second pergola in the yard was changed—moved out farther so that there would be enough room for a swing, and I saw my child spend happy hours there long before real shouts of laughter and "higher! higher!" came to my ears. Gradually a playroom in the basement took shape. Our old carpenter, having completed extra cupboards in the kitchen, was somewhat mystified with instructions to build shelves along one end of this room. I am sure that after surveying the storeroom and laundry shelves he thought I had a real idiosyncrasy for having plenty of room to store things.

And then quite suddenly we had something tangible in our hands and hearts. "God takes care of the lame and the halt and the blind," and I add with all reverence—"of fools." I know that for a long time we were so classed after we introduced, with no warning to our friends and few relatives, a family of three children—a girl of four years

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and boys of six and seven—and calmly announced that they were ours. Had we smote a rock causing it to open and disclose rubies and diamonds or had we done any other equally fantastic a thing, we could have caused no more commotion than we did. It happened in this way.

On returning from a business trip of several hundred miles, we drove through a small town and, with no spoken suggestion, turned into the driveway of a large Home for Children—a State institution. We met the superintendent, a tall, thin, tired man. He talked over our plan with sympathy and understanding. We felt that we had gone exhaustively into the subject. We desired a child of three years, perhaps a year one way or the other if the child were particularly attractive to us. The child *must* be an orphan. His life was to begin with his entrance into our home; all else was to be forgotten.

The superintendent called a member of the office staff and instructed her to show us the children of different ages. We were taken to the cottage of young children—from three to five years of age—and we surveyed some of the flotsam of life's mistakes or miseries—children of tragedy.

Accustoming ourselves to the large room, to the movement and noise, we were able to pick out a child here and there from the group. Some were normal and childishly dear; others looked undernourished, or short of chin, or had small eyes too close together in deep sockets. Some had narrow faces, prominent ears, stiff-looking hair or poor teeth too crowded in the jaw or too wide apart. But almost all had eager little faces. At once, a plump, fair-haired little girl of three and a half years slipped off a rocking horse, one of the few playthings there, and ran toward us. She held up her arms and said, "I want you for my daddy." Off in a corner there was a whisper of mild protest, "No! he is mine," and the ice having been broken, others said the same words with varying degrees of emphasis.

The combination in this child of initiative or courage, blondeness, pinkness, and sheer femininity captured us completely. My husband would have started home with her willingly had there been no formalities with which to contend. Dutifully the office clerk continued on our tour. School was being dismissed, and children of all ages were hurrying to their respective cottages. We looked at them with little interest.

We were very happy when the superintendent stated later that Mary Lou was one of a large family for which the mother, a widow, could not care. She had placed this girl and two boys in the Home for adoption. We were sensibly relieved to discover that the family history was fair, nothing very good, just average. The parents were uneducated, but the father had been a hard worker. The family wants had been supplied fairly well until he was killed in an accident.

With five hundred dollars of insurance money, the mother started out on a short orgy of spending. Followed a year of trouble during which the player piano, the fur coat, and other things bought on the installment plan were taken from her. In a short time there were complaints that she was not taking care of her family. The town and a church helped her, and she worked now and then; at last she came to the attention of a visitor of the State Welfare Board. There was some preliminary investigation. A big effort made to help her keep the children together failed because she could not co-operate sufficiently. So placing the children in the Home for adoption was the last resort.

We returned home with the confident assurance of the superintendent that within a few days we would hear from him, and we were encouraged to think that we could have Mary Lou. The wait of ten days was tantalizing. We had her through grade school and high school and had almost selected an East-

$100 PRIZE

ern college when a telephone call from the Home told us that Mary Lou's mother had changed her mind and wanted the little girl returned to her. She showed no interest in the future of the two boys, but she had prospects of marrying again and of being taken on a farm to live, and she intended to take Mary Lou with her. All argument failed. The advantage to be given Mary Lou in a new home and the plans for her through her girlhood meant nothing to this ignorant mother. There was no gratitude shown for the care which had been given by the Home. She took Mary Lou.

We received a letter from the superintendent regretting the affair very much. He felt that we were disappointed and proffered his sympathy, but after all there were always many children, and we were promised first chance. We had two calls from a visiting agent of the Home during the following weeks and although we didn't promise to visit the Home again, two months afterward we drove up to its door.

As before we saw children of all ages and all stages of attractiveness and unattractiveness—beginning with the nursery. Babies of all sizes—and blonde, brunette, and red; intelligent, dull, subnormal, and helpless. We talked again with the superintendent, who asked us if we could consider more than one child. The Court had just released the Rankin children for adoption and they were available for inspection. This family could be separated.

An unattractive group it proved to be. The hair of the shy little girl of four years was cut very short. Her hands were covered with warts. Her stockings were down, and a dark gingham dress was too short in front. The boy of six was white and thin. He smiled slowly and his mouth hung open loosely as he glanced furtively out of the corners of his eyes. He looked crafty. His front teeth were wide apart as were the older brother's. This boy gave an impression of sullenness—not one reply to questions could be gotten out of him.

The family history was very bad. If there had been the slightest idea in the beginning of making a home, the plan had sagged so completely that only the worst of life was displayed now. The father accepted no responsibilities. His estimate of life was of the simplest. He worked part of the time and made fair wages. But he quit a job at will, left home, and would be gone for months. The mother's capacities were as restricted as his. The welfare of the family was not important. She took a place often in very cheap restaurants. The younger children were then on the street, and the boys of twelve and thirteen years of age skipped school and spent their time as they chose. She was often pregnant, and at the time of the birth of the six-year-old boy, the case came to the attention of the Family Welfare Society.

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Different members of the group worked with her. The older boys were syphilitic, and arrangements were made for their treatment, the great importance of which was impressed upon the mother. The impression did not last, and she could make no sustained effort to see that the boys went regularly for the treatments. However, the Family Welfare and the Infant Welfare had them under supervision for six years. They kept the family together as a unit part of this time. During periods of particular stress, the younger children were separated temporarily and placed in boarding homes. At last the workers became so apprehensive that it was thought best to remove the three youngest children permanently.

We returned home, but three weeks later drove down to get these children. They had thrown a challenge at us and we *had* to meet it. They said shyly, craftily, and sullenly, "Here we are; nobody wants us, so you can do nothing about it." Three pasteboard boxes! In one a dark gingham dress, a pair of long black stockings, a coarse cotton suit of underwear, and a striped red sweater full of holes. In each of the other two, a percale blouse, a pair of long, black stockings, a pair of khaki knickers, and a white nightgown many sizes too large for the wearer. Each garment was marked indelibly with the number of the cottage where the child had been housed.

Tears had been in my eyes when we left the Home, and we entered our own with mixed feelings. For several years I had taken courses on different phases of child life. I had tried earnestly to acquire considerable information about child behavior. It seemed inexcusable that something was not ready now to help me in this first important contact. I can say honestly that I did not know what to do, and the children offered nothing—perhaps all a result of some emotion on both sides. Food! That could help. Growing children are always hungry, and it was near our regular dinner hour.

That first meal and the preparation for bed later were revelations. The little girl ate slowly, and her baby manners were somewhat dainty. She was attracted immediately to a salad of head lettuce and tomatoes and she ate it first. The boys lowered their heads to within two inches of their plates, and we were shocked at the best demonstration of shoveling which we had ever seen. It showed us that to the baby ages of six and seven they had been on their own so much of the time, had been obliged to fend for themselves with little adult help or guidance, that with them it was merely a question of being the first to grab. One of the boys was wolfish when sweets were offered. For many weeks they were very much pleased with all fresh vegetables, showing that the physical body was trying hard to get what it had been denied and what it needed so much to promote growth.

My husband always deals effectively with any situation. He suggested at once that we consult a child specialist on proper diets. We learned that the three were very much underweight, and the younger boy anemic. The doctor examined the tonsils, took blood tests and tests for tuberculosis. These were all satisfactory, and upon repetition have remained so. We penetrated to essentials—a regulated diet and plenty of sunshine for all three and a prescription of iron for one for a limited time.

During these first weeks we shunned callers as much as possible, and the telephone was unanswered much of the time. I was very busy getting together a decent wardrobe to enhance any good points the children had. I was yet busier trying to make three concave little stomachs come nearer to a flat plane. And I was trying hard to forget the mad impulse which made me take this particular step with all the odds against its being the right one or of its being even partially successful.

As I studied these poorly nourished, ill-kept little folks, I had no confident feeling that well-cooked food, a regularly ordered life as to hours for meals, rest, and recreation might round out muscles, clear the skin and bring the color to it, make prominent ears and poor teeth less noticeable. By constant, vigorous work this seemingly impossible thing happened. These three slow-actioned children of only fair looks (with the positive "one of the herd" stamp upon them) became normal in tone, good-looking, and wholesome.

I'll confess now that I gave up some of the cut-and-dried ideas which I had intended to use. They covered a wide range but did not fit my children always. I had four, six, seven years to blot out. It took time to change names, to get a balanced ration in running order, to teach pride in truth and personal cleanliness, a wish to deal fairly, the great principle of loyalty toward the home and one another, a protective attitude toward little sister—the list is long, much longer than this.

I got my results in any way that I could. The children were prone to be sturdily defiant about anything with which they were not familiar. I strove conscientiously to explain fully and sell a new idea to them first. Many times this did not work. Then I paid or punished, whichever was needed to defend best my position. From my own reading and from constant, interested observation and study, I knew that discipline is very essential if we are to develop qualities necessary for a full life. I never felt rebuffed; I just kept going.

My husband was a bulwark of strength. After the children were fast asleep and I had propped a pillow behind my often aching back, I laid the day's happenings before him. He proffered emphatic assurance always that we could succeed. In two months I took them to the doctor again and was complimented highly on the improvement. Several visits to the dentist put the neglected teeth in as good order as possible.

We began to talk of school, in connection with which there were some grave aspects to consider. The children had no entrance cards and no record of any attendance. I explained my position candidly to the principal on the first day of the term. Hesitating but a moment, she wrote "Rural" on the entrance card in answer to the question about previous school attendance, explaining that would end any further reference to school records. She made it all as easy as possible, and I know she has respected my confidence.

We are very proud that our children have accomplished much, gradually. Our shy little daughter, clothed properly and with a becoming haircut, is a beautiful child. She is full of life, very affectionate, and she is the unquestioned leader of any group. She has such pronounced personality and friendliness in all her contacts that she may find a good place for herself when she goes out into the world to take her place in business.

Our younger boy shows great strength of character. He has done outstanding work in school, earning a promotion to an accelerated group. We consented with reluctance at first, but he has done

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the advanced work easily, is ahead of his class part of the time, and now hopes he can make his way through college. He, too, is very good-looking. With increased bodily vigor, a satisfying home, and parents he adores, his expression and demeanor have changed completely. Gone the loose lips, the furtive and crafty look, the smart-aleck ways, and the fist always doubled up ready to strike out. Our older boy! Sometimes I think he is closer to me than the others. He is not demonstrative in any way. He lives within himself and is always contented with a book. He likes music and art, and the beginnings which he has made in school show that he has more than average ability along these lines. He has done some very original work in design, but he is just an average student, and I doubt if he will really benefit from college. We hold college degrees and would like very much to add more diplomas to ours, but we know that sometimes it is perilous to insist on at least four years of further study for a boy who shows a marked aptitude for some definite vocation. We shall not urge him in that way unless such study is absolutely necessary for the work he has in mind.

We may have been lamentably deficient in common sense when we started out on this venture. We may have been brainless speculators on any chance of a happy, tranquil, and successful future when, after seven months of conflict and some calm spots, we applied for adoption papers for three children whom we had taken from a dangerous home environment and from a mother, who, we are confident, did not give to each of these unfortunate children the same father.

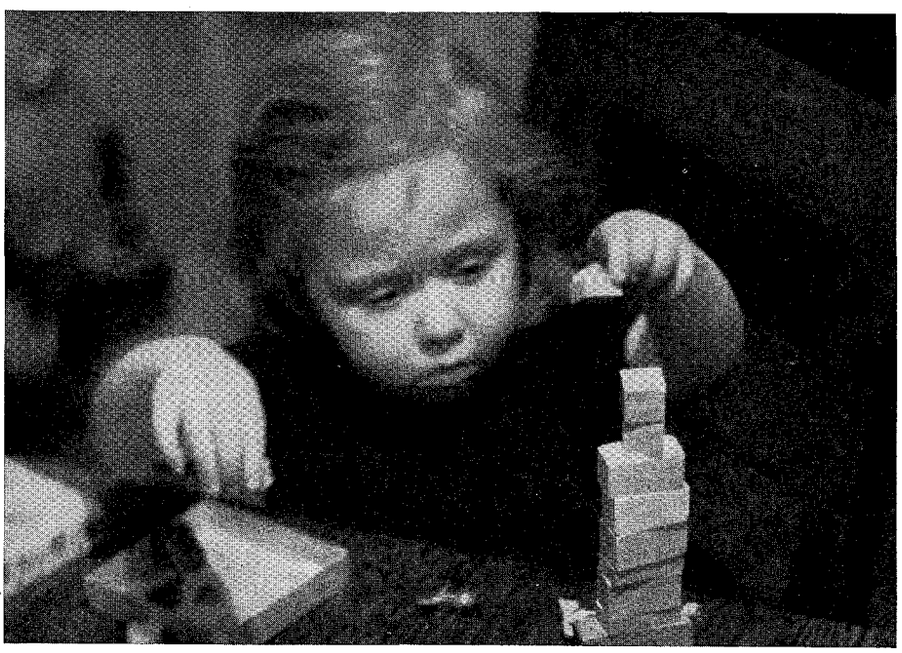
We went to the Court late one afternoon before a judge whom we know and a clerk who showed us with much pride a small picture of his son, an adopted child. The room was empty save for those taking part in the case. The children and I sat back in a group. When my husband took the witness chair, our little girl fearlessly approached the bench, clasped her daddy's hand, to which she held tightly until the end. He testified that he was willing and able to care for these children. I was next sworn in and answered in the affirmative as to my moral character and my desire to take these children as my own. It was all over.

I hoped the children would soon forget the courtroom scene, just as I prayed constantly that the picture of their early home would fade gradually. I was shocked and amazed when, after prayers and good nights, in the privacy of his own room, our younger boy put his arms around my neck and with tears on his cheeks said, "Mother, I'm glad it's over. I've been hoping you'd do it; now I really belong to you and Daddy." *This* from a seven-year-old (he had had a happy birthday a short time before). Besides his day school, his Sunday school, his outdoor activities, a dancing class, and other things which seemed to fill his time and brain to overflowing, he had given much thought to his position. He must have wanted this home desperately, when I considered these months had been so hard for us all—just endless days of changing previous habits of life and trying to establish a new order. I must have seemed a termagant at times, so inelastic and determined was I that this poor clay could be made into good bricks.

I appreciate now how many adjustments *we* had to make. We had been free at all times. We enjoyed the theater, bridge, dancing, and we spent long evenings in reading and study. Now these activities were greatly curtailed. I am persuaded that the discipline which we have had has held us to a point from which we may have been slipping. We have gone back to church. I am not sure that church-attending parents are absolutely necessary, but I am afraid to take any chances. The church and the home are safe anchors. For one of the children someday, a close contact with church life may be the very thing needed to carry him through an emergency.

We are rearing three individuals. It is of paramount importance that we try to recognize the differences and *guide* as best we can. We have never expected consciously any return on this experiment. Childish minds are concerned only with bodily comfort and happiness. It should be so. Certainly we shall never ask for gratitude, a rare virtue even in adults. Because the world did not remain on an even keel, we have been obliged to change our plans for these children. A business which seemed as substantial as granite has been swept away. This, combined with the many problems of early adolescence, has brought out a new line of valuable possibilities.

I know that this venture is successful. Day by day I see in the future three fine American citizens. I see three fine homes instead of the probability of three serious problems for the State. It is our greatest experience, and we are deriving much more pleasure and interest from it than had we centered all our efforts on one child. Our horizon now is unquestionably ruddy with promise.



LARRY JUNE

All else was to be forgotten

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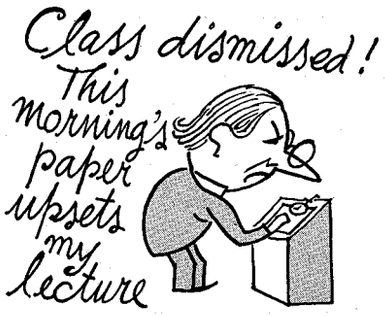
don herold examines:



what history?

I should think the colleges would be a little befuddled on the whole, these days, and even a trifle ashamed to open their mouths. Heretofore they have traced the development of man and of civilization as if man and civilization had arrived someplace. And now it looks as if man hadn't even started and as if civilization might never start.

Heretofore, the colleges have assumed that the present was a simple, settled, and obvious matter, and they have turned their eyes almost entirely to the past. Now, it is evident that *this* is the past, and it seems silly to go back thousands of years to catch up on things when we haven't even caught up on yesterday's newspaper. It seems somewhat ridiculous to trace developments, when there have been no developments.

Even such great historical events as the French Revolution seem piddling when we can no longer feel that France has arrived anywhere. The thrilling question about France is: What is she going to do tomorrow? And the answer to that is to be found in what she did yesterday rather than what she did centuries ago. And it would take somebody smarter than a college professor to interpret just *what* France did do yesterday. Teachers of history, these days, must feel like throwing down their books and exclaiming *"I swan!"*

Teachers of the languages must be up a tree, too, when we don't know from one day to the next to what nations we'll be speaking tomorrow.

Teachers of science must be blushing to see some of the uses to which science has been put during the past decade.

Teachers of economics simply haven't a thing to say. Nobody knows anything about economics these days. Economics is now as much of a guess subject as religion. When I went to college, the profs thought there were such things as economic laws.

About the only dependable thing in the world is the arts. Everything about early Greece and Rome was wrong except their arts, and humanity has even done its best to erase those.

College professors have always been inclined to be a little group off in a corner mumbling to themselves. Today, they must be fairly blushing with their isolation. A college professor must have something pretty snappy to offer, or else a store of unbounded conceit, to talk to his classes about anything else than the morning paper, these mornings.

racketeering

The racketeer's formula is to think up something mean he can do to you and charge you a fee for not doing it. I might work this myself. Maybe I could get twenty magazines to pay me $500 a month each for *not* drawing cartoons for them.

(This is my idea, and no other cartoonists had better try to chisel in on it, *or else*. I know some artists who could get $1000 a month each out of a lot of magazines on such a proposition, but they had better not try it, *or else*.)

This principle of charging for what you *don't do* might be applied profitably in a number of professions. My doctor (with the help of a couple of tough-looking intimidators) could easily get a $500 fee out of me for not removing my appendix. He could perhaps send out his bills under the name of The Abdominal Protective Association. And I'd be much more willing to pay my dentist for what he might do, but doesn't do, than for what he does. He could say: "Fifty dollars, or I drill that tooth," and a couple of muscular Amazons in white could walk in from the other room at this point to lend authority to his terms.

I feel that the possibilities of racketeering in this country have hardly been scratched.

bums

In New York City (a trading post east of the Hudson and several miles south of New Canaan, Connecticut) one has many harrowing and amusing contacts with low life.

On my very first visit to New York, twenty years ago, I had not been in town more than three minutes when I was approached by a drunken old hag who came running and screaming at me and who beat a tattoo on my chest, leaving me with gooseflesh for days.

We now live in an apartment overlooking Morningside Park and Harlem and we are regularly awakened about once a month by piercing screams of "Stop thief! Help! help! help!" and perhaps a few revolver shots, and then police sirens. Up here on the hill we are civilized; down there a few hundred feet away is a deadly jungle into which we have never dared put foot at night.

One evening last week we were approached by a bum in the theater district. "Mister, would you give me the price of a quart of liquor?" he said with a dead pan.

"A whole quart?" I asked.

"The price of a cup of coffee would be all right," he said, with a toothless twinkle.

We were in the presence of a comedian, a man who was down and out, but who was having his joke. We liked him a lot. We heard him make the same approach to several others. Most of them took him seriously and passed on, but he now and then must find those discerning citizens who appreciate his jest.

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On another evening as we were waiting in our car for a stop light, a man came up and said "I need eight more cents to get a place to sleep tonight." We gave him a dime.

"Do you want change?" he asked.

Even a derelict can have his fun.

underdogs

I don't know why I find myself rushing emotionally to the defense of any underdog at whom the world points an accusing finger, these days. I guess it is because I regard the world as such an imperfect old rascal itself. In the light of its own performances, I resent its self-righteousness when it deals with some minor offender against its conventional codes.

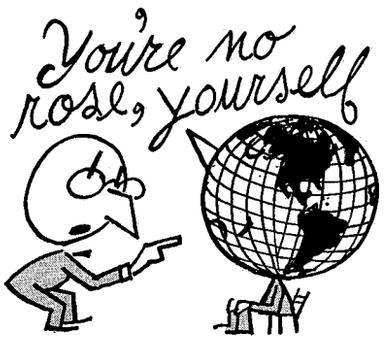
Why should England, historically the greatest old meanie of nations, have cared whom Edward married? Or what right had England to feel superior to him? (He and Wally would have given England such an entertaining and lively reign. Look at what England is getting now: the present King and Queen might as well be a pair of wooden images.)

England wasn't man enough to do anything about Italy's great crime against Ethiopia, but she could pounce on poor little Edward with a mighty roar simply because he fell in love with a girl from the wrong side of the tracks.

And then American labor had to go and spoil Edward's trip to America because he spent some time with Hitler and because he had a friend named Bedaux.

Now, I hate Hitler, but I would jump at the chance to spend two weeks with him and his men, looking at their work. I'd keep still, just to learn that much more about them. (I might use it against them later.)

And I doubt very much that Edward had the slightest idea how Mr. Bedaux makes his money. He was probably too polite to ask him how he acquires it.



American labor has done a lot of childish and wicked things (such as the sit-down), so I don't see why they should have gotten righteous, and incidentally cruel, in the Edward matter.

Why didn't they let him come and look at our factories? I don't think there is anything Edward can do about factories or housing, but he can't do anybody any harm by looking. He's out of a job. He has to have *some* hobby. Even his father collected stamps.

amateurs

When Bruce Barton, the writer and ad man, was elected to Congress from a district in New York City, someone said, "I don't think he knows enough about politics; he's an amateur at it."

And I replied that *that* was the very reason I was for him. And I am afraid I got started off on my lecture No. 283 on amateurs vs. professionals.

In some fields, there is no hope except from amateurs. Let's take an example. Wallpaper. There is nobody who can make worse wallpaper than wall-

paper manufacturers. They know all the awful patterns, and they keep on perpetuating them through the years.

Wallpaper will all be terrible until some rank outsider comes along and shows the old-timers how to make it otherwise.

The most serious current example of the professional way being the wrong way is that of the professional commercial announcements on radio programs. There is an accepted professional way of doing these "commercials" now, and there is an accepted type of professional commercial radio announcer. "You, *too,* may have *fingernails* that *charm.*" These announcements all have the same pattern of patter and intonation. The very unctuous, nasal perfection of some of these announcers is in itself enough to arouse the sales-resistance of any sensible housewife. Every second or third word is emphasized passionately. Every syllable is rounded like a pearl. Most radio announcers today are a blight on our national life. What radio announcing needs is an outside, or amateur, touch. The commercials should be put into the mouths of people less polished and less perfect and less professional. Even a little hemming and hawing might lend a suggestion of sincerity to the commercial announcement for Miracle Flakesie-Wakesies.

And politics, too, needs amateurs.

There isn't anybody as useless to his country as a cagey, old professional politician with one eye on the boys, and one eye on the next election . . . an old fox who knows all the can'ts and why-nots . . . all the old tricks.

Politics . . . Congress . . . the Senate . . . need the refreshing touch of vigorous, unpolished, untutored, unconniving, unconventional amateurs.

mistakes

The big thing is to make your mistakes in the right direction.

None of us can help blundering, but we can all at least help matters by blundering toward a goal.

That's one thing I like about Roosevelt (and goodness knows there are a lot of things I don't like about Roosevelt). A lot of the things he is doing may be economically "unsound," but many of his mistakes are unsound in the right general direction.

Reforestation may be an expensive error, but it will at least get us trees. Slum clearance will at least get rid of a few slums. Abolition of child labor may be an error, but it at least gets rid of child labor. Many of the billions that Roosevelt is wasting, he is at least wasting where they may do some good.

This is much better than spending billions in war to blow each other's heads off and shoot the belfries off of each other's cathedrals. Most of our big spending in times past has been destructive spending.

Highway improvement, dam construction, parks, schools, increased leisure, improved living conditions—these may all be extravagances, but they at least leave us with a little something for our money, which is an improvement over the old system of "sound" spending with nothing to show for it.

Mistakes forward are better than progress backwards, for either an individual or a nation.

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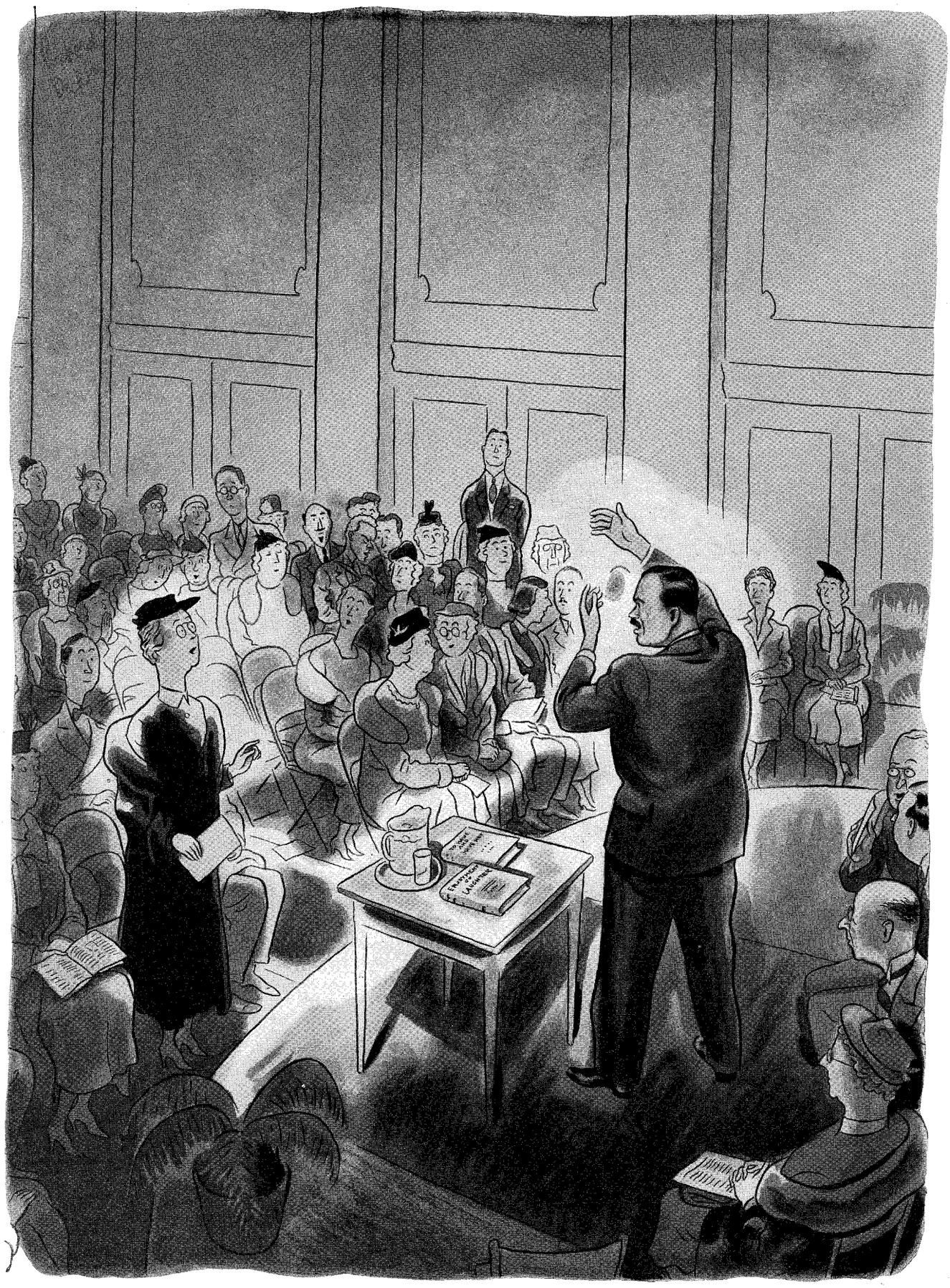

"But, Mr. Hemingway, just what do you mean by four-letter words?"

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Motion Pictures

GILBERT SELDES

Without benefit of Hollywood, Pare Lorentz has created in *The River* one of the splendors of the American film. He has done it in a field more cultivated by the Europeans than ourselves, that is the documentary film. He has taken as his theme the Mississippi River and its tributaries, the physical aspect of the great valley, its cities and its industries, the people who live in it, the crimes they have committed against "the richest free gift that was ever spread out before civilized man," the hopes for a decent life which that valley, in spite of human folly, still offers to humanity. That was the material with which he worked and over it has played so much intelligence and so much imagination that in about half the span of the usual feature picture he has managed to get everything in.

I repeat that this is a documentary film—a film of fact and not of fiction; and I would say that Mr. Lorentz has omitted only one fact, the one presented by Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi,* the fact, in brief, of romance. I should also say that I do not know how he could have brought it in. Possibly because it had to be omitted, there rises from *The River,* as it is shown, a sense of nobility. You follow the picture with complete absorption; from the moment the Mississippi and its tributaries appear in a diagram on the screen like a veritable genealogical tree of the United States of America, you feel yourself in the presence of a powerful drama. Before the picture is halfway over, you feel a rare emotion, a kind of elation in the presence of actual grandeur.

The picture was made for the Farm Security Administration of the Department of Agriculture, and half a dozen other branches of the government gave their assistance. It stands, therefore, totally out of the line of commercial films, and this may have some effect on its distribution. (The reluctance of exhibitors hindered the showing of Mr. Lorentz's earlier documentary film, *The Plough That Broke the Plains.*) I have so often advised readers to protest against the films they do see, that I now feel free to urge them with all the vehemence and authority I may possess to demand the showing of this picture at their local movie houses. Incidentally, nothing more useful to the entire industry can be accomplished than to force exhibitors to go outside their commercial contracts to show this picture.

The Mississippi Valley was not only a great gift to America; it was, and is, a treasure house for the movies, and they have passed it by. Not only were producers uninterested in the river as theme, they even neglected the river as background, as theme song, except in the most trivial ways. They might have done with it what Emil Ludwig did with *The Nile;* they might, at least, have placed a dozen historical romances upon its currents. What has happened illustrates a law of society, which is that when individuals do not do the necessary work, the government will step in and do it, giving rise to loud expostulations about the extension of centralized power. In this case, the Federal Government has not only done something eminently worth doing, but—on past performances—has done it better than private enterprise, so lamentably unenterprising, could possibly have done it.

Mr. Lorentz starts you near the headwaters of the great river and, while you are watching the streams flow together, you become aware of geography and history, of farms and mines and cotton plantations, and presently of the Civil War and forests cut down and men working on dikes and the river beginning to swell; and then the atmospheric pressure of the picture is changed, and the brooks and rivulets are no longer flowing together to make a river, but are destroying the land through which they course, and erosion has begun and floods are coming; you see gullies like cuts through the earth, and scenes of desolation, and you feel that generations have lived since the earlier pictures which seemed so rich and fruitful. And so, without your knowing it, you arrive at the Tennessee Valley—and if this is propaganda, make the most of it, because it is masterly. It is as if the pictures which Mr. Lorentz took arranged themselves in such an order that they supplied their own argument, not as if an argument conceived in advance dictated the order of the pictures.

The sense of something important going on is the essence of a good picture, and *The River* has it to the highest degree. Inspired by it, Mr. Lorentz provided a text crammed with fact and uplifted by an unusual lyric quality which shows up in all their triviality the "narrations" of most nonfiction films. It is a little too cadenced in spots, but in the main the rhythm of the speech goes naturally with the rhythm of the picture; there is a list of names which makes you think of Homer's catalogue of the ships or of Scott Fitzgerald's guests at the house of the great Gatsby. It makes pure poetry out of its syllables: "Down the Yellowstone, the Milk, the White, and the Cheyenne; the Cannonball, the Musselshell, the James, and the Sioux; down the Miami, the Wabash, the Licking, and the Green, the Cumberland, the Kentucky, and the Tennessee." And so on, with the Judith, the Osage, the Platte, the Skunk, the Salt, and all the rest. The vegetation, the species of trees, the industries, and the routes of trade ("New Orleans to Baton Rouge; Baton Rouge to Natchez . . ." and so on) use the same device, and the names take on reality and gain glamour at the same time.

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When the words had been written, Mr. Lorentz gave them to be spoken by Thomas Chalmers, an actor, but not a professional recorder of the narrative, and Mr. Chalmers is perfect. He does not press his points too far; the frightful oiliness and knowingness of the usual movie voice is gone; the prose is spoken rhythmically, but as if a stressed rhythm were natural. A change in tempo or in emphasis, when names are given a second time, gives a cue to the changed emotion of the picture; the voice always has dignity and warmth.

I cannot report fully on the musical score by Virgil Thomson; I was too absorbed by the picture and the prose; I know that at times I felt the music and the sound effects were essential elements. (The six blasts of the whistle which mean a rising river was one of the best.) They were never out of place. But to know the musical score well, I should have to see the picture a second time.

Mr. Lorentz has said that he tried to compose the elements of *The River* (film, voice, music) as Walt Disney composes his pictures. The narration was recorded without watching the picture; the music likewise; then Mr. Lorentz put them together, getting the proper level and volume for the two sound tracks. The total result is magnificent.

*

"One of the greatest advances in motion-picture making occurred when John Ford, director, and Dudley Nichols, scenarist, decided that motion pictures should really be MOTION pictures . . . and that dialogue should be subordinate to action. They proved this theory first in *The Lost Patrol.*" So runs a bit of publicity for *The Hurricane,* which has "thirty per cent less dialogue than the average screenplay." I quote this because I don't think the publicity writer was having fun; in some groping way he felt that the making of films had improved, that something once wrong had been righted.

The date of *The Lost Patrol* is 1934. But by 1929 every respectable critic of the movies, and most of the great Russian directors, had already announced the principles of good moving pictures with dialogue: that the camera must be prime and the microphone secondary, that pictures must move, and, observing the wrong-headed attempts of the early talking pictures to repeat the dialogue of stage plays, that the movies were overstuffed with speech. It did not actually take the movies five years to catch up with the theorists, but it took long enough. The critics, as has often happened, predicted the way in which the movies should go if they wanted to be commercially successful.

The Hurricane will probably be a good money-maker, not because the dialogue is sparse, and not because it was directed by the admirable John Ford; when you consider that a big wind blows an island virtually to bits during a twenty-minute sequence of the picture, and that no spoken word can be heard over the noise, the "thirty per cent less dialogue" is not impressive; and Mr. Ford's direction is less than brilliant most of the way. The picture will please because James Basevi, who made an earthquake in *San Francisco* and brought a plague of locusts to *The Good Earth,* has turned out another mechanical miracle. I am fond of all camera tricks, and these are among the best. But I am a little afraid that the same effects might have been inserted into almost any other picture with just as much effect. The central point of the original story was that a native boy had been persecuted by the resident French officials; one in particular had been merciless toward him; and when the hurricane comes, it is precisely the wife of this official whom the boy saves. In the excitement over wind and water, this point was slighted, making the event an attack on the nervous system, but a pointless one.

About four years ago a documentary picture, the actual eruption of the submerged volcano Krakatoa, was shown. I have remembered it since that time, clearly and vividly. I saw *The Hurricane* not a week ago, and its central scenes are already a little dim. It was a neatly contrived spectacle.

*

I mentioned last month the formation of a society for the suppression of the double feature. I now propose the formation of some others: a Society for Taking Greta Garbo out of Prestige Pictures; a Society for the Defense of Marlene Dietrich against Directors; a Society for Warning Hollywood against Making all Stars Comedians. Those will be enough to start with. The reasons for their existence should be obvious. It is, for instance, highly desirable that Miss Garbo should be restored to screen popularity (as opposed to publicity-popularity, which she has). She has a pictorial splendor and, at times, a tragic utterance, which no other player can equal; she should, therefore, from time to time, appear in popular pictures, so that the ordinary movie fan can experience her quality, and that her name will not always be associated with ambitious, and possibly dullish, projects. As for Miss Dietrich, she is not only thrown into foolish films (of which the current *Angel* is a particularly tedious example), but she is not permitted to appear voluptuous. There have been times when you might doubt her talents; it isn't fair for directors and cameramen to make you doubt her languorous and seductive charm; it won't do to make her look as gaunt as Basil Rathbone and then expect us to love her as we did in *Morocco.* As for comedy, Miss Colbert has the gift of it and should be good in *Tovarich,* but she is also a particularly moving actress in emotional parts, and should be allowed to keep on with them; she has become more popular in comedy and will probably have to fight hard to return to dramatic rôles. Mr. Leslie Howard has always had a nice light gift and will probably come back to straight rôles. But when even a B-picture puts Burgess Meredith into a farce (and Mr. Meredith is obviously embarrassed by its fatuous incidents), it is time to mutter in your beard. And amusing as *The Awful Truth* actually is, Miss Irene Dunn does not prove what she set out to prove, that she is a fine comic actress. She has some extremely funny gestures, a few delicate bits of mimicry, and not much more.

I applaud the desire of picture players to be versatile. I do not applaud the commercial idea that you have to build up a star through comedy. Of course there was Charles Laughton in *Ruggles of Red Gap,* but he wasn't particularly comic. And if it built him up, apparently he didn't care, because he went off to England to do *I, Claudius.*

My most critical friends have long urged me to see *Mayerling.* I have now seen it and have the choice of revising my ideas of good movies or revising my opinion of my friends. Because *Mayerling,* after you discount the moody, tired romanticism of Boyer and the actual charm and talent of Danielle Darrieux, is a movie made without intelligent knowledge of the movies. Much of it is, in Mr. Goldwyn's phrase, "two faces looking." I do not think a picture can be important if it is not interesting.

THE SNOB APPEAL

4. Havanas

It [the Bankers Club] is really a big lunch-time hotel (minus bedrooms and baggage) with some 3,700 members checking in and out at one time or another, drinking cocktails in the bar, lunching in the Grill, the big Blue Room, or the Big Oak Room, clustering around the cigar counter, where the highest-price cigar is fifty-five cents . . . —*Fortune.*

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"Home's the place for that cold, Jim"

Common colds are contagious. One man's neglected cold may spread infection among his fellow workers.

OUT of consideration for others, and for your own safety, don't neglect a cold. In its early, acute stage the infection is easily spread, often sweeping through entire offices, families and factories.

By allowing a cold to drag on without proper treatment, you may let down the bars of your resistance to pneumonia. If you take care of your colds, and others do the same, everybody will be spared many serious illnesses.

Pneumonia is an inflammation of the lungs. It comes on usually with a chill, followed by a high fever, accompanied by pain in the chest or side, and coughing. A doctor should be called at once. With prompt medical treatment and good nursing, pneumonia can usually be controlled.

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Start a simple course of treatment at the first signs of a cold. Rest in bed, if possible, or at least indoors. Eat lightly. Drink plenty of water, broth and citrus fruit juices. With precautions it is unlikely that a cold will develop into serious illness.

Colds and pneumonia both may follow lowered bodily resistance. There is much that can be done to keep vitality high during the coming winter months. The Metropolitan's booklet "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia" contains many practical suggestions on building resistance against such infections. Send today for your free copy. Address Booklet Department 138-S.

* * * *

P. S. About Children—What seems to be a cold often turns out to be the beginning of measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough or some other contagious disease that may be epidemic. Keep your sick child away from other children. If the symptoms persist or there is fever, send for the doctor.

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Theater

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

WHEN *I'd Rather Be Right,* the exuberantly amusing lampoon of F. D. Roosevelt and Co., opened for a tryout in Boston, the editors of the various New York newspapers ordered that it be covered as a news event, it being their conviction that it was the first time that living government officials had been displayed and caricatured on the stage under their own names. This recalled the late Frank Munsey's prayer that he might one day find an editor for one of his New York papers who didn't live in Morristown, New Jersey, and who might accordingly know a little more about what was going on in New York. The average metropolitan newspaper editor, as Munsey appreciated, may know all that is necessary about Sam Seabury, Sam Leibowitz, Sam Koenig, Sam Ordway, Sam Untermyer, Sam Levy, Sam Foley, and Sam Dickstein, but when it comes to anyone or anything divorced from politics, law, crime, or mazuma and having to do with one or another of the arts—the theater in great particular—he usually knows less than his own office boy or even his star editorial writer. He may conceivably be faintly aware that Sam Harris isn't the late Sam T. Jack and that the late Sam Shipman maybe wasn't Sam Behrman, but it is good betting that he is not entirely sure whether Sidney Howard is or isn't Willie Howard's brother, whether Eugene O'Neill or George O'Neil wrote *Bound East for Cardiff,* whether Clare Luce is the dancer and Claire Luce the author of *The Women;* or whether Marc Connelly is an actor and Walter Connolly a playwright, or vice versa. Things have got to the point where the editor of the *World-Telegram,* whose acquaintance with the drama evidently began and ended the night Stanford White was shot in the Madison Square Garden roof theater, recently decided that the theater was at all times a news event or nothing, and ordered that it be treated as such, with the result that his appointed reviewer, a former reporter, is gradually going crazy hoping for a murder or at least a good fire at every dramatic première, or a wholesale criminal assault on the ladies of the ensemble at the musical-show openings.

The newspaper-editor attitude toward the theater, born of a commuter indifference or the city-slicker belief that a Tammany Hall Irishman named Dooling is a more important personage than an Abbey Theater Irishman named O'Casey, has persisted for years. I well remember that many years ago in the days of my novitiate on the James Gordon Bennett New York *Herald* when I was assigned to the dramatic department as a sub-play-reviewer, it was the injunction of my editorial chief to give space to a new play in proportion to the fashionable eminence of the audience. One night, I recall, I was sent to review the opening of a melodrama in the old Fourteenth Street Theater. It turned out to be, I thought, an excellent specimen of its kind, and before setting to the writing of my critical piece on it, I reported as much to my boss. "A stick will do," he stipulated. But why? I wanted to know. "No one of any importance is ever in a Fourteenth Street audience!" was his firm reply.

The news about the Kaufman-Hart exhibit, *I'd Rather Be Right,* was and is that it is a very good show, which in the current theatrical season is, God knows, news indeed! But the newspaper editors' notion that it is news because of its great novelty and extreme daring in presenting living government officials under their own names only once again attests to the noted fact that, when it comes to the theater and drama, they know just as little as they do about the worlds of music, opera, ballet, literature, poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, or even illustrious journalism. (As to the last named deficiency, certain Pulitzer Prize awards made on the recommendation of the Advisory Board of the School of Journalism at Columbia provide sufficient proof.)

It may be of some interest to our friends, the newspaper editors, to be told that the great novelty and the extreme daring which have so impressed their news-noses in the instance of the Kaufman-Hart show have been familiar to American audiences for quite a few years—in point of fact, for about one hundred and fifty, or since the time directly following the American Revolution. John Leacock's *The Fall of British Tyranny* in that period daringly offered by name as one of its characters the living George Washington, the leading figure in the new government. Nor was Leacock an innovator even then. Directly preceding him, Mrs. Mercy Warren put onto the stage in her two lampoons, *The Group* and *The Blockheads,* several celebrities in the political, military, and social life of the day, and under names that their own fathers, mothers, and creditors could immediately recognize. In our own theatrical day, it doesn't take much of a memory to recall the numerous musical shows and revues that offered us, during his lifetime and faithfully christened, the combination of sombrero, gold eye-glasses, heavy watch chain, buck teeth, and "Delighted" that went by the name of Teddy Roosevelt. And three or four years ago, Moss Hart, co-author of the present *I'd Rather Be Right,* anticipated the "novelty" and "daring" of his latest exhibit in his co-authorship of *As Thousands Cheer,* which lampooned not only Herbert Hoover under his own name but Mrs. Hoover under hers. (The then alive John D. Rockefeller, along with John D., Jr., also came in for literal spoofing.)

It would be easy to extend the catalogue. The attention of the newspaper editors might even be called, public stage or no public stage, to the Gridiron, Inner Circle, and Dutch Treat Club shows and, certainly, they might be informed of Rip, the best known and most amusing revue writer of the Paris theater, who for the last twenty-five years has been mercilessly lampooning the leading living personages of the various French governments under their own

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A recent Bethlehem development known as VisControl is a long step toward the ideal condition of a series of heats as much alike as though all were made in one huge furnace at the same time. VisControl gives the melter at the open-hearth—the "cook"—more accurate control of the medium he uses in refining the steel—the slag. VisControl enables him to duplicate, time after time, each one of the many characteristics of a heat of steel to which an intricate sequence of processing operations is geared. This means a smooth flow of parts through the automobile plant or other factory where the steel is used, and a lower-cost product for the consumer.

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names. But it is difficult to teach some old dogs even old tricks, and they will doubtless still go on considering it news that it was George M. Cohan who introduced the patriotic flag-waving hokum in *George Washington, Jr.,* in 1906 when Mordecai M. Noah anticipated him by exactly eighty-three years in *She Would Be a Soldier,* that *The Girl of the Golden West* was the first American box-office play on an American subject to be converted into an opera libretto when so long ago as 1808 the same thing was done with James Nelson Barker's *The Indian Princess,* and that the Minsky brothers were the fathers of the condemned strip-tease and the Misses Ann Corio and Gypsy Rose Lee its first exponents when Oscar Hammerstein beat them all to it, with a houri named Charmion and without police interference, at least thirty years before.

A number of the editors of the dramatic departments of the metropolitan newspapers would seem to be Morristown neighbors of the editors of the news departments. Consider them in connection with George Abbott. Mr. Abbott, it will be remembered, was lucky enough to produce four plays in the last several years that turned out to be hits. They were *Three Men on a Horse, Boy Meets Girl, Brother Rat,* and *Room Service.* Following their established conviction that after a producer has one hit he is a public figure, after two a wonder-boy, after three a genius, and after four a miracle man, the drama editors proceeded to give over their supplements to eulogies of Mr. Abbott as a producer whose touch invariably and inevitably converted everything into pure gold and who could not possibly fail, the implication being that his producing record was a long and unbroken succession of remarkable successes. Then, no sooner had the ink on the testimonials dried than Mr. Abbott produced *Angel Island,* a murder-mystery popomack which shocked the drama editors no end by being a deadly and very prompt flop. They couldn't understand how it came about. Their hero had betrayed them.

If, however, they spent less time in their metaphorical Morristowns and spent a little more in acquainting themselves with theatrical statistics, their surprise might have been considerably lessened. Mr. Abbott, they would have known, has been far from being a uniformly successful producer. In the last ten or more years he has had fully as many bad failures as hits. *Kill that Story!* was a failure. *Ladies' Money* was a failure. *John Brown* was a failure. *Sweet River* was a failure. *The Fall Guy* was a failure. *A Holy Terror* was a failure. *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em* was anything but a real success. *Spread Eagle* was a failure. *Four Walls* was another. *Lily Turner* was a failure. So was *Those We Love. The Ragged Edge* lasted just eleven nights and wrecked the Chicago Play-Producing Company. These are examples; there have been others, equally failures, in which Mr. Abbott has had, on the quiet, a directing hand. *Angel Island,* by Bernie Angus, was thus no particularly startling exception to the Abbott rule, whatever the drama department editors believed to the contrary.

The more I see of contemporary Shakespearean productions, the more I wonder if we all weren't considerably better off with those of yesterday. I appreciate that many of the latter were far from perfect and that many of them deserved the opprobrious designation of ham which the critics visited upon them, but it seems to me in retrospect that they were at least simple and forthright and by their own lights honest, and not, like the majority of present-day productions, designed largely to show off the theories and scholarship of their producers, both often bogus and not a little idiotic.

The productions which we have had in the last few years have, of course, been greatly superior to the older ones in settings, costumes, lighting, and other such dramatic externals but, with the single notable exception of Margaret Webster's for Maurice Evans' *King Richard II,* there has been not one of them that has not in whole or at least in part been corrupted by directorial sophism of one kind or another. I am not thinking so much of some such recent exhibit as the Surry Players' *As You Like It,* directed by Samuel Rosen, as of the presentations of the Bard's more serious works. Mr. Rosen is a minor director and so may either be politely waved aside or impolitely laughed at for directing his characters to suggest their lively youthfulness by a ceaseless gamboling, hopping, skipping, and running about, all of which suggested lively youthfulness infinitely less than a transparently concealed, nervous, and very peremptory need to get to the lavatory as quickly as possible. I am, as I say, thinking of our more representative and eminent directors and of the strange things they do to the graver Shakespeare by way of proving to a stupid public and to the less percipient of the critics that they are uncommonly original, vastly fecund, and enormously brainy fellows.

No writer on the theater has a kindlier respect for Mr. Guthrie McClintic, for instance, when it comes to the staging and direction of modern plays, than I have. But I believe that I may fairly select him as a typical example of the species of producer I have in mind when the classical drama is at issue. With a modern script in hand, he works simply and unaffectedly to afford it its every legitimate ounce of stage life. But give him Shakespeare, and promptly he seems to wish to convert himself from that simple, sound, and unposturing director into a cross between a Forty-fifth Street Freud and a Broadway Dover Wilson. We thus get a *Hamlet* in which the feigned insanity of Hamlet, that cerebral Lincoln J. Carter, is directed as histrionically even more normal than his moods of rationality and in which the undissembling insanity of Ophelia, that overnight abreactive and cathartic lily, is on the other hand directed into a melodramatically fabricated lunacy. We further get a Hamlet who is deprived of his chief line of sexual challenge to Ophelia and an Ophelia whose subsequent sexual obsession is accordingly uncued and largely meaningless. And we also get a Juliet whose Nurse, deleted of her bawdy lines, is indistinguishable from a Southern mammy, a Romeo of Hamlet meditation rather than Montague mooning, and a Juliet herself who, though notoriously the more shrewd and adult of the lovers in their earlier scenes of romantic address, comports herself like a debutante hoptoad.

I have wondered at such puzzling lapses in a director otherwise so highly competent. Why is it that Shakespeare so often turns that scurvy trick? The answer may conceivably be found, at least in respect to one director, in an interview recently given to a representative of the press by Mr. McClintic himself.

In the verse drama, states Mr. McClintic, "there must not be a single detail that obscures or detracts from the central idea. For that reason, nobody eats cornflakes and cream in a play in blank verse. Take *Romeo and Juliet.* The guests who are invited to Capulet's house are bidden to a feast. And what do they do when they get there? They dance, they make love, they carry on their intrigues, but nobody eats. Now, if you wanted to spend a lot of money, you could hire a few dozen extras and have them gobbling in the background. But there's not a line spoken by the principals to justify the expense."

"Mr. McClintic," cordially concludes Mr. Michel Mok, his interviewer, "qual-

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ifies as an expert in these matters."

Mr. McClintic, it seems to me, qualifies rather as a *Schafskopf*. Inasmuch as he unquestionably used cornflakes and cream to represent any kind of edible in connection with blank-verse plays, doesn't he know that the verse drama of Shakespeare is full of food, to say nothing, surely, of drink, and that it ranges from everything from a single plate of mutton to a great banquet? Sometimes, true enough, the eating is begun and at once abandoned, sometimes a mere nibbling gets under way and is interrupted, sometimes the injunction is "Feed, and regard him not!," sometimes it is "Come, queen o' the feast . . . here take your place," sometimes the lament is that "all viands that I eat do seem unsavory," sometimes the food is merely sweet honey, sometimes prospectively it is Julia who can hardly wait dinnertime "that you might kill your stomach on your meat," sometimes the command is "Forbear, and eat no more!," sometimes—but enough.

We turn to Mr. McClintic's conception of the Capulets' feast in *Romeo and Juliet*. Doesn't he know that the reason nobody eats is that the eating is all over when the scene begins? Says Benvolio in the antecedent scene: "Supper is done, and we shall come too late." The scene itself opens with the servants clearing away. "Save me a piece of marchpane," bids the first servant of the second. "Turn the tables up!" orders Capulet. "But nobody eats," oracularizes Mr. McClintic. Of course nobody eats. Who wants supper immediately following supper? Only a season ago, incidentally, Mr. McClintic produced Maxwell Anderson's blank-verse play, *High Tor*. Has he forgotten so soon the lunch box and then the sandwich-eating in it? I have not used McClintic as a chopping block. He is merely one of a number of directorial illustrations. The trouble with most of them, it seems, is that, judging from their recent Shakespearean productions, they haven't read Shakespeare.

In conclusion, Clifford Odets and *Golden Boy*, his latest performance. Each successive year it becomes easier and easier to indite a critique of Odets, as all that one has to do is to repeat literally what one has written of him in the years before. Exactly the same virtues and exactly the same vices are visible in his work season after season. Odets remains constantly a white hope in *status quo*. If he doesn't soon get a move on, his most devoted white-hopers are going to get pretty tired white-hoping.

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SINCLAIR LEWIS PINCHOT

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DEPARTMENTS conducted by Gilbert Seldes, John Chamberlain, G. Selmer Fougner, Richard Gilbert, and George Jean Nathan.

In the February

SCRIBNER'S

The Flu Epidemic of 1918

(*continued from page* 30)

that Germany was menaced not only by Foch's advancing armies but also by disaffection at home; and when the new German Chancellor, Prince Max of Baden, was already appealing to Woodrow Wilson for peace and was being told categorically by Wilson that, if Germany wanted peace, she must overthrow the Kaiser—at this critical juncture Prince Max came down with the flu. Before he could resume any sort of work, German sailors had mutinied at Kiel and events were rushing headlong to their mighty conclusion.

In America the influenza struck furiously—but briefly. The graphs which show the death rates in most American cities week by week during October, 1918, look like cross sections of a city with one skyscraper towering high above everything else. A few cases one week, a few more the next; then a terrific increase with a vast number of deaths; then, during the next two weeks, a rapid subsidence toward normal.

With the rapid subsidence of the epidemic came a rapid recovery of morale. And no wonder; for by the beginning of November it was clear even to the most skeptical American mind, not only that the influenza was on the way out, but also that the War was ending—and ending in a victory bewilderingly sudden and complete.

Once the influenza was clearly on the wane it was well-nigh forgotten—except in those families where someone had been taken. To the mass of Americans, what was a passing epidemic when the headlines were daily blaring forth the unbelievable news—the American and Allied troops routing a demoralized enemy, Austria accepting an armistice, mutiny and rebellion spreading in Germany? Minor upsurges of influenza were to come that winter and the next spring, but in most places the disease was to take a milder form than it had during October—and who cared now anyhow? On the seventh of November came the false news that an armistice had been signed, and America poured out of its shops and offices and homes, singing and shouting and blowing tin horns, while ticker tape showered down out of the windows. On the eleventh came the real news, and there was mad celebration all over again. Influenza? Masks? Keeping away from crowds? All that seemed a remote and unimportant nightmare now to the cheering multitudes in the streets.

Only one thing mattered. The War was over.

Life in the U. S. . . Photographic

(*see page* 47)

1. DEMOLITION, by Charles Jeanson, 3rd, 6645 Colonial Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. This picture was taken with a Leica, Model G, Summar lens, about noon on a bright September day in New York. Aperture f.12.5. Exposure 1/20th sec. Eastman Panatomic film.

2. AMISH WOMAN WITH DUCKS, by A. Molind, 4420 Paul Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. Molind has been very successful in his studies of the Amish farmers, who are notoriously averse to publicity of any kind. For this picture he used a Contax camera, Zeiss-Tessar lens. Aperture f.5.6. Exposure 1/125th sec. Eastman Super Pan.

3. RUTH ELIZABETH FORD, by George Platt Lynes, 640 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. This studio study was taken with an Agfa-Ansco 8 x 10 view camera. Aperture f.16. Exposure 1 sec. Eastman S. S. Pan.

4. VICTORIAN HOUSE, by Willard H. Van Dyke, 33 West 8th Street, New York, N. Y. This photograph was taken at five o'clock on a bright summer afternoon in Eureka, Cal., with an Eastman 8 x 10 view camera, Zeiss-Protar lens 1908. Aperture f.64. Exposure ½ sec. Eastman S. S. Pan.

5. MERRY-GO-ROUND DETAIL, by William J. Houck. Late afternoon sun slanting into a shack in Coney Island made particularly difficult light conditions for taking this picture. A 4 x 5 Graflex was used. Aperture f.4.5. Exposure 1/25th sec. Eastman Portrait Pan.

6. WATCHMAKER, by Arthur Rothstein, Washington, D. C. This New England craftsman was photographed in Eden Mills, Vt. Mr. Rothstein used a Korona 4 x 5 view camera, with a Zeiss double Protar lens (focal length 29 cen.). Eastman Panatomic film.

7. COCKER PUPPIES, by John B. Titcomb, 9 Birch Street, Binghamton, N. Y. It took a whole sunny summer morning to catch these spaniels with a Model F. Leica. Aperture f.6.3. Exposure 1/60th sec. Agfa Ansco Finopan film.

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Books

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

SEVEN or eight years ago William Troy, writing in *The Bookman,* nominated Liam O'Flaherty as the one contemporary novelist whose future development could be watched with excitement. The confidence was not misplaced; O'Flaherty had already done some very impressive work. Moreover, he had such amazing versatility that one could not imagine him suddenly going dry. His *The Black Soul* was a wild prose poem in which the freakish moods of Irish sea and sky were echoed in the elastic moods of man. *The Informer* and *The Assassin* were thrilling "melodramas of the conscience." They were Dostoevski without the cluttering Russian detail, supermystery stories in which the time and place of retribution were far more important algebraic X's than the identity of any murderer. And in *Spring Sowing* O'Flaherty had done short stories and sketches of the Irish land that were sometimes idyllic, sometimes as nerve-tingling as *The Informer* and *The Assassin* were bloody. He had, too, a way of writing about animals that one will not easily forget, and he could even make the slow erosion of a seaside cliff a process to be followed with expectation and suspense.

But with all this record of accomplishment behind him, O'Flaherty suddenly went sour. He wrote thrillers that were unconvincing imitations of *The Informer;* he departed from the tight construction of his early novels and produced wild, sprawling books like *The House of Gold* in which lust and greed were exploited for their own sake, not as part of a design with human and moral meaning. His sense of man as an agent endowed with free will and moral choice was gone; the O'Flaherty characters became automatons. His prose gave one an impression of power gone riotously wrong; he was like a punch-drunk Fenian who had lost sight of his social objectives and had come to glory in brawling with the British peelers and the Black-and-Tans just for the hell of it. Yet in the middle of this black period came *The Mountain Tavern,* a collection of short tales in which the virtues of the early O'Flaherty seemed intact. It was all a little confusing; the genius of the man was obviously still there, but this genius seemed to lack a mission, a cause, to give it direction and discipline.

Possibly O'Flaherty's Russian trip had something to do with his cynicism and misanthropy; he got no assurance in Moscow that man could handle himself as a Utopian. But where the contemporary world had let him down, his growing preoccupation with the historic past of his own Ireland suddenly came to his rescue as an artist; his latest novel, *Famine* (Random House, $2.50), proves as much. Here, in a story of the terrible potato famine of 1845, we have a regenerated O'Flaherty, one who has learned to work in the broad-scale manner of *The House of Gold* but with the disciplined sense of values of *The Informer.*

Famine is an historical novel. But it has nothing in common with the crinoline-and-gaslight school which exploits the quaintness of the furniture, the architecture, the conveyances, the agricultural implements, the firearms, and ships of other days; O'Flaherty tells his story

"Hey, whatever became of Gertrude Stein?"

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If you can think of Plato without meditating on "platonic love"; if you can see in Boccaccio and Rabelais more than their surface bawdiness; if you can delight in the lusty boisterousness of Fielding and the extravaganzas of Sterne; and can even face the prospect of a bedside set of Burton's "Anatomy" or Goethe's "Conversations"—

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as a contemporary of genius would in all probability have told it. The fact that English rent-collectors in 1845 rode horses instead of motorcycles is taken quite for granted; and O'Flaherty is free to concentrate on the essentials. The story is a long one, with many characters. But it is written with an easy power and seems short in the reading; O'Flaherty knows where he stands and what he thinks, and in consequence the reader has no difficulty in dividing the sheep from the goats. Everything falls into place, with the Irish as heroes or victims and the English overlords as villains or unwitting agents of destruction. But *Famine* is no tract. O'Flaherty does not write as a new convert to an ism; he creates and dramatizes alien characters without distortion, letting them live as full-blooded human beings, not as straw figures set up to be knocked down like so many ninepins. His rent-collector, Jocelyn Chadwick, is a villainous person. But Chadwick is a sot, an idiosyncratic, overbearing, hot-tempered ex-army man who becomes wholly understandable when we learn of his affliction, which is similar to that of Jake in Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises.* No doubt Chadwick gets his just comeuppance when he is stabbed and clubbed to death by starveling Irish patriots whom he has hounded off the land. Nevertheless, the reader feels a perverted affection for the old boy who is goaded to his rages by a sense of insufficiency over which he has no control. In his past, Chadwick had himself been the victim of barbarity; and there was nothing in his past to teach him that the Irish peasants were anything better than bog-trotting, potato-eating savages. One comes to understand him without condoning the system which he represents; if anything, he has moral grandeur compared to the absentee landlord in London who uses him to carry out the dirty work of extracting the last penny from the tenants of the estate.

It is not Chadwick, the epical villain, however, who dominates this book. The great character of *Famine* is Mary Gleeson, the weaver's daughter who marries Martin Kilmartin. Mary, who was born at one remove from the soil, has all of the virtues and none of the vices of the peasant. She is saving without being miserly, commanding without being domineering. She loves the land, but when this land turns into a stinking mass of corruption under the potato blight she has sense enough to take flight to America. Like the other tenants in *Famine,* Mary has an omnipresent sense of injustice. But when she is impotent to alter situations she doesn't vent her frustration on her husband or on her father-in-law. Instead, she gives ground only to reform her lines and draw up new campaigns. It is Mary's force that gives scope and direction to *Famine.* The story ends with the smuggling of Mary and Martin and their child out of Galway. But this is no "escape" finale. As a matter of historical record, one knows that the movement which eventually cut Ireland free of England got much of its nurture from the dollars sent back by Irish-Americans. Hence one is certain that Mary and Martin will become good Fenians in the United States; perhaps they will even return to Ireland to fight under Parnell or the Land-Leaguers.

Famine abounds in symbolic characters. But they are not merely symbolic; they are also humanly diverse. Father Tom Geeley, the direct-actionist, is a forerunner of many Fenians who used bomb and rifle in later disturbances. But under his soutane, Father Tom is a fat and shapeless mystic. Dr. Hynes, the son of a grasping shopkeeper, is the typical man-between-two-worlds, the eternal liberal who, while honestly detesting injustice, is rendered impotent by the fear that a fight against tyranny may result in bloodshed. Yet Dr. Hynes is also a complex creature who has been frustrated by his scheming father. Thomsy, brother of Maggie Kilmartin, is the buffoon of Irish comedy. But he is also a warm-hearted creature who has his moments of common sense. Not once does O'Flaherty, in this teeming novel, put a character on paper who is pure symbol, pure type. He does make didactic statements about types, false generalizing statements about "the sensual girl," or "the fat man." But he belies his own didacticism whenever he exhibits a character in action. He is, in short, a novelist whose social conscience has given him initial impetus and a valid frame of reference without betraying him as an artist. The wine of devotion has not gone to his head.

*

The novel has been criticized as an inferior vehicle for the teaching of history, or for the conveying of information. And, generally speaking, it is better to go directly to history or biography or to books of information than to the average historical novel. But when the historical novel is at its best, as in the case of *Famine,* it leaves a far more indelible impression than any history or book of information. One can test this partially by looking at *You Have Seen*

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Their Faces, by Erskine Caldwell and Margaret Bourke-White (Viking, $5). *You Have Seen Their Faces* is a book of information about the American South, a "country that buys mill-ends and wears hand-me-downs," with Miss Bourke-White contributing a series of magnificently startling photographs of the faces and habitations of colored and white sharecroppers, and with Mr. Caldwell stringing the pictures together with descriptive and analytical prose.

Good as the collaboration is, however, the book lacks three-dimensional quality. It gives you a generalized picture of poverty and degradation, of a soil and a people going to ruin because of the wastefulness involved in a one-crop agriculture conducted for the benefit of absentee landlords. But it is not one-half as real or as poignant as O'Flaherty's *Famine,* which makes the same social point.

I say this not in derogation of Miss Bourke-White's pictures, which are wonderful things, but in the probably naïve hope of forestalling a rush on the part of all publishers to add to what Viking advertises as a possible "new genre: photography and the written word combined as an instrument for the presentation of ideas." When pictures and prose are combined in trick-presentation manner, it is my observation that there is generally too little prose. Pictures are single moments, caught and high-lighted; prose, and particularly the prose of a good novelist, is fluid, and can go anywhere in time and space. A picture, by catching an emotion and arresting it, can effectively limit the imagination; prose can deal with emotions as they change, and hence can be ever so much more evocative and suggestive. When pictures are made an important part of a book they usually drag the prose down to their static level, preventing it from wandering in space and time. That is what has happened in *You Have Seen Their Faces.* Mr. Caldwell is presumably writing about a social institution. Yet his account is generalized, flimsy and dehydrated; I will have forgotten it long before the memory of Jeeter Lester and *Tobacco Road* has faded from my mind. I wish Mr. Caldwell would return to his novelistic knitting and do an American version of O'Flaherty's *Famine,* with convincing exhibitions of sharecroppers, union organizers, absentee landlords, rabble-rousing politicians, and pathetic schoolteachers all wandering in and out in such a way as to suggest a living social organism in its entirety. I wish Miss Bourke-White would print her pictures as pictures; they stand on their own feet. The crossing of art forms leads to a debilitating bastardization of art forms, as Irving Babbitt once demonstrated all too erratically in *The New Laocoon.*

*

If any new evidence is needed to prove that estheticism is not enough to sustain a writer, Orrick Johns's *Time of Our Lives: The Story of My Father and Myself* (Stackpole, $3) will serve admirably. Orrick's father is George Sibley Johns, a crusading newspaperman who was editor for many years of the Pulitzer St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.* When the son is writing about his father's efforts to clean up St. Louis in the days when "the shame of the cities" was becoming a national byword, the book has an epical stature. But when the son goes on to retail his own experiences as a Greenwich Village "anthology poet," whose *Second Avenue* won an important prize in the year (it was 1912) that saw the publication of Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Renascence,* the reader experiences a sense of diminishing returns. The Greenwich Villagers and the expatriates made so much noise about the importance of art and the uninhibited life, yet they turned coat so swiftly after 1929 that one is tempted to set them down either as emotionally unstable or as very shallow thinkers.

It is, of course, unfair to Mr. Johns's generation to suggest this alternative judgment, for the time-spirit of the war and postwar years was bound to affect sensitive persons in just the way it did affect the wayward Orrick. Given the Wilsonian failure, with its apparent bankruptcy of "progressivism" and "reform," one can see how the art-for-artsaker was inevitable. And one can see, at this distance, that the withdrawal from the political and social battle implied the same criticism of society that had been made explicit by George Sibley Johns in the muckrake era. Father and son represented a continuity as well as a diversity of interests. Yet the self-imposed isolation from currents of social and political thinking led Orrick's generation to mistake Lenin's *The State and Revolution* for the sum total of human wisdom about social change. *The State and Revolution* is a hard, realistic book, but it is germane mainly to Lenin's own experiences and times, which were Russian and café-table European, not American. It is one thing to overthrow a weak middle class in a backward country when you have a disgusted and armed soldiery on your side; it is quite another thing to over-

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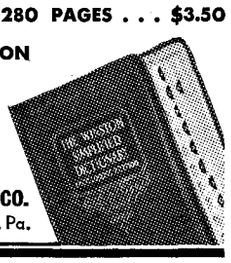

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throw a middle class in a country that is the image of the middle class. What depresses one about Mr. Johns's generation is its willingness to make sweeping decisions about the "musts" of history before it has studied history. Nevertheless, even the second half of Mr. Johns's book is worthwhile as a case study. The first half deserves to go on the shelf that includes the Steffens *Autobiography,* Brand Whitlock's *Forty Years of It,* Dreiser's *A Book About Myself,* Mary Heaton Vorse's *A Footnote to Folly,* and Floyd Dell's *Homecoming.*

*

George Sibley Johns represented the best in American journalism in the prewar years; Oliver Carlson's *Brisbane: A Candid Biography* (Stackpole, $3) is a story of the worst. Although he labors mightily to invest his subject with some importance, Mr. Carlson makes a dreary job of it; the necessity for quoting Brisbane guarantees dullness. Brisbane may have had some fun and he may have made millions, but he played a mug's game and the recollection of it is useful only in small quantities. He did affect the typography and the spirit of American journalism, and hence he is historically important. That importance, however, can be stated in a few paragraphs. The most interesting thing about Mr. Carlson's book is the beginning, which tells us about Brisbane's father, Albert, who was a Fourieristic socialist and a congenital Brook Farmer in America's yeasty pre-Civil War Golden Day.

*

John Franklin Carter's *The Rectory Family* (Coward-McCann, $2.50) deals only with the remembered life in Williamstown, Mass., before the War; it is, however, a book that explains far more about America than Mr. Carlson's *Brisbane.* Mr. Carter has a subtle eye for details of behavior that make whole philosophies plain. Moreover, his book is charming. It is the best thing Mr. Carter has done, and it makes his compilations of political gossip seem hurried and flimsy by comparison. . . . Stephen Vincent Benét's *Thirteen O'Clock: Stories of Several Worlds* (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50) has a lot that is readable, but it is memorable for one story, *The Devil and Daniel Webster,* a humorous tall tale that would be perfect if it were not for the sententiousness of Dan'l's final oration to the departing Old Nick. Even with this sententiousness the story is remarkable. . . . The most beautiful book of the year, bar none, is the Macmillan collection of Audubon's *Birds of America* ($12.50). If you were a member of the Audubon Society when you were young, the plates in this book will send you hurrying to the shelves to re-read Constance Rourke's and Donald Culross Peattie's recent biographies of the man responsible for so much American loveliness.

Book Notes

In a season which has seen the Rainbow Room putting on an exhibit of the Big Apple danced by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Murray themselves; when hotel ballrooms, as well as every high-school gymnasium in the country, are rocking with that breath-destroying, rhythm-beating jig called the Shag, it seems a good time to mention again a cheery and useful little book called *The Country Dance Book,* by Beth Tolman and Ralph Page. For there can be no question that all these frills the city is now learning to enjoy stem from the old country reels and figures.

Originally the chapters in the book were personal pieces about the particular part of the country where Mrs. Tolman and Mr. Page come from (near Dublin, N. H.) and appeared as a string of articles in the New England magazine, *Yankee.* Beth Tolman told us the other day that she and Mr. Page don't presume to lay down the purest form of Hull's Victory and such, but they do feel that they are presenting dance recipes that are practical. Apparently each little section of the country bristles with defense over its own particular version of a dance. Yet the series in *Yankee* provoked a minimum of argument and a maximum of queries, so that an expansion of the articles into book form was definitely called for.

We learn that Mr. Page is a very good caller and fiddler and was brought up in the purple of the dance tradition and that he can do as good a Pigeon's Wing as any old-timer. Mrs. Tolman says that though she can neither call nor fiddle, she does dance the country dances at least once a week and that her idea of Nirvana is doing a Morning Star with a 14-karat dancer either on a sizzling summer night, or a below-zero night with coffee perking somewhere in the offing. Well, we know a thing or two about the Portland Fancy in an old Vermont schoolhouse ourselves. More power to *The Country Dance Book.* (Countryman Press and Farrar & Rinehart.)

*

If there's anyone interested in writing, or in any other form of art, who has not yet read Thomas Mann's "Measure and Value" in the November issue of *Story,* he has an experience waiting for him. It is the foreword of a new world-magazine *Mass und Wert* (Measure and Value) which Thomas Mann and others are starting in Switzerland.

In the article he shows that he is far from discouraged about the future of art. He does not feel with many radicals that art is "played out." He says: "I am convinced that the human conscience which today is rising anew out of the depths of suffering, with a newborn feeling, human and religious, for the mystery, the appealing and pathetic riddle of humanity with its membership in two worlds, that of the spirit and that of nature . . . will not detract from humanity's love and need of her [art] but on the contrary will increase them, adding lustre to her brilliance and heightening the veneration which is her due."

And art, he feels, cannot be entirely separated from the politico-social world today, since it is part of the human. "Nothing is 'good,' " he writes, "certainly not today—which does not weigh upon the 'scale of humanity.' . . . Totality. There is only one, the totality of humanity, of the human. In it the politico-social field is a segment and part. . . . The human embraces both the inner and outer world; and it is therefore most fitting that precisely the artist should protest, when attempts to humanize and spiritualize the politico-social world are met with the reproach that such materialism is unworthy of him."

But his essay is so beautifully put together, the ideas so intricately interwoven, that it's scandalous to try to pick pieces here and there. It must be read. The November *Story.*

*

We usually shy away from books by child prodigies. But the Paisley Press is bringing out a little volume, *Songs and Pictures by a Child,* which seems to us to have an unusual amount of imagination and charm. While still belonging to the school which believes that any careful collection of the best songs and pictures of almost any normal child would be amusing and fun, we must admit that this six-year-old (we are delighted to find he remains nameless) has, in his poems and drawings, a certain *je ne sais quoi,* or the six-year-old equivalent, that will make many an adult re-do his cosmic thinking. The book has had extraordinarily good critical comment in the English press, and is one that both children and older people will find interesting.

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Ever since we first saw the announcement in Harper's catalogue of a book called *Architecture and Modern Life,* by Frank Lloyd Wright, the well-known architect, and Baker Brownell, head of the Department of Contemporary Thought at Northwestern University, we have wanted to know more about it. Why was it written? What were the authors trying to do? Was there really a bookful of connection between modern life and architecture? Or did the authors feel that there *should* be? Professor Brownell has helped us:

"I have long felt that the greatest need today in intellectual life—and in life in general," he says, "is not more special studies, expertness, and so-called scholarship but a correlation of different fields with each other and an effort to integrate the various arts, skills, sciences, and the like in a living whole. This book is a modest effort in this direction. Mr. Wright and I have talked these things over for years, and although we decidedly disagree on a good many points, our common love of the land and our belief that life should issue from it as a complete and self-sustaining wholeness of activity made it possible to undertake the book with a good deal of enthusiasm. We both feel that specialism and professionalism are sterilizing not only our intellectual and artistic life but our social and economic life as well. In a sense the book in subject matter and by example is a stroke against this separatism and disintegration of modern education and life."

Professor Brownell is now in Florida at work on another book with an even larger scope but which he says will emphasize again the modern need for intellectual and living unity in what he calls "this centrifugal world."

"Can you imagine a book in which the modern world of science, art, society, the philosophy of Lao Tse, the mysticism of Whitman, as well as distributism, agrarianism and modern technology all have a part? In any case that is the problem that had to be faced in the present book and must be faced even more definitely in the future book. . . . If I cannot put these varied things together adequately, perhaps someone else can. If neither I nor someone else can do it, perhaps the synthesis of events themselves in this world will accomplish it without articulate statement. Perhaps that synthesis of events already is taking place. If it be not accomplished, sooner or later, I think that our world and values really will come to a breakdown."

We'll take both books, please.

—Katherine Gauss Jackson

We Recommend "THE TOP TEN"

Fall Books selected by vote of the Editors of Scribner's Magazine and leading publishers of the United States

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1. *Madame Curie,* by Eve Curie. Translated by Vincent Sheean. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.

The first complete biography of the great woman scientist who won the acclaim of a world and cared nothing for it. By her daughter. Literary Guild choice for December.

2. *To Have and Have Not,* by Ernest Hemingway. Scribners. $2.50.

There's no way to find out whether or not this book is to your taste except to read it for yourself. Poverty and wealth, action and perversion, love, life, and death at Key West. The critics have torn it to pieces and praised it to the skies. Take your choice, but read it.

3. *Audubon's Birds of America,* by John James Audubon. With introduction and descriptive text by William Vogt. Macmillan. $12.50.

Unless you see it, you will not believe a book could be so beautiful. Five hundred full-page color plates of Audubon's famous birds reproduced in one volume for the first time.

4. *Andrew Jackson,* by Marquis James. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

To anyone who has read the first volume, *Andrew Jackson: The Border Captain,* this *Portrait of a President* will be a long-waited pleasure. To anyone who hasn't, it will be a pleasure.

5. *Famine,* by Liam O'Flaherty. Random House. $2.50.

The Literary Guild chose for October the best of O'Flaherty's books in years. Of Ireland, of course.

6. *The Turning Wheels,* by Stuart Cloete. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

Nobody knows why two books, and two good books, about South Africa and the Boers should suddenly appear in literary circles—this and Francis Brett Young's *They Seek a Country*—perhaps because of the similarity to our own popular historical past—but here they are. October Book-of-the-Month.

7. *Animal Treasure,* by Ivan T. Sanderson. Viking. $3.

Every reviewer's chief reaction to this book has been incredulous surprise at themselves for being so completely fascinated and charmed by a book about some of the queer, small animals that inhabit the earth. No one, to date, has failed to be captivated.

8. *Assignment in Utopia,* by Eugene Lyons. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.

One of the many books, and probably the best so far, by socialists or communists who have gone to Russia with high hopes and come back with an unhappy disillusion and with a personal integrity that forces them to speak.

9. *Ends and Means,* by Aldous Huxley. Harper. $3.50.

On the basis of the detached mind, Mr. Huxley would build his new world to combat the rise of the dictators who rule by force, and he explains how it would operate in nearly every field of life. For all thoughtful people who believe in the power of ideas in the world today.

10. *The Citadel,* by A. J. Cronin. Little, Brown. $2.50.

After a long series of biographical and autobiographical books about and by doctors, comes a strong, important, and not altogether pretty novel about the medical profession by the author of *Hatter's Castle* and *The Stars Look Down.* As might be expected, it jumps promptly to the top of best-seller lists everywhere.

N.B.—Two other books tied for next place on the voting list: *America's Sixty Families,* by Ferdinand Lundberg, and *Island of Bali,* by Miguel Covarrubias.

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Music and Records

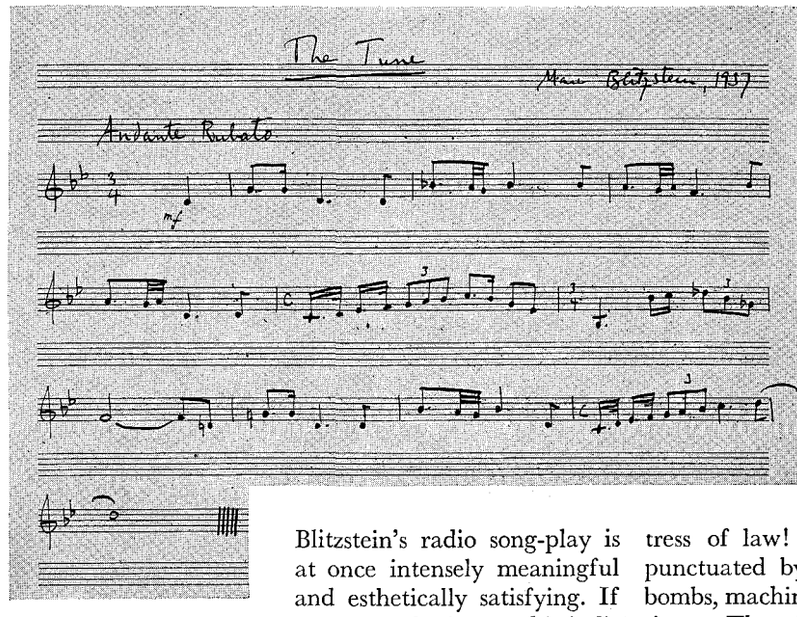
RICHARD GILBERT

Tomorrow is for us,
So fight, but still be gay!
We'll rule in that tomorrow,
So we sing today!

WITH this swelling finale by a chorus of youthful "Field Day" marchers, Mr. Musiker's search for the right words to his tune is over, and "The Columbia Workshop has presented Marc Blitzstein's original radio song-play *I've Got the Tune* . . ."

I call this stimulating broadcast of some weeks back to your attention now because it will be heard again. If you were unable to resist the enticements of Charlie McCarthy on another network the first time *I've Got the Tune* was aired, you missed one of the most provocative of the Workshop's productions. Marc Blitzstein's Odyssey of a tune possesses all the features of *gebrauchsmusik*. It hurls a challenge at the totalitarian state, but more than that, I think, it is the most articulate expression of a musician of today stating in terms of his art the vital relationship of the composer and the people. And the manner in which this is done, with the composer submitting to the *necessities* of today, as well as exploiting the new *possibilities*, leads more directly to the people than any way thus far explored by one of our *avant-garde* composers. Blitzstein has contrived a radio form as original as it is highly communicative. Nothing that was played (or said) when C. B. S. broadcast its loudly trumpeted Composers' Commissions, about which more anon, impressed me as deeply.

Blitzstein is emphatic in his belief that productions for radio should be specially written for that medium. His *mise-en-scène* (if such a term can be used in connection with radio) must be reduced to brief expositions by a narrator (in this case, his chief character, Musiker, the composer) and to suggestions inherent in the lines of his characters and the "natural" everyday, rather than professional, quality of their singing voices, and in the deft underscoring of his orchestra. The mechanics of this sort of composition and forceful delineation tempt the sympathetic reviewer, but it is impossible to analyze *I've Got the Tune* in the limited space I have here.



Blitzstein's radio song-play is at once intensely meaningful and esthetically satisfying. If you want the keys to his individual approach, you will find them in his consciousness of leftist ideology and the mass audience, his employment of devices peculiar to the microphone, and his application of the esthetic principles of Bert Brecht and Kurt Weill, librettist and composer respectively of *Dreigroschenoper*.[1] Both Brecht's type of libretto and Weill's method of direct musical characterization adapt themselves to long-range communication with remarkable effectiveness.

Mr. Musiker's tune, of course, is the *idée fixe* of the song-play. To take down the words to his tune when he finds them, he hires a secretary, Beetzie, from whom the suggestion of her duties elicits the usual lay public opinion of artists, "You'll excuse me, but I think you're crazy." They proceed through traffic, accompanied by an orchestra full of muscular confidence, to the park where Musiker dictates a letter and encloses the tune to Mme. Arbutus, a Park Avenue art patron. Arriving at her apartment, Musiker and Beetzie are treated to nuts and chicken salad. Mme. Arbutus has added "complications" and lyrics ("The moon is a happy cheese tonight, I swoon, I swoon," etc.) to the tune, but the exaggerated Schönbergian *sprechstimme* and confused atonalism drive Musiker and Beetzie from the place, the former forgetting his hat in the exit. Later, hidden behind some bushes in a wood, the pair watch an initiation ritual of the Purple Shirts and hear the tune put to words ("How peaceful is our captain! A fortress of law! A bulwark of order!") punctuated by the sounds of whistles, bombs, machine guns, tear gas s-s-ss, and sirens. The ritual ends with the approach of Boy Scouts coming through the woods, throwing Captain Bristlepunkt and his nervous, explosive Purple Shirt choruses into consternation.

Next, Musiker and Beetzie try to prevent the suicide of a melancholy girl

[1] An abridged recording of this modern version of John Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, featuring the *diseuse* Lotte Lenja (wife of Kurt Weill) who sang the part of the Suicide in the broadcast of *I've Got the Tune*, has been withdrawn for obvious reasons from the German Telefunken catalogue, but I believe it can still be obtained in the French Ultraphone pressings, Nos. AP4369.

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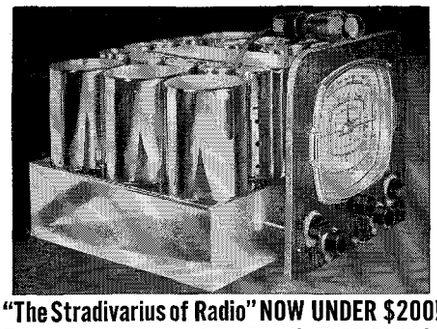

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who makes the tune a personal expression of despair. Her resonanceless voice and the cloying sweetness of the accompaniment and her apathetic lines bring out all the decadence of a soul scarred by a ruthless world in which it can find neither hope nor comfort ("They tell me there's a war; I don't know what it's for").

After a trip around the world during which the tune becomes a lullaby in China, is ground out of an Italian's hurdy-gurdy, and Tin Pan Alley purloins it for a "Hangover Blues" (with "corny" accompaniment), Musiker and Beetzie emerge from the roar and rattle of the subway with the former almost ready to "go back into my Ivory Tower," when they come upon a group of students singing "Solidarity Forever" and other radical lyrics to worn-out Salvation Army airs. Musiker sings his tune for the paraders who have been clamoring for "a new one . . . a tune which is original, a true one," and as the adolescent voices compose new words to it, *I've Got the Tune* rises to a bright and vigorous climax. "I think you've hit it this time!" cries Beetzie. "This is like a breath of fresh air," shouts Musiker. "Here's where my tune belongs!"

The voices that broadcast *I've Got the Tune* had the indelible *March of Time* stamp of authenticity. Marc Blitzstein gave to the voice of Mr. Musiker the typical composer's hoarseness; Beetzie's chicle-coated lines were delivered in the remarkable dialect of *Three Men on a Horse* (Shirley Booth); the incomparable Lenja's crooning of the Suicide's aria—these and the other solo voices were perfect protagonists of the types they represented. These are radiogenic voices; without the microphone they have no power, but with it and Blitzstein's incisive lines the impact of character is as physical as the jamming in the subway.

At one hearing you may find the pace of *I've Got the Tune* too fast and its emotions too exciting to catch all of the implications in its text, but you cannot miss the emphasis in the scoring. Here is the artistic quality that counts, the impetus that drives home the barbed shafts of satire. And it is music that all can understand. Blitzstein's conversion to a much more communicable form of expression from that with which he experimented several years back hinges on the ideology implicit in *I've Got the Tune*. It appears that at least one other composer, aside from the patient Mr. Musiker, has found the right words.

I do not mean to suggest that all music written today should cease to be an article of luxury or a primarily individual self-expression; that it should serve rather the ends of education or of political and social propaganda. But the honored institutions of the concert hall and the opera house are no longer of great value to the composer who would reach the mass audience with works reflecting in no uncertain terms the life and tempo about us. Music for the masses must have substance and vitality, yet its technique must be one of comparative simplicity. Music for radio—and this is the agency through which a vast audience can be reached—must be conceived in a more direct, more impersonal, and more positive fashion than any created specifically for a select or circumscribed group.

At least four of the composers commissioned by C. B. S. to write works especially for radio appeared singularly unaware of the above requirements. Walter Piston, for one, provided a neoclassic *Concertino* for piano and orchestra, the contrapuntal asperities of which can scarcely be calculated to establish a *rapport* with the nonprofessional listener. The commercial product supplied by William Grant Still warrants neither discussion nor repetition; and Howard Hanson's complete disavowal of the necessity to compose or orchestrate differently for the radio than for the concert hall places his pretentious symphony in the class of ready-made goods delivered instead of the custom-built article ordered and paid for. Both Aaron Copland and Roy Harris felt impelled to write music which people could understand, and yet which could be strong enough to have a social significance; consequently, the new and refreshing clarity apparent in both *Music for Radio* and *Time Suite* promises rewards no less valuable to these conscientious composers than to the radio audience. Of Louis Gruenberg's radio-opera it remains to say that its banalities would have been much less obvious had this composer exercised only half the ingenuity and intelligence that distinguishes *I've Got the Tune*.

*

Hot-jazz enthusiasts who have been unable to acquire a number of the invaluable records Bessie Smith made between the years 1922 and 1929, long out of print, will rejoice in Columbia's current release of twelve of the finest sides "The Empress of the Blues" ever recorded. They will lament, however, the reason which impels the relisting of these six discs: Bessie Smith died in Memphis, Tennessee, last September.

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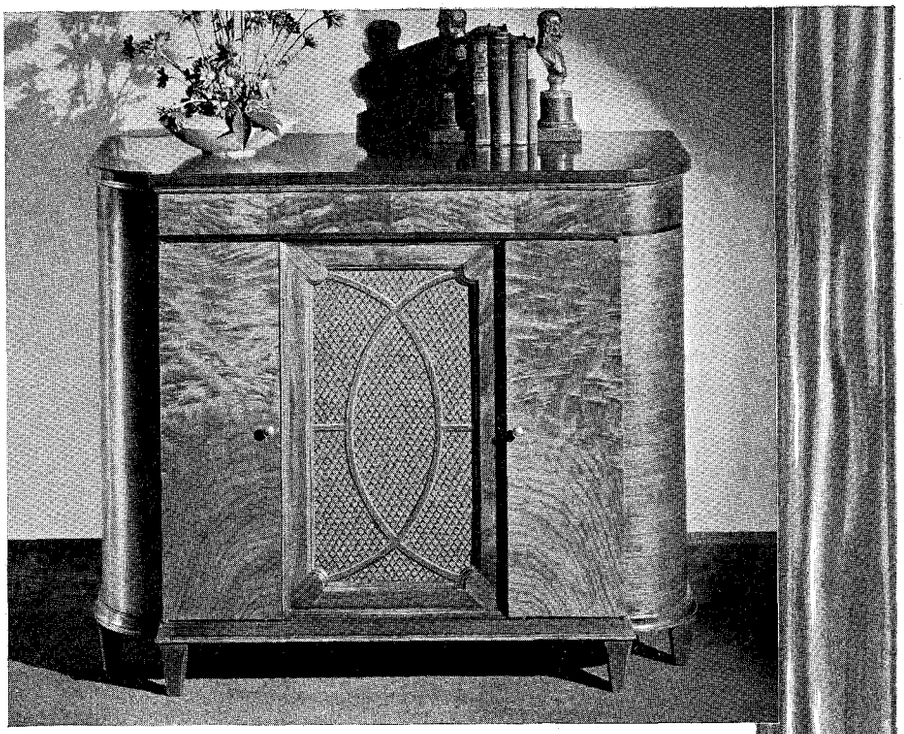
Her records are cherished not only for her magnificent, indescribably poignant singing, but for her superb selection of accompanying musicians. Louis Armstrong, Fletcher Henderson, Joe Smith, Coleman Hawkins, James P. Johnson, Clarence Williams, and other Negro improvisers put their most inspired playing into these accompaniments. But, as John Hammond points out, it was Bessie who "set the mood and tempo on all the records and taught the men who were to become far more famous than she much of what they know about music." When she sang in Chicago (in the days when Kelly's Slide and the Friar's Inn were cradling the style that took its name from that city), Bix Beiderbecke, Frank Teschmaker, Benny Goodman, and other white exponents of an art that later became known as swing often went to hear her. Her influence on their style was tremendous.

In the Columbia album you will find *St. Louis Blues,* with Louis Armstrong on the trumpet and Fred Longshaw on a portable organ. Hugues Panassié, author of *Hot Jazz,* considers this one of the most beautiful blues records ever made, and Hammond, the foremost Bessie Smith authority, doubts if any other recording of W. C. Handy's classic approaches it in power and simplicity. It is backed by *Reckless Blues,* featuring the same accompanists. Another priceless record contains *Weeping Willow Blues,* with Joe Smith, cornet, and Fletcher Henderson, piano. This the latter considers the greatest blues record ever made. It is coupled with Handy's *Careless Love Blues.*

Other songs garnered from Bessie Smith's prodigious fund of more than a hundred and sixty record sides include *Yellow Dog Blues,* with Coleman Hawkins, tenor sax, Buster Bailey, clarinet, the late Charlie Green, trombone, Kaiser Marshall, drums, Charlie Dixon, banjo, and Fletcher Henderson and Joe Smith; *Trombone Cholly,* with Green, Henderson, and Smith; *Money Blues,* with Henderson and Smith; *Back-Water Blues,* with James P. Johnson, teacher of "Fats" Waller and a well-known composer in his own right, at the piano; *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out,* with Clarence Williams, piano, Ed. Allen, trumpet, and Cyrus St. Clair, tuba; and the only popular Broadway tunes Bessie ever recorded, *Muddy Water, Alexander's Ragtime Band,* and *There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight,* with the same accompanists as those used for *Yellow Dog Blues,* minus Hawkins.

Irony was unpremeditated with the



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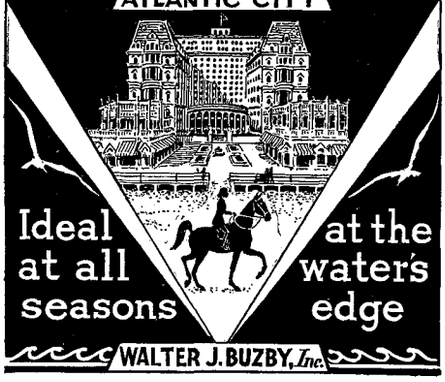

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release of *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out,* but this song was among the last records Bessie Smith made; the depression of 1929 and the increasing popularity of the radio had by this time destroyed the market for seventy-five-cent "Race" records. Bessie continued singing in Negro cabarets and trouping colored theater circuits. The upsurge of hot-jazz music during the past three years called attention once more to the most vigorous personality ever to interpret that deeply nostalgic and irresistibly moving expression which is the exclusive appanage of the American Negro—the Blues.

Practically all of the records of Bessie Smith I had collected during the middle twenties (in Philadelphia you could buy them only on South Street) have been worn gray and useless with the tracking of a thousand needles, broken or lost during numerous movings. The resuscitation of these six discs returns a treasure many besides myself will guard more carefully in the future. The Bessie Smith Memorial Album belongs on the record shelf alongside the priceless discs by the immortal Bix.

After a reunion with such unbridled spirits of jazz as the singer and musicians mentioned above, it is practically impossible to drum up much enthusiasm over the abortive attempts of present-day swing bands. Benny Goodman's Quartet and Duke Ellington and His Famous Orchestra provide the only current discs in which the arrangements and improvisations show true inspiration: *Vieni, Vieni* and *Handful of Keys,* by the former (Victor No. 25705), and *Crescendo in Blue* and *Diminuendo in Blue,* by the latter (Brunswick 8004).

*

The following books about music and musicians have been received and will be reviewed in future appearances of "Music and Records":

A Little Night Music, by Gerald Johnson. Harper. $1.50.

A Textbook of European Musical Instruments, Their Origin, History, and Character, by Francis W. Galpin. Dutton. $2.50.

London Music in 1888-1889 as Heard by Corno di Bassetto (Later Known as Bernard Shaw). Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

Of Men and Music, by Deems Taylor. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

The Metropolitan Book of the Opera, Edited by Pitts Sanborn. Simon & Schuster. $3.

Music Since 1900: An Encyclopedic Survey, by Nicolas Slonimsky. Norton. $4.75.

The Psychology of Music, by James L. Mursell. Norton. $3.75.

Science and Music, by Sir James Jeans. Macmillan. $2.75.

Spiritual Folk Songs of Early America, by George Pullen Jackson. Augustin. $5.50.

Stories Behind the World's Great Music, by Sigmund Spaeth. Whittlesey House. $2.50.

Wagner's Opera, by Lawrence Gilman. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.

What Happens to Our Rhodes Scholars?

(*continued from page* 15)

cause, that the apple-cheeked English undergraduate is the most supercilious and caste-conscious man in the world. He will resent being patronized by effeminate dons who know all about Locke and Hobbs but have never heard of Hemingway, Ring Lardner, Willa Cather, or the Ku Klux Klan. He may ask himself, sitting there in what Beerbohm called "the mild miasmic air of Oxford that enfeebles and enfolds you," what the advantages of a Rhodes Scholarship are. Here is the answer one returned Oxonian gave to his questionnaire:

"Purely in an academic sense, Oxford probably offers no more than three years spent at one of the best American colleges. But there are advantages in spending that time abroad; in the opportunity to travel; in the detachment from the American scene for a time. It's fun and it's free."

Oxford has changed since the colorful youngsters of 1904 descended on the High with their high hopes, their Stetson hats, their poker decks, and their determination to modernize life among the beautiful gray ruins. But the Rhodes Scholars have changed, too. Today's crop is less naïve, more serious-minded than their predecessors. The talented drinkers who once made a shambles of the annual Rhodes Scholar dinners, the jolly marksmen who potted the Duke of Devonshire with a soda siphon, the athletes who made life miserable for Cambridge—these worthies no longer have adequate representation. The scholar is in the ascendant.

Rhodes, asleep in his tomb in the lonely Matopos, must have felt a twinge on April 29, 1935. It was announced on that day that nearly half of the American Rhodes Scholars at Oxford, protégés of the Great Imperialist, had formed an organization to promote socialism in the United States.

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE

2. The Wife

Miss Leonard considers strip-teasing an art, but, nevertheless, resented the fact that her husband didn't resent it, and so sued him for divorce.—*New York World-Telegram.*

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The Scribner Quiz

IRVING D. TRESSLER

Not long ago we had a letter from a man who proudly informed us that he and the three other members of his family had kept a statistical record of their "Scribner Quiz" scores for the last nine months and had a family average of 72. He himself had an average of 84 and his wife was not far behind with a 78. Of course, we don't expect everyone to keep a record of his scores, but it is amazing how many readers do. Each number brings more letters from readers telling us of their S.Q. (*Scribner's Quotient*).

I. How Much Do You Know?

To determine your S.Q. on this section of the Quiz, read each question and the possible answers following, then check the answer you think is correct. After you have completed all fifty questions, look up the answers in the back of the magazine. Deduct two points for each error (12 questions missed means 24 points deducted from 100, or a score of 76). This Quiz is slightly harder than last month's, so that a score of 70 is good. (*Correct answers on page* 104)

1. The character Ophelia appears in one of these Shakespearean plays:

Merchant of Venice *Romeo and Juliet*
Macbeth *Hamlet* *The Tempest*

2. One of these products is advertised as "The Instrument of the Immortals":

Philco radios *Klaxon horns*
Gillette razors *Steinway pianos*
Simmons mattresses *Royal typewriters*

3. If you were chosen editor of *Barron's Weekly*, you would have to know something about:

restaurant management *birth control*
the financial world *amateur athletics*
shipping *bee culture* *the theater*

4. President Roosevelt gave Chicago considerable prominence in October when he:

formally opened the new Post Office
cut the ribbon opening the new water-works
threw the first bomb in the city election
dedicated a new lake-shore drive

5. Belgium's way of securing security is to:

ally herself with strong neighbors
erect a system of border defenses
divorce herself from all foreign ties by neutrality

6. One of the most popular changes in the new 1938 automobiles is the:

trend away from the all-steel body
change from water to air-cooled motors
removal of the gear lever from the floor
installation of radio highway finders

7. The Spanish Loyalists hold only one of these cities:

Gijon *Barcelona* *Toledo*
Bilbao *Granada* *Santander*

8. "Eating garlic is a heinous offense," said the English teacher, carefully pronouncing the word heinous as it should be pronounced:

HIGH-nuss *HAY-nuss* *he-EYE-nuss*

9. The Duke of Windsor's friend, Charles Bedaux, made his money by:

selling colored photographs of the Duke
inventing a Diesel-engine piston rod
Southern and Western real-estate sales
perfecting a factory efficiency system

10. Ernest Hemingway had a new book published recently; its title was:

To Have or Not to Have
Having and Not to Have
To Have and Have Not
To Have Not and Yet to Have

11. You have seen Ruth Slenczynski's name often in late years as a:

star of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo
child prodigy at the piano
brilliant Polish chess player
Hungarian tennis star

12. New York is our largest city and Chicago is second largest, Philadelphia is third, and ..... is fourth:

Cleveland *Boston* *Detroit*
Los Angeles *St. Louis* *Baltimore*

13. One on this list is not a popular, well-advertised perfume:

Houbigant *Yardley* *Chanel*
LeLong *LePage's* *Coty*

14. Miss Josephine Roche resigned her job as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury to:

return to her own Colorado coal business
accept a position with a Wall Street firm
become editor of a new woman's magazine
resume management of her legal firm

15. If you are of a soporific nature, then one of these words will describe you:

optimistic *philosophic* *lethargic*
ill-tempered *cheerful* *depressed*

16. U. S. Steel has recently elected a new president, and his name is:

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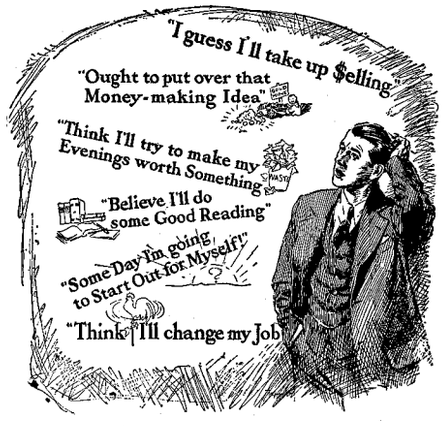
The Man with the "Grasshopper Mind"


"I guess I'll take up $elling"
"Ought to put over that Money-making Idea"
"Think I'll try to make my Evenings worth Something"
"Believe I'll do some Good Reading"
"Some Day I'm going to Start Out for Myself!"
"Think I'll change my Job"

YOU know this man as well as you know YOURSELF. His mind nibbles at EVERYTHING and masters NOTHING. He always takes up the EASIEST thing first, puts it down when it gets HARD, and starts something else. JUMPS from ONE THING TO ANOTHER all the time!

There are thousands of these PEOPLE WITH GRASSHOPPER MINDS in the world, and they do the world's MOST TIRESOME TASKS—get but a PITTANCE for their work.

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Myron C. Taylor *Edward R. Stettinius, Jr.*

17. For the greater part of 1937 Mrs. Roosevelt wrote a series of articles for the *Ladies' Home Journal* on the:

responsibilities of the modern woman
changing political setup of this nation
favorite dishes of the President
story of her life from girlhood on up

18. One of these railroads has been known as "The Katy" for years:

Kansas-Atchison-Texas & Yuma
Missouri-Kansas-Texas
Atchison-Topeka & Sante Fe
Chicago-Burlington & Quincy

19. Novelist A. J. Cronin hit the best-selling bull's-eye with his latest book:

The Nutmeg Tree *Enchanter's Gods*
Black Forest *Europa in Limbo*
The Citadel *The Enemy Gods*

20. The Whiskey Rebellion was an uprising caused by:

a British tax upon U. S. distillations
the effort to enforce a Federal tax on U. S. spirits
a tax imposed upon domestic rum barrels

21. This season finds the outstanding trend in women's hats is:

the use of veils *the use of straw*
the use of fur *the use of jewels*

22. Only one of these nicknamed college football teams belongs in the South:

Panthers *Gophers* *Boilermakers*
Buckeyes *Crimson Tide* *Cornhuskers*

23. By human standards, one of these creatures has the ugliest, most repulsive face of the list:

hartebeest *iguana* *jackal*
ocelot *yak* *gazelle*

24. "—pure as an angel, strong as love, black as the devil, and hot as hell" is the major part of:

a famous definition of good coffee
Jim Fiske's description of a good soup
a famous chef's idea of a frying pan

25. Those things which cowboys wear over their trousers are called:

chapeaus *chaparrals* *chaparajos*
chemisettes *chaplets* *chevrons*

26. Bangor, Maine, was recently the scene of the:

annual vacation of Rudy Vallee
launching of Charles Schwab's new yacht
shooting of Al Brady gang
birth of the first sextuplet calves

27. One of the season's hit plays is a satire called *I'd Rather Be Right,* featuring George M. Cohan, which:

takes cracks at U. S. labor leaders
deals mainly with Adolf Hitler
pokes fun at F.D.R. and the New Deal

28. Since the tonnage of the *Queen Mary* is about 80,000 tons, you might reasonably expect the tonnage of the average U. S. battleship to be about:

75,000 tons *50,000 tons* *60,000 tons*
15,000 tons *30,000 tons* *20,000 tons*

29. One of these scrambled-letter words spells out the name of a well-known fountain pen when the letters are rearranged:

Reparek *Insoldon* *Nilclonck*
Notliche *Reshfeaf* *Sitroews*

30. Mayor Anton Cermak was assassinated in ..... in 1933 by an anarchist named Zangara trying to shoot President-elect Roosevelt:

Tampa, Fla. *Charleston, S. C.* *Miami, Fla.*
New York City *Chicago, Ill.* *Erie, Pa.*

31. The phrase "The Vanishing American" is usually used to refer to:

the disappearing buffalo herds
men who remove their hats in elevators
girls whose sole goal is wifehood
American Indians *capitalists*

32. If Alvin Macauley were to collide with you while skiing, you might pick yourself up and say:

"Why don't you stick to baseball!"
"I wish you'd stick to making Packards!"
"If you'd only keep on coaching football!"

33. By some freak of magic you are changed into a giant condor and wake up to find yourself in your native habitat which is:

the Brazilian jungles *the highest Andes*
the Sahara Desert *the Pacific Ocean*

34. Madison, Wisconsin, has been in the news in recent months because of the:

sensational U. of Wisconsin football team
horrible Wolenski triple-murder case
bitter LaFollette fight against the PWA
Federal trial of various oil companies

35. The average man could pick up and carry a weight equivalent to only one of these:

three cubic feet of sugar
one cubic foot of gold
one cubic foot of water

36. Greta Garbo's latest picture, *Conquest,* concerns:

the life of Napoleon
California in the Gold Rush days
the breaking of the sod in the Dakotas
the story of Childs restaurants

37. The Italian Government withdrew its ambassador from Paris because:

the Paris Fair caricatured Il Duce
the Italian ambassador charged an insult
France had not sent an ambassador
France landed troops in the Balearics

38. An independent manufacturer, not one of the big combinations, manufactures one of these motorcars:

Nash *La Salle* *De Soto* *Buick*
Plymouth *Chevrolet* *Oldsmobile*

39. One of these colleges or universities has been placed in the wrong state:

Marquette (Ill.) *Brigham Young (Ut.)*
Franklin and Marshall (Pa.) *Kenyon (O.)*

40. If you happen to be writing a letter

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to the chairman of the SEC, better make sure it is addressed to:

Joseph P. Kennedy *James M. Landis*
William O. Douglas *Kemper Simpson*

41. Helen Wills Moody gave up her tennis career because of:

trouble with her sacroiliac joint
eagerness to design underwear
matrimonial difficulties
ambition to obtain a law degree

42. One of these is not brewed from hops:

beer *bock beer* *ale*
porter *stout* *sack*

43. Only one of this list is famous as a magazine-cover designer:

Opie Read *Joel Chandler Harris*
Neysa McMein *Delphine Dodge Cromwell*

44. If your life depended on it, could you pick the one incorrectly spelled word from among the following:

discriminate *dessicate* *chrysanthemum*
derivative *predecessor* *inveigle*

45. Laverne Moore (alias John Montague) who was on trial in Elizabethtown, N. Y., on an old robbery charge was:

given a six month suspended sentence
acquitted *given 10 years in jail*
sentenced to two years and fined $500

46. Motorcar ads frequently refer to the cowl, which is the:

roof *windshield* *dashboard*
portion just below the rear window
part just in front of the windshield

47. If there are U. S. mints in Philadelphia and San Francisco, then there is a third one in:

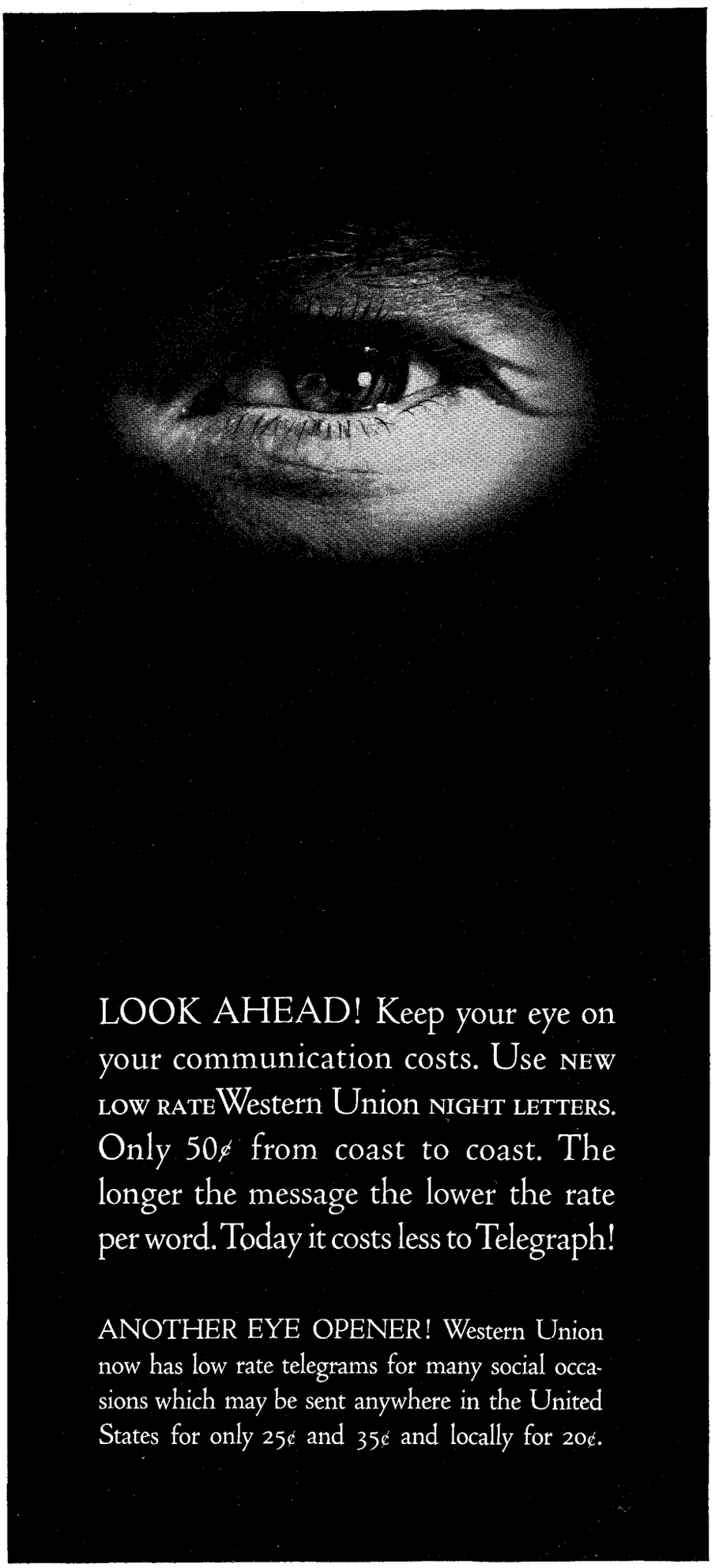
Washington *Denver* *Cleveland*
Chicago *New Orleans* *Seattle*

48. On his fifth wedding anniversary, a man may correctly present his wife with:

a cord of wood *a box of paper napkins*
a tin pie pan *a new gold inlay*
a set of crystal goblets *a china pot*

49. It is the reiterated belief and hope of New Deal leaders that next year will see:

a complete elimination of all relief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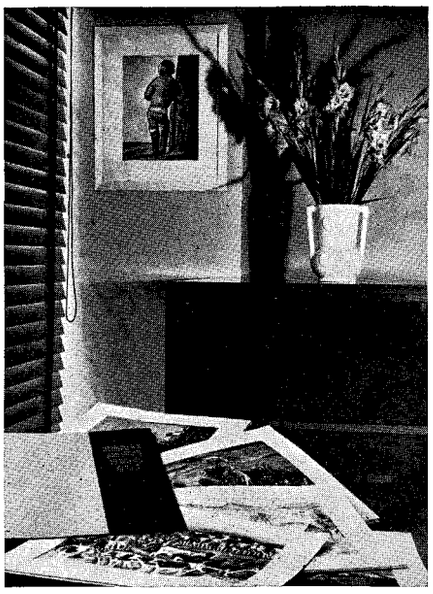

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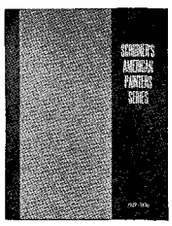

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a balanced budget *a new cabinet*
another new Supreme Court Justice
a new kitchen stove in the White House

50. Stephens College in Missouri is always breaking into the news; its most recent widely mentioned story concerned:

Maude Adams teaching dramatics there
the formation of a girls' hockey team
Charlie Paddock coaching the track team
a year-round course in aeronautics

The Scribner Quiz

II. How Well Do You Read?

This section of the Quiz tests your knowledge of the meaning of words, how well you read, and your grasp of human conduct. It is prepared by the Editors of SCRIBNER'S. If you understand the true meaning of the words, of their meaning when modified or qualified by other words, you should have no trouble in selecting the correct answer. Keep in mind that the answer is not what *you* would do in the situation described, or what you think the subject *should* do. *It is what the person described would do.*

The correct answers have been determined by a jury of SCRIBNER readers. If you feel their answers are not correct, we respectfully suggest that you look up the words in the dictionary and see if the jury is not right. The Editors welcome questions prepared by readers and will pay five dollars for each one that is accepted by them. Please keep questions as brief as possible, and be sure to check the word meanings. (This month we are including several questions suggested by SCRIBNER authors.) Address: QUIZ EDITOR, SCRIBNER'S.

SCORING: The perfect score is 100. Deduct ten points for each question you answer incorrectly. If you get four wrong, your score will be 60, which is not too good for this Quiz. Scores of twenty-five readers averaged about 70.

(*Correct answers on page* 104)

EXAMPLE: Here is a simple question to answer which will show you how to do the others:

At the picnic pretty, fluffy Josephine, cold-blooded, shallow, and mercenary, has five ardent admirers. Jim, poor and handsome; John, strenuous in outdoor sports; Jerry, the highbrow; very youthful Julius; and Jack, who is rich. Would Josephine pair off with:

☐ *Jim?* [No—she's mercenary, cold-blooded]
☐ *John?* [No—she's fluffy, not athletic]
☐ *Jerry?* [No—she's shallow]
☐ *Julius?* [No—a waste of time, she's cold-blooded]
☐ *Jack?* [Yes—she's mercenary, cold-blooded]

Easy, isn't it? Start here:

1. "Thank yer, Mrs. Cohen darlin', I'd love to attind yer lunch even to climbin' four flights to yer flat." Despite mutual antipathy in the bosoms of rival social leaders, thus belligerent Mrs. Riley, caustic spitfire, sweetly replied to Mrs. Cohen's honeyed invitation through the dumbwaiter shaft. At the luncheon for twelve, discovering a hatpin in her stew, would Mrs. Riley:

☐ *Remove the hatpin, put it in her hat?*
☐ *Say sweetly, "I see this onusual shtoo is made from the birrd on yer last year's hat, Mrs. Cohen"?*
☐ *Call the police and bring charges against her hostess?*
☐ *Exhaust her Irish invective in denunciation?*
☐ *Slip the hatpin into another guest's stew?*

(Question suggested by James Copp)

2. A lonely life in his Black Hills ranch makes of Avery an omnivorous reader; sentimental, reading nourishes his love of children; studious, his practicability; energetic, his urge for accomplishment. The governor of the state publishes the statement, "Rattlesnakes are practically extinct in this state, no longer to be feared." Avery knows that they are still a numerous menace. Would Avery:

☐ *Convert several ranch-house rooms into pens, collect hundreds of rattlesnakes, and call in the reporters?*
☐ *Keep silent?*
☐ *Urge the Chamber of Commerce to refute the statement?*
☐ *Make street-corner speeches throughout the state?*
☐ *Write to all the papers insisting on contradiction?*

(Suggested by Paul Corey)

3. Jagrow, a confirmed criminal, indicted by framed evidence for a robbery in Brooklyn, is sure of conviction. He can prove his innocence by confessing his presence with a powerful gangster, whom the police most desire to apprehend, in burglarizing a Bronx political leader's home at the identical time of the Brooklyn robbery. Would Jagrow:

☐ *Turn state's evidence in return for immunity?*
☐ *Seek the political leader's protection in return for evidence?*
☐ *Accept money from the political leader to move to distant parts after testifying?*
☐ *Take his rap, rely on the gangster to get a speedy parole?*

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☐ *Conspire with the gangster in a plot to break jail?*

4. At the cocktail interlude following Donald's introduction to Geraldine, he discovers her to be wealthy, candid, and popular. Expensive, the interlude leaves him utterly infatuated and with a date for lunch next day and thirty-six cents in his pocket. Forced by paternal dictum to live on the twenty-five dollars earned weekly in his captious father's office, with pay-day remote, veridical and sequacious, would Donald:

☐ *Borrow from an inquisitive, competitive fellow clerk?*
☐ *Tackle the cashier for an advance requiring his father's O.K.?*
☐ *Tell Geraldine all, let her buy the lunch?*
☐ *Take Geraldine to the Ritz, hoping he can bluff the waiter into letting him sign the check?*
☐ *Concoct a plausible excuse, phone, and cancel the date?*

(Suggested by Edward P. Borden)

5. Automobile sales in North Billings are infrequent. Sanguine Buster Moffat, plausible and debonair, is about to be fired. The skies clear when a notoriously alluring siren appears as a purchaser. They darken when demonstrations multiply and Buster's idolized, jealous wife suspiciously chronicles his appointments, mopes in tearful seclusion. Would Buster:

☐ *Take his wife along on the demonstrations?*
☐ *Turn the siren over to another salesman and split commissions?*
☐ *Grit his teeth, persist, count on his ability eventually to convince his wife?*
☐ *Promise his wife a new fur coat?*
☐ *Invite the siren home to play contract with the little woman?*

6. Mossman, in conference with his shrewd, equally predatory lawyer, puts a joker in his order forms enabling him legally to cancel orders though no right of cancellation is inferred. He orders specially designed goods requiring a year's entire output of a friend's mill. The market drops, the order involves a heavy loss. Would Mossman:

☐ *Cancel the order, force the mill to resell the otherwise unmarketable goods at a lower price?*
☐ *Charge the loss to a reasonably ample company surplus?*
☐ *Order more goods at the lower market price, increase his sales force, break even?*
☐ *Sue the mill for alleged infractions of specifications?*
☐ *Buy the mill, take the loss in his business, make the profit out of the mill?*

7. Gwendolyn has allowed Oswald, an inveterate fisherman, to arrange their honeymoon at his hunting club in Maine. An unassertive clinging vine, temperamentally vain and frivolous, she takes all the wrong clothes to the woods. Inept at sports, wearing fishy loans from her husband's wardrobe, desolated by his continual excursions to trout streams, would Gwendolyn:

☐ *Try to learn to fish under Oswald's exasperated instruction?*
☐ *Persist in fishing after hooking her husband on numerous occasions?*
☐ *Live alone and like it?*
☐ *Weep on the other women's shoulders and let them tell Oswald he's a brute?*
☐ *Go home to mother?*

8. Morally unedified, sublimely happy when popular, and miserable at a suggestion of ostracism, Grace works in a large organization where girls like her ingenuous friendliness and men fall for her sex appeal. She is rapidly promoted through ulterior motives until derisive comment among the girls, arising from the revelation of her mediocre ability, threatens her popularity. Would Grace:

☐ *Give up her job among the many friends she cherishes?*
☐ *Seek demotion at a much reduced salary?*
☐ *Accept financial assistance from one man and return to her lower position?*
☐ *Endure the criticisms of the girls and limit her friendships to the men?*
☐ *Study at night, make herself efficient?*

9. On his tenth birthday a long-promised airplane ride with their father is suddenly made possible either for calculating, selfish Gerald or his younger sister. Greedy and devious, Gerald surreptitiously knows that his rich, distrait uncle, sentimentally generous, is coming for a rare visit that afternoon. Already disappointed at the denial of a coveted, expensive bird gun, would Gerald:

☐ *Stand on his birthday rights and go with his father?*
☐ *Let his sister go, stay home, ostensibly to cut the grass?*
☐ *Insist that nobody go since both can't go?*
☐ *Fly into a tantrum when his father presents the problem?*
☐ *Offer his sister the next forty cents he earns if she'll ask to stay home?*

10. As George Garwold strolls down the dock, his practical, unemotional eye notices fat, ancient Mrs. Beamish in terrified combat with a crab. Simultaneously he hears a scream and sees beautiful Stephanie Gay, far out in the deep water, apparently in danger of drowning. A motorboat, with two of George's rivals in good looks and popularity, is headed toward her. Would chivalrous George:

☐ *Stand on the dock and watch the romantic rescue?*
☐ *Swim out, arriving simultaneously with the boat for a rescue?*
☐ *Pretend ignorance of both predicaments?*
☐ *Rescue Mrs. Beamish from the crab?*
☐ *Stand on the dock shouting directions to both victims?*

DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an Internal Bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine true Internal Bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide Internal Bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine Internal Bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause of the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one Internal Bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

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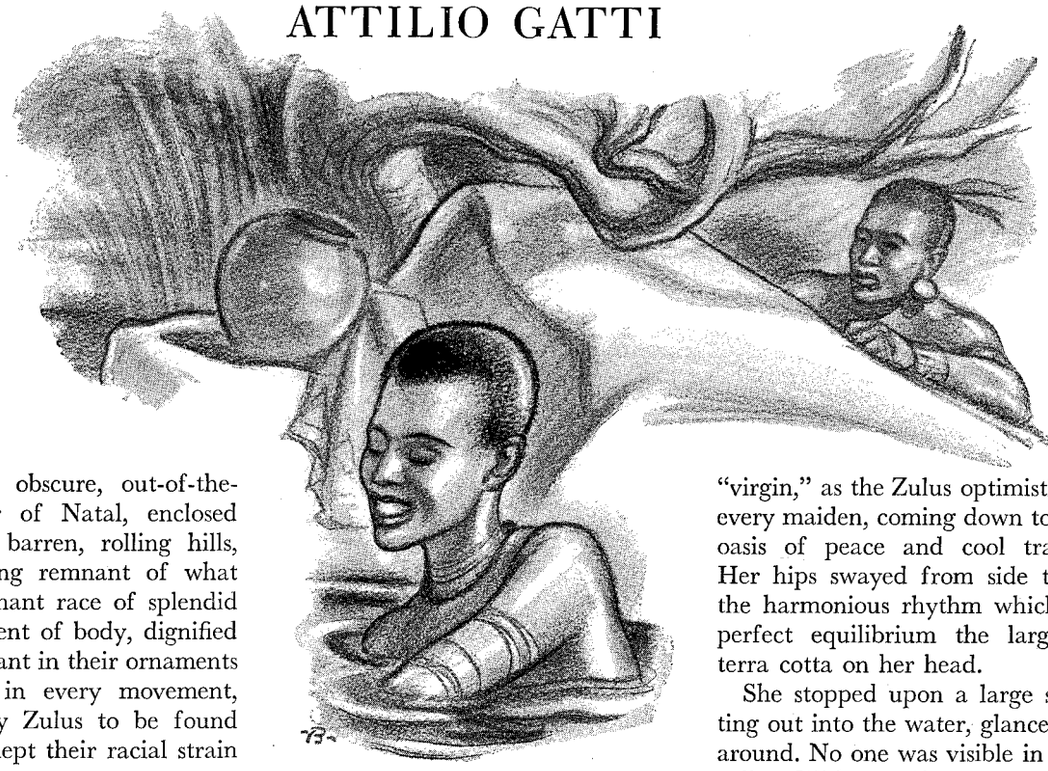
Zulus Also Fall in Love

ATTILIO GATTI



DRAWINGS BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE

Down in an obscure, out-of-the-way corner of Natal, enclosed and guarded by barren, rolling hills, lives the dwindling remnant of what was once a dominant race of splendid savages. Magnificent of body, dignified of demeanor, elegant in their ornaments and harmonious in every movement, here are the only Zulus to be found today who have kept their racial strain pure.

Only very few travelers know of the Enyati Mountains, and of this superb race still living there. For the Union of South Africa has established in these hills a little haven of primitive paradise for the pure Zulus—a reserve, the same in principle though very different in administration, such as the United States Government established for the American Indian. Much stricter laws, however, rule this African reserve, especially in so far as visitors are concerned. Only a very special permit allows the white man to enter this refuge of the once most powerful African race.

One of their most striking characteristics, which has left a deep impression upon me as an explorer and anthropologist, is their attitude toward love and marriage. Among the Zulus, as among most primitive peoples, the bride is bought from the father at a certain price, and paid for in cattle currency. And, as with other African tribes, every aspect of courtship is completely governed by tradition and witchcraft.

But, unlike the other tribesmen of Africa, the Zulu carries on his courtship and marriage with a solemn sense of humor, and also with poetry and love. One of the most picturesque ceremonies is the "magic of the water."

A young warrior named Saso, who had on several occasions asked me to take him into my service, was suffering pangs of unrequited love for the daughter of a witch doctor whose *kraal* was not far from my camp. Having heard the gossip about Saso's love, and suspecting that soon, inevitably, he would seek occult intervention in his affairs, I arranged to pass some hours every day watching the pool where I knew that the "magic of the water" always took place.

In a thick grove of trees at the edge of the water I concealed myself, my camera, and a good telephoto lens. Nothing happened the first day, nor the second, nor the third. But on the fourth morning luck was with me. . . .

At the bottom of that little valley between the two bare hills was a large spring.

Suddenly a native girl appeared, a "virgin," as the Zulus optimistically call every maiden, coming down to the little oasis of peace and cool tranquillity. Her hips swayed from side to side in the harmonious rhythm which kept in perfect equilibrium the large jar of terra cotta on her head.

She stopped upon a large stone jutting out into the water, glanced quickly around. No one was visible in the quiet valley. With a swift movement she untied a knot, the blanket she wore draped about her fell to the ground, and her strong, beautifully formed young body was revealed. With a shiver of pleasure at the touch of the cool water, the virgin waded into the pool and stood a moment, knee-deep. Then, taking the jar from her head, she put it down upon the rock and plunged into the sparkling water.

The bath finished, she prepared to emerge, troubling not at all to dry herself—the hot sun would do the job. She filled her jar, lifted it to her head, and stooping with perfect balance picked up her blanket and draped it around her body. Then she departed for her distant hut, singing in a high-pitched, shrill voice an ingenuous and happy song.

Now from behind the rock the young warrior cautiously appeared.

For more than an hour he had hidden, unaware of me, crouching in the cold water, completely indifferent to the discomfort of his position.

With elaborate caution he moved stealthily through the pool until he

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reached the exact spot where the girl had bathed. He took up some water in his two cupped hands, filled his mouth with it, violently expelled it, and murmured an incantation, fixing his eyes intently on the vanishing form of the girl.

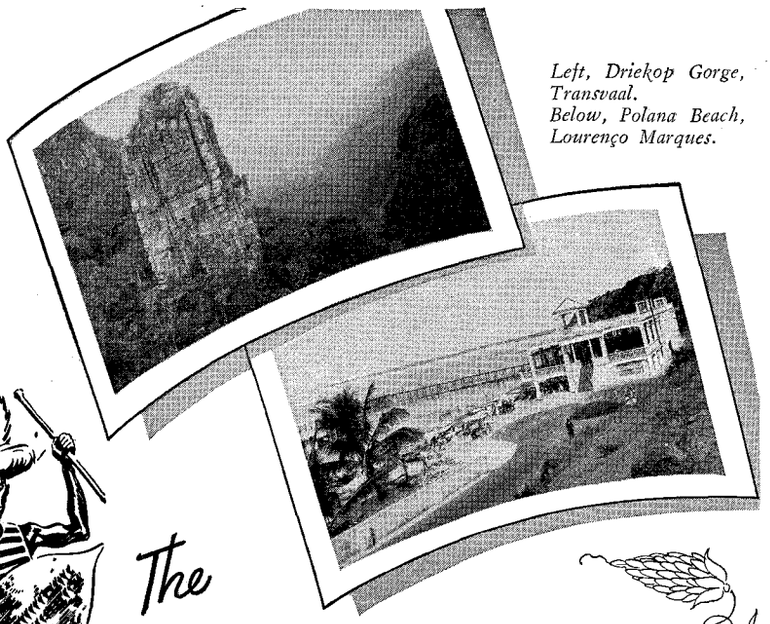
Once, twice, thrice.

Then the serious, concentrated expression which had furrowed his brow during this strange maneuver disappeared, and a radiant, satisfied smile illumined his face. Collecting his *assegais* and shield which he had concealed in the high grass, he went joyously on his way. He had successfully accomplished the magic of the water, and he had not betrayed his actions.

He had with all the strength of his mind murmured the incantation compelling her to love him. Therefore she must. He had filled his mouth with the water that had touched, surrounded, and caressed her. Therefore she must become his wife, for he had assumed the properties of that water; and like that water he must touch, surround, and caress the young woman so beautiful in his eyes.

Very pleased with my morning's experience, I reviewed it in my mind as I walked slowly back to camp, trying to grasp the origin of the ceremony, so simple in itself, but so filled with blind faith and ingenuous poetry.

And once more I came to the conclusion that if one puts aside his prejudices and tries in good faith to get to the bottom of one of the innumerable "magic" ceremonies of primitive peoples, he either finds himself con-



Left, Driekop Gorge, Transvaal.
Below, Polana Beach, Lourenço Marques.

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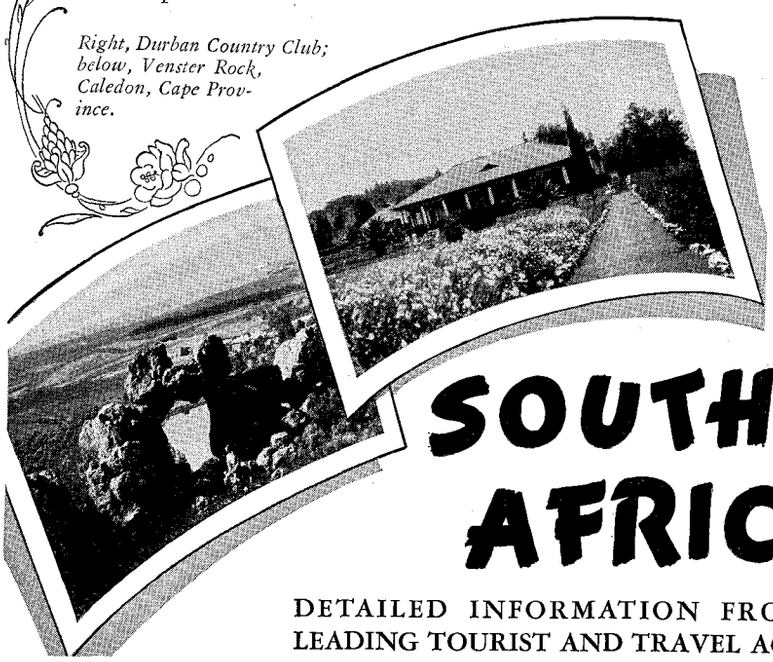
The glorious sightseeing, charming hospitality, splendid climate, and modern transportation make traveling a pleasure in South Africa.

Right, Durban Country Club; below, Venster Rock, Caledon, Cape Province.



SOUTH AFRICA

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SUNSHINE PLAYGROUND OF THE BORDER

fronted with absolutely incomprehensible results of a really miraculous appearance, due to the use of forces, powers, or substances unknown to us; or he discovers an underlying psychology that has its counterpart, less vividly enacted, in our own life today.

In the case of Saso, for example, that concentration of all his mental strength in the one thought, "You love me, you will be my wife," which was the substance of his incantation—was that not simply and solely the use of hypnotism, even if unconscious? To pronounce his magic words, to accomplish all his ceremony with the absolute faith in its immediate success—was that not what we call autosuggestion?

Be that as it may, whether the merit was due to hypnotism or suggestion, or to the personal charm and physique of the warrior, one thing is certain—that the enchantment worked with extraordinary speed and potency.

Only two days later I was spending a morning in observing the activities of a young Zulu woman called Matusini, who was the "witch doctor of love" and whose *kraal* was perched on the top of the "hill of the marriage."

Matusini was a merry individual, constantly breaking forth into peals of laughter; and her eyes, brimming with happiness, were a good propaganda for her profession. She wore the typical coiffure, ornaments, and insignia of her calling, the most interesting feature of which was a sort of transparent veil draped about her body and fringed with a row of little bells that tinkled when she moved.

Suddenly I noticed the virgin of the pool running eagerly up the hill. She paid not the slightest attention to me, on reaching the top, but began to chatter to the sorceress with such candor and enthusiasm that I was soon in no doubt of her feelings for Saso.

"Saso is beautiful," she babbled. "He is strong, oh Matusini, and he is rich, too, because his father died a few moons ago leaving to him all his cows. And I love him. Give me your most powerful love enchantment, Matusini!"

The witch doctor answered with a good-humored laugh. Then she gave the girl—Marekani was her name—a magic bracelet, telling her that she must not take it from her arm until her marriage, and that she must gaze at it every day, thinking with all her strength, "He will love me."

Finally, with a significant glance in my direction, she drew near the girl and whispered in her ear for a long time. What she told her must have

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been quite pleasant and reassuring, for presently Marekani bounded away.

When I asked Matusini if the enchantment were sure to work, she replied with her contagious smile, "It has already worked. And so has the one I taught to Saso three days ago already worked."

"The one of the spring?" I asked her.

For a moment she stared at me in surprise, then laughed.

"*Ja baaba,* you have long eyes," she said. "But I have even longer eyes than you, and I know that Saso will be betrothed to Marekani before this moon is gone."

Realizing how interesting it would be, from the point of view of the ethnographical studies I was making, to follow from the beginning each detail of the development of a Zulu idyl, I arranged immediately for Saso to enter my service. He did not take a single step or make a single move in his courtship without being followed by my curious eyes, or those of my cameras. This did not offend him, for he had complete confidence in me, was very proud of my interest in his affairs, and was anticipating the good present I would be sure to give him.

Naturally, in a romance *à la Zulu,* everything must proceed according to the traditional etiquette handed down from century to century—particularly so in this case because of the high social position of the girl.

The first move in the campaign came one morning when Saso called upon his best friend.

"Take this snuffbox to Marekani, daughter of Kiboko, the witch doctor," he said solemnly, "and tell her that Saso, son of *induna,* sends it to her."

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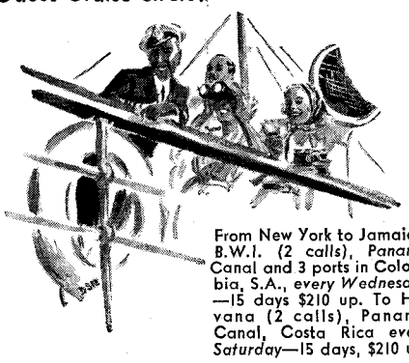

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Great White Fleet

The snuffbox was made of carved wood covered by a woven design of colored seeds, white and red, which extended into a necklace so that the box might be worn hung around the throat. Now the Zulus, having no written language, obtain the same results with objects having a symbolical character. The design on the snuffbox, with its different colors and various patterns, conveyed a meaning as sharp and distinct as a written message. And Saso willingly translated the present to us.

The snuffbox, ornamented in that special pattern, would tell Marekani clearly: "I love you," and, "I want you for my wife."

The "letter" must have said also, "Please answer by return mail," or something of that kind, for the next day a young girl appeared at our camp calling excitedly for Saso, and while still at a distance held up a necklace for him to see.

From the shining face with which he welcomed her, I understood at once that she must be Marekani's messenger and an ambassador of good news.

"Saso," she said, with a grin that spread from one ear to the other, "this is sent to you by Marekani, daughter of Kiboko." And with a sly wink she added, "Tomorrow she awaits you near the spring."

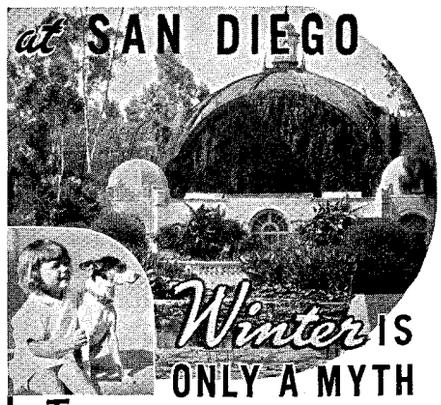
White seeds strung together with blue and red ones, with a primitive art full of good taste, composed the necklace which, being interpreted, read:

"I, too, I like you. And I will be very happy to marry you."

The pattern, simple and pleasing, formed a certain number of points similar to the points of an arrow, and these I saw Saso counting with considerable concern.

"Three times the fingers of a hand," he confided to me thoughtfully. "That means that Kiboko fixes the price of Marekani at fifteen cows, beautiful and fat."

A few days after I had interestedly watched the formal meeting of the lovers near the spring, Saso presented himself to me clad in all his best ornaments and decorated by the collection of love letters which his girl had meanwhile sent to him—necklaces, bracelets, bandoliers. Four friends, also attired in the Zulu equivalent of white tie and tails, awaited him not far away with the sad and solemn air of men preparing themselves to accompany a funeral procession. I have never seen men with more dolorous expressions on their faces. They stood silently by as I came up to the group. Saso looked indeed as



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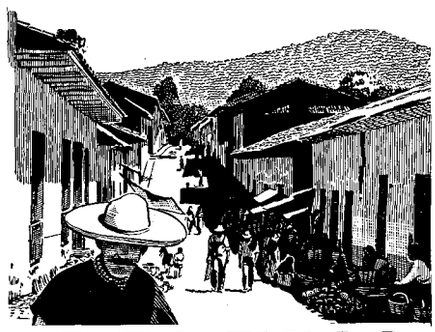

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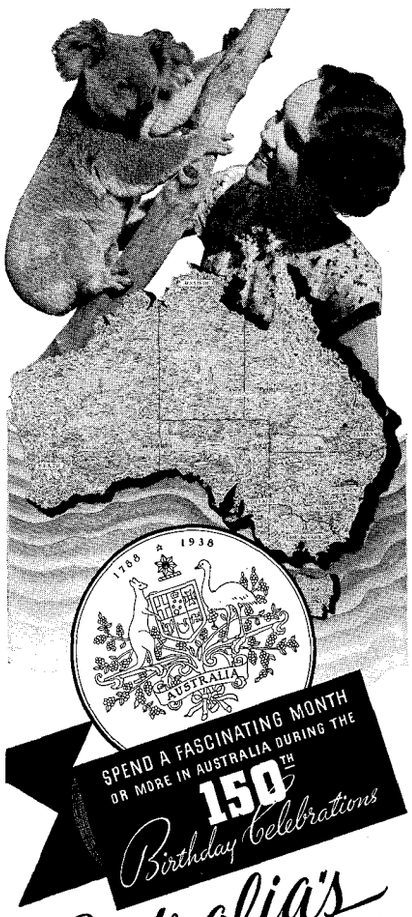

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though he were carrying more than his share of the world's burdens.

"What happens now?" I asked Saso with some alarm.

"We are going to see Kiboko to ask him officially for Marekani as my wife."

And this funereal air dominated all the elaborate functions, full of little strategies and diplomatic ruses, as naïve as interesting, which accorded with the strict ritual of smart prenuptial etiquette.

The large clean *kraal* of Kiboko appeared to be completely deserted, a strange phenomenon. Only two or three dogs, miserably emaciated, skulked about as the lover and his best man approached the witch doctor's hut.

"Kiboko," called Saso, making his voice as sorrowful as possible. "Kiboko!"

Then all five of the warriors, leaning on their sticks with an air of extreme fatigue and dejection, patiently waited, their faces pressed against their right fists, which in the Zulu manner denotes despair, desperation, and all the most painful sentiments.

Some minutes passed before the old man decided to appear, and when he emerged he showed a face of astonishment. He came out of his *kraal* as though he had no idea Saso could want to see him about anything—as though he were some casual acquaintance who had come, rather unexpectedly, to trade or pass the time of day.

"Umkulum Kulu, the greatest god, surprises me mightily with your visit, oh Saso," he said, with the hardest face in the world.

And since he absolutely could not grasp the reason for the unexpected visit —for which so many elaborate preparations had been made and because of which such extraordinary silence and emptiness reigned in the *kraal*—he continued, "And why are you coming here with so many friends?"

Saso and his companions were shaking their heads mournfully with a despair to break a heart of stone. Their right fists compressed against their cheeks made them all look as if they were suffering from a violent attack of toothache.

"Oh Kiboko," Saso finally said, sadly, "I am so afflicted. I would like to marry Marekani, your daughter, but I know you want five cows for her, and I am terribly poor."

"Five cows!" Kiboko shouted furiously. "Five cows! You miserable wretch! Five times five I want, and then three more times five!"

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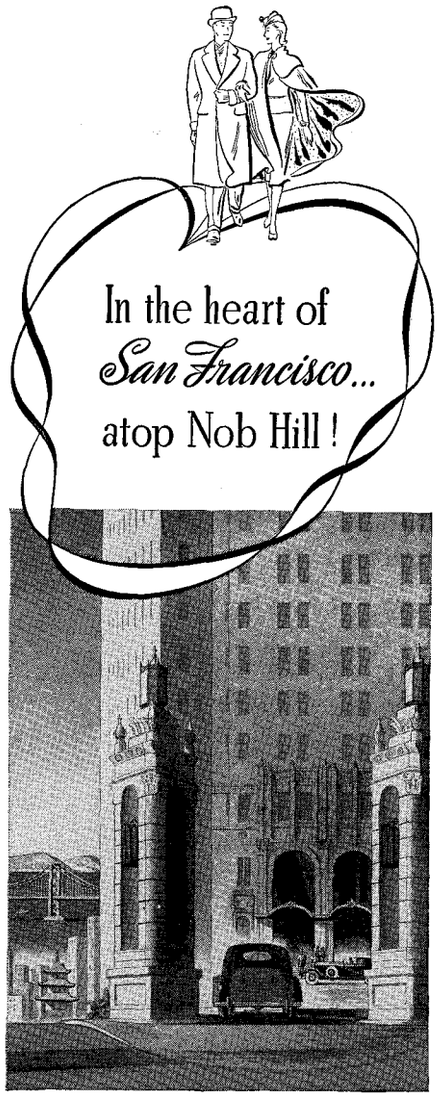

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to oppress the *kraal,* the voice of the old man vibrated shrilly, furious, hysterical, just as if he were about to devour my poor boy.

Then without another word, without any transition whatever, and with the most gracious gesture possible and a gravity which showed he did not at all realize the incongruity of his actions, Kiboko invited Saso and his associates to enter his hut.

Saso and his men seemed to see nothing odd in this sudden about-face.

One by one, stooping to enter the low doorway, they disappeared, to lose themselves in one of those eternal discussions where all the possible arguments are consumed—together with an unbelievable number of calabashes of native beer—for the sole purpose of arriving at a conclusion which everybody knew perfectly well before the beginning of the ceremony.

In this way they finally reached the agreement—of which the whole community had been well aware for many days—that Saso could have Marekani as wife by a payment of fifteen cows, fat and beautiful.

And, the installment plan having been an old Zulu custom many centuries before it was introduced in America, the terms consisted of seven cows as down payment, four on the day of the marriage, and the remaining four to follow a month later.

John Steuart Curry

(*continued from page* 41)

mantic visions for him, and no murky symbols; he deals directly with objective facts and natural phenomena, but in the act of putting his materials together, suffuses them with his love for the homeland, with the intimacies, sympathies, and memories he has preserved in all their purity and freshness. He is slow in getting desired results, working and reworking his surfaces in order to eliminate looseness of texture and confused patches reminiscent of his magazine illustrations.

His genius is no antique presence wheedled out of the old masters; nor is it a synthetic agent evolved from modernism. It is a living spirit, springing out of the ground like the growing wheat, or out of threatening elements like the storm cloud. Under its spell, he becomes a painter of striking originality and power, achieving such masterpieces as *The Line Storm,* wherein earth and sky are transformed into an enormous personality alive with dramatic terrors.

In less strenuous moods, he depicts the loveliness and tranquillity of the wide valleys after spring rains, skies emblazoned with rainbows, thrushes singing in the Osage orange hedges, the dignity of Hereford cattle, and the splendor of ripe corn. His drawings of trees and farms are done with remarkable delicacy and charm, the choicest ranking with those of Constable and Gainsborough. In *The Gospel Train,* a religious theme, and *The Return of Private Davis,* a doughboy burial, he has developed, in unexaggerated characterization and spiritual feeling, a new type of American genre. The State of Kansas has not been notably hospitable to the attainments of its foremost artist. "The people there," Curry says, "are not allergic to painting, at least not to mine." They are not aggressively opposed to him; they are laggard and apathetic. Only one of his major paintings has found a home in Kansas—in the Agricultural School, an institution which recognized his qualities when he was ignored by the elect.

The old complaint against the Sunflower artist was that he portrayed obsolete conditions, the storm-stricken, plague-infested Kansas that was; that he had a blind spot for the new beauty ensuing from the altered meteorological habits of the State. This complaint has been answered with burning irony, of late, by a recurrence of plagues and droughts by the side of which Curry's conceptions are positively idyllic. It may be that the emergence of the old Kansas is responsible for the changing attitude of the State toward its painter, and for the recognition which has come belatedly to him. Whatever the reason, the State, instigated by a number of enterprising editors, has recently authorized him to decorate the walls of the Capitol, at Topeka, a huge commission carrying an emolument of $20,000.

Curry's affiliation with the University of Wisconsin is a singularly happy one for a man of his character. From a special trust fund he receives a salary of $4000 and a studio built after his own specifications. As "Artist in Residence" he enjoys absolute freedom of action; he has no regular classes, no prescribed responsibilities. His social and educational relations with the faculty are left entirely to his own discretion, and the

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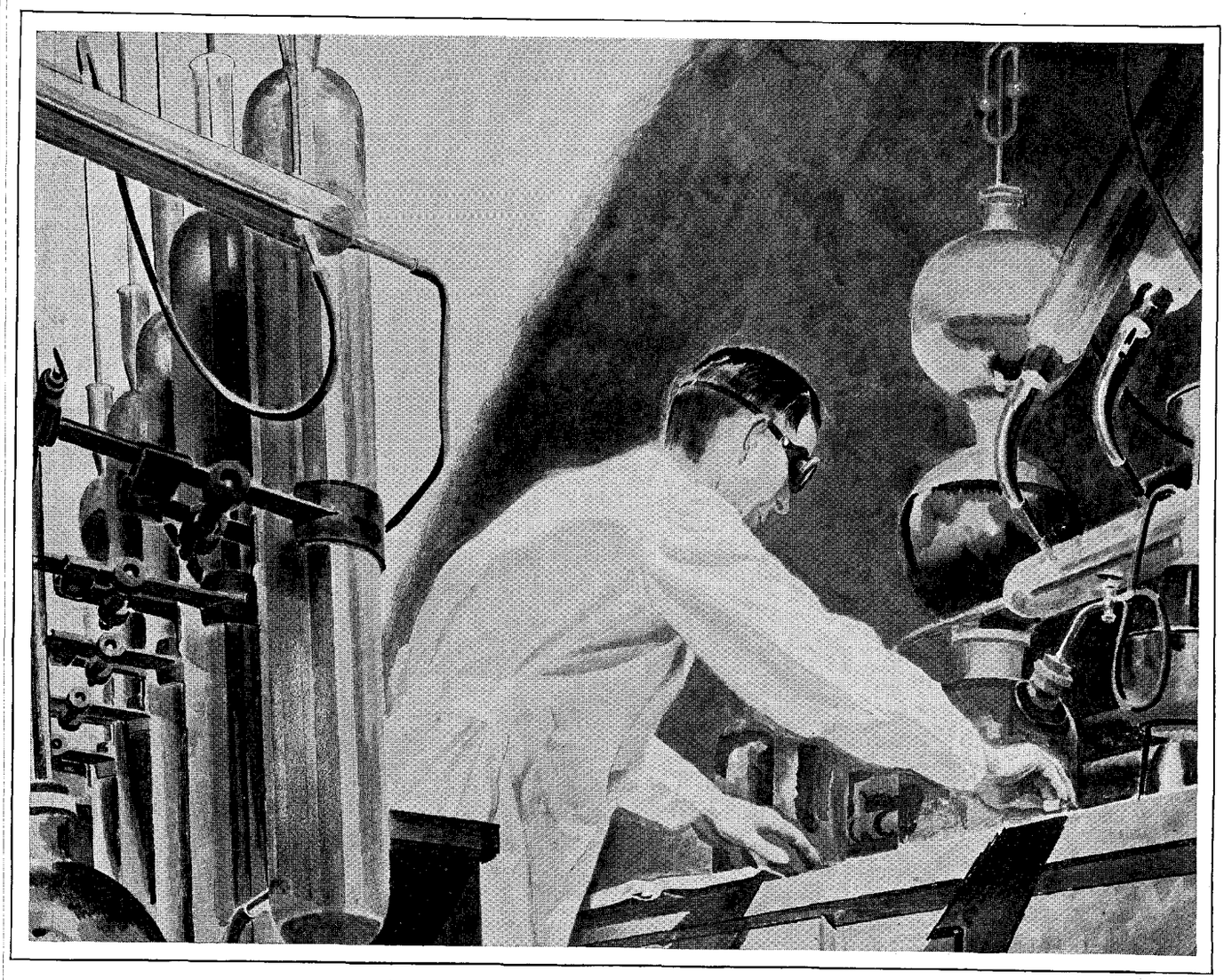

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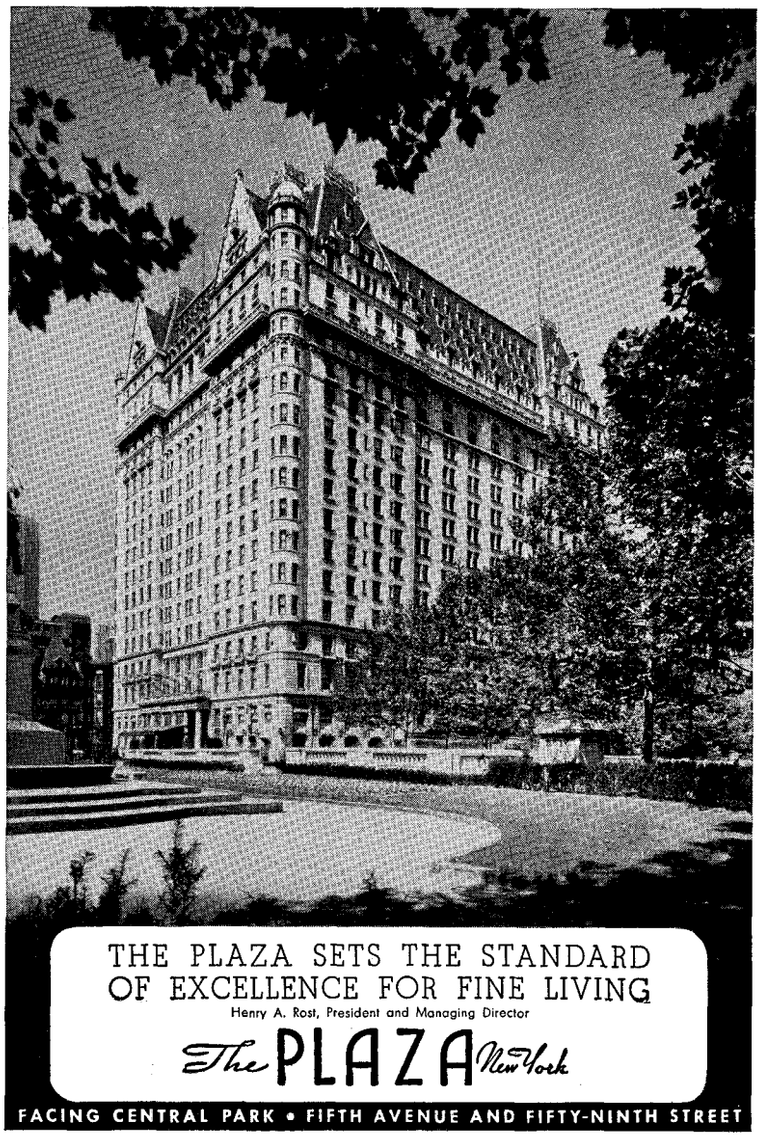
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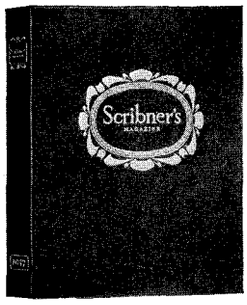

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only evidence of his official connection with the University that I could find was the title, PROFESSOR CURRY, inscribed on the garbage can at the back door of his studio.

From this it might be inferred that he is purely an ornamental appendage to the University, but his employers would be the first to correct such an impression. Curry, let it be understood, is under the jurisdiction of the College of Agriculture, and it is not conceivable that he would be invited by any other department. The dean of this college, Chris Christensen, is a very practical man, a champion cornhusker from Nebraska.

"We brought Curry here," the dean explains, "in order that he might be free to paint and to let his influence take its natural course. At the end of a year, we regard the experiment as one hundred per cent successful. We all like him—his stamina, his personality, and his pictures. He gave us an exhibition at the College Union, and the students argued about it for weeks. He makes sketches of the football players, and hangs around the stock farms talking to the boys about the beauty of a sow's profile. He lectures at my short-term courses—to boys right off the dairy farms; and he travels with me over the State, studying the landscape and the people, and talking to special groups about art and soil erosion. Gradually his influence is spreading from the campus to the country; and he is my right-hand man in my program to raise the cultural level of the State which, I am convinced, must begin with the first units of the soil, with open-minded young people who need something besides agriculture, and not with the half-educated who look to the cities for their ideas and their art."

At forty, Curry is in position to do his best work, and he has plenty of work before him—in actual commissions, the Kansas murals, a new Federal mural that will pay him $5400, and a fellowship of $2000, one of five awarded by the Limited Editions Club to native artists selected to illustrate books on American life. His annual income during the next five years should exceed $10,000—and his worries about money are over. But he will never cease to worry about his painting. When I last saw him, he was preparing the color sketches for his Kansas murals in his studio at Madison. He was uncommonly agitated. "It's up to me!" he exclaimed. "There are no restrictions! I can paint the things I love! I want these murals to be my best work, a monument to my State that will stand for a long time!"

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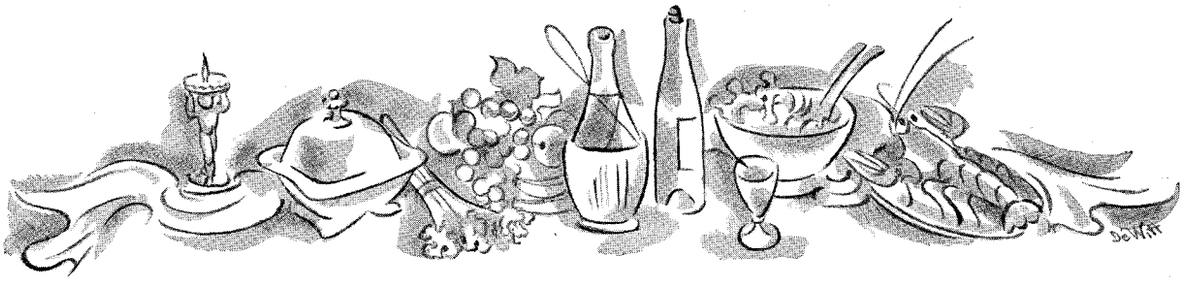

Wines, Spirits, and Good Living

G. SELMER FOUGNER

Having successfully withstood all of the attacks of the past four years and the concerted attempts of several European countries to wipe it out, the cocktail remains today the great American drink.

The prohibition amendment had hardly been repealed when word came simultaneously from all these foreign lands that the cocktail must go. The drink, it was pointed out, was unfit for the palates which were about to be called upon to taste the fine wines of the Old World. If taken at its accustomed place before the meal, it was supposed to interfere with the wines to follow and to prevent a true appreciation of both aroma and bouquet.

The main purpose of the campaign was, of course, to substitute sherry for the cocktail, and fond as he is of the great Spanish wine, this writer immediately went to war to defend the American drink. At no time did he believe that the efforts to dislodge the cocktail from its high position could be successful, for the popularity of the great American drink is not only nationwide, it is universal.

The word cocktail has never, to our knowledge, been translated into any language; it is used everywhere in its American form. It appears over bars and on drink lists in every part of the world.

Very few of these foreign lands have ever experimented with prohibition. Wines have been served there for years immemorial. Yet at no time has anyone advocated the suppression of the cocktail on the ground that it interferes with the proper tasting of wine.

The campaign which was launched in this country just did not make sense except to those who realized that excess was being confused with moderation; that whereas one cocktail before the meal may stimulate the appetite—provided it is the right kind of cocktail—three or four or five, or perhaps even two, of these drinks might greatly interfere with all taste for food. But that holds just as true for sherry or for any other alcoholic beverage. Of far greater danger to the appetite is the wrong kind of a cocktail—a point which has been completely overlooked.

The real trouble is that the word cocktail has been used to cover a multitude of sins. To the original list of possibly two dozen cocktails in existence before prohibition, close to three thousand have been added since repeal, for no other reason than to introduce as cocktail ingredients practically the entire field of spirituous beverages sent here from abroad. A great number of these new concoctions are really palatable drinks, but the trouble is they should not be served under the name of cocktails or at least as drinks intended to stimulate the appetite.

The solution is to separate all cocktails into two great classes: first, those intended to be served and consumed immediately before a meal and, second, those intended for service at the ever-popular cocktail party.

At no time has anyone pretended to assume that the cocktail party, as we understand it today, is meant to stimulate the appetite. The best proof of that is, of course, found in the vast amount of food which, under the name of hot hors d'œuvres, canapés, and other tidbits have become a necessary adjunct of any afternoon party at which cocktails are served. If any further proof is wanted, the fact should suffice that whiskey highballs are in constantly increasing demand at this type of party. The truth, of course, is that while all types of cocktails may be served at afternoon gatherings, the choice of those which are appropriate as an appetizer immediately before the meal must perforce be narrowed down to a very few.

In this and in subsequent articles, an attempt will be made to classify this type of drink, removing thereby the only valid argument which has been raised against the cocktail, namely, that it spoils the appetite.

With the American cocktail thus entrenched in its high position as the most popular of all drinks, we shall proceed to set at rest another myth widely circulated by its enemies, namely, that the drink is not at all of American origin and that it was really invented abroad.

For many years this writer has made a hobby of collecting stories about the origin of the cocktail, only a few of which are worthy of attention. But not one of those worthwhile few suggests for a moment that the cocktail was first mixed elsewhere than in America.

The best-known of these stories credits one Betsy Flanagan with having mixed the first cocktail. And although no definite information exists as to just what she put into the drink, there is a tavern in Westchester County which claims to occupy the spot upon which Betsy concocted the mixture which was to make history.

Betsy's place was, it seems, the favorite haunt of American and French officers, who took a great liking to the drinks concocted by Betsy and spread far and wide the praise of her bracing mixtures.

One day, as the story goes, the American officers raided a British commissary and stole several male birds, which they brought to Betsy and asked her to roast.

She readily complied and, on the evening of the feast, decorated each bottle and jar in her tavern with the tail feathers of the roasted fowl. At the

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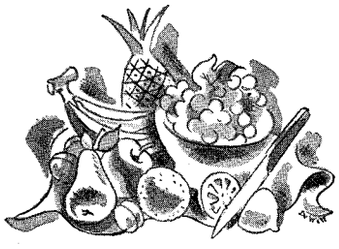
Mr. Fougner Recommends:



Old-fashioned Eggnogs

During the year-end festivities and through the month of January, the most popular drink is bound to be the old-fashioned eggnog. The simplest recipes for it are the best. Here are a few:

SIMPLE EGGNOG

Use large tumbler. One tablespoonful of fine sugar, dissolved with one tablespoonful of cold water; one egg, one wine glass of cognac; half a wine glass of Jamaica rum; a quarter of a tumbler of shaved ice. Fill up with milk, shake the ingredients until they are thoroughly mixed together, and grate a little nutmeg on top.

BALTIMORE EGGNOG

This drink will keep for a week or more if bottled and kept in a cool place. Although the egg whites will diminish with keeping, this does not harm it.

One full bottle cognac brandy, one pint Jamaica rum, one-half pint each apple brandy and peach brandy, two dozen eggs, two pounds powdered sugar, one gallon whole milk (one pint of milk can be omitted and in its place one pint of cream used, making a still finer drink). Beat yolks of eggs until light, add liquors slowly (starting with cognac) so as to cook eggs. Add sugar gradually, then milk. Last, the stiffly beaten whites of eggs and grated nutmeg.

HOT EGGNOG

This drink is very popular in England and is made in the same manner as the cold eggnog above, except that you use boiling water instead of ice.

WILLIAM'S EGGNOG

For a party of fifteen take the yolks of sixteen eggs and twelve tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and beat them to the consistency of cream; to this add two-thirds of a nutmeg grated, and beat them together; then mix in a half a pint of brandy, or Jamaica rum, and two wine glasses of Madeira. Have ready the whites of the eggs whipped to a stiff froth, and then beat this into the mixture. When this is done, stir in six pints of rich milk. There is no heat used.

Midnight Snacks

The following are light foods suitable for parties and other evening entertainments. The old stand-by is the Welsh rabbit, for which the best recipe is:

WELSH RABBIT

Take one half-pound plain American store cheese and melt it in your chafing dish together with one wine glass of beer, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and the same amount of English mustard. Never stop stirring until the mixture is smooth, then add one well-beaten egg, stir, and serve on toast.

SHERRY CHICKS

To two cups of cold cooked-and-boned chicken and a half-cup of chicken livers, add two tablespoonfuls of fresh butter, a teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of cayenne pepper. When thoroughly heated, add a cup of sweet cream with the yolks of three well-beaten eggs. Allow this to simmer gently for a few moments; when very hot, add one-fourth cup of sherry and brandy combined. Dust with paprika and serve in shells.

MADEIRA TOASTS

Make a fine farce of foie gras *(goose, duck, or chicken livers), mushrooms tossed in butter and a small spoonful of Madeira; spread on toasted white bread. Place two half-rashers of broiled bacon over the farce, and top with fried egg.*

SAVORY ROLLS

Hollow small rolls and remove a slice from the tops. Toast in the oven. Fill with a cream mixture of chicken or turkey, sweetbreads, mushrooms, and ham. Replace the top before serving. The cream sauce is to be made with sweet cream only.

KIDNEY CRUSTS

Hollow a roll leaving only the crust. Spread with butter and toast in the oven. Spread the bottom with a creamy purée of potato and cover with a mixture of chopped kidneys and chicken livers, which have been sautéed in butter and combined with two tablespoonfuls of Madeira.

boisterous party which followed, one of the guests called for "a glass of cocktails," and Betsy prepared one of her bracers, stirring the mixture with the tail of a cock pheasant.

Rising to the call for a toast, one of the officers said:

"Here's to Betsy and her marvelous drink. It offers to the palate the same delightful sensations as the cock's tail feathers offer to the eye!"

Whereupon one of the French officers present exclaimed: *"Vive le cocktail!"*

For the Betsy Flanagan story there is no more authority than exists for the Colonel Watterson version, although the latter is more to our personal liking. During the post-Revolutionary War period in Kentucky, cockfighting, it seems, was one of the sports of the time, and in the clubs and private homes, before the great open fireplaces, Kentucky's gentry usually discussed the results of the preceding day's cockfight.

It became a maxim among Kentuckians, according to the Colonel, that with every drink, the storyteller's feats of his particular bird became more formidable and unusual.

On one particular occasion, when the gentlemen were well warmed up, one of the exaggerators reached for the bottles and without questioning the contents poured them into one glass. Some one present cried for more cock tales, and as the concoction flowed the tales of the spurred birds transcended the legends of the heroes of Troy.

Perhaps the most colorful of all these stories is the one set forth by the little town of Bladensburg in Maryland. According to this version, the first cocktail was a "Manhattan," the only difference being that a syrup of an undescribed type was used in place of the Italian vermouth.

The inventor's name is given as John Welby Henderson, a native of North Carolina, and the first man to have partaken of the drink is said to have been one John A. Hopkins of Fairfax, Virginia.

Hopkins, it appears, had fought a duel on that day, for reasons unknown, with the Baron Henri de Vrie et Challono, an attaché of the French Legation.

The chronicles are obscure as to just what happened on that dueling field, but from all available information it appears that the French diplomat was seriously wounded by his opponent.

Mr. Hopkins, as described in the account printed in the Baltimore *Sun,* was a man of delicate perceptions despite his daring, and the sight of the baron's gushing blood made him ill.

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As a result, although he was not scratched himself, he staggered and seemed about to faint. His seconds rushed to his side and took him off at once to the near-by Hotel Palo Alto.

Once there, they conducted him to the old taproom and called upon Jack Henderson, who was on watch behind the bar, to set up something stimulating at once. Jack, a man of resources, saw that something unusually tempting and powerful was needed. Grabbing up a champagne glass he filled it half full with good old Maryland rye, and then, seizing a bottle of bitters, tossed in a few drops. As he stirred up the mixture a bottle of syrup caught his eye, and he put in a swig. Then he pushed the mixture forward—and the first Manhattan cocktail in the world was born.

The main flaw in this story, however, is the date, which is given as the spring of 1846, although it is a well-established fact that the cocktail was known in Colonial days. Bladensburg may have invented the Manhattan—although we seriously doubt it—but it certainly did not invent the cocktail.

Of the other versions of the cocktail's origin, little is worthy of retention, and certainly no importance whatever may be lent to either the French or the English versions which would give to either of those countries the honor of inventing the drink.

Whenever and wherever the Manhattan was invented, it certainly belonged to the first group of legitimate cocktails, as do both the Martini and the Bronx. All three of these cocktails may be considered as real stimulators to the appetite, provided they are not taken to excess. To these three, therefore, we shall award the place of honor, presenting herewith our idea of standard recipes for the original drinks, together with the formulas of a few versions which, in each case, may still come under the general classification of appetite-stimulating drinks.

*

This, of course, is only the beginning. In the next issue of SCRIBNER'S we shall list all other cocktails which we believe belong in the same class, namely, that of drinks which may be served immediately before the meal and which may be trusted not to spoil your appetite, provided you use them with reason. And we shall also list all of the concoctions which we believe belong in the second group, *i.e.*, that of the "cocktail party" cocktail. Over three thousand of the latter have been "invented" since repeal, but less than fifty are worthy of consideration.

Here, then, are this month's recipes:

THE MARTINI

Recipes innumerable exist for the Martini cocktail; in this writer's opinion, the only real Martini is the following:

2/3 dry gin
1/3 French or dry vermouth
Green olive

There is a variation of the Martini which is known as the Perfect Cocktail and which is nothing more than a sweet Martini. It is made as follows: To equal parts of gin and Italian and French vermouth, add an orange peel.

THE MANHATTAN

There is only one real way to make a Manhattan: Equal parts of Italian vermouth and rye whiskey and a dash of orange bitters; ice and stir, and serve with a maraschino cherry.

There are several variations of the Manhattan cocktail which are worthy of note. One which, so far as we know, has no other name than "Another Manhattan" is made as follows:

Two parts rye, one part Italian vermouth, one dash angostura (not orange) bitters, and of course the ever-present cherry.

There is still one more worthy of note which is known as "Tommy Lane's Manhattan":

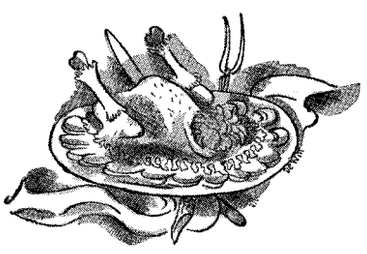
One part French vermouth, one part Italian vermouth, one part rye whiskey, dash of orange bitters, twist of fresh orange peel.

THE BRONX

The original formula for the Bronx was two-thirds dry gin and one-third orange juice, with a dash of both Italian and French vermouth. But this is strangely like, and too reminiscent of, the Orange Blossom, of dry-era fame, and a better recipe is one-half gin, one-fourth French and one-fourth Italian vermouth and a slice of orange. Ice and shake well.

There is a variation of this cocktail which is known as a "Glorified Bronx" and is made as follows:

One-half gin, one-sixth Italian vermouth, one-sixth French vermouth, one-sixth orange juice.



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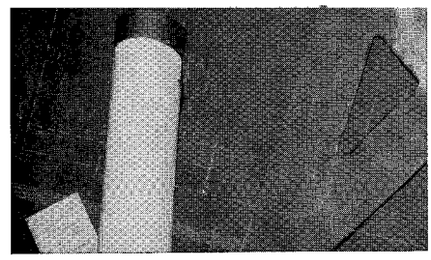
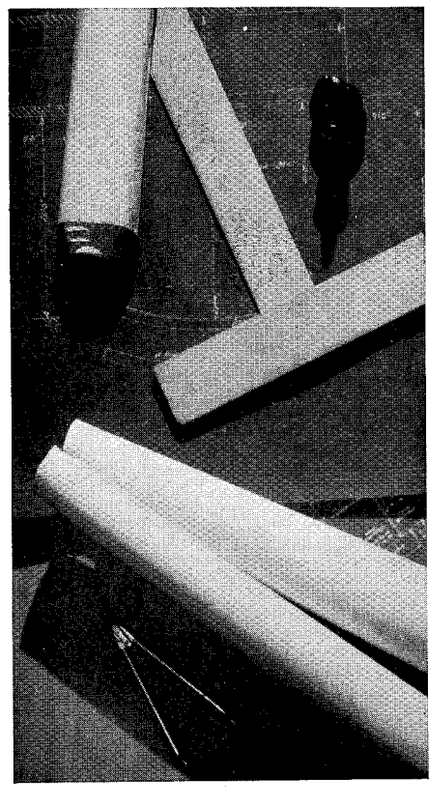


Within Your Walls

KATHERINE KENT



WILLARD VAN DYKE

If you've finally given way to that urge to build a home-of-your-own-come-spring, many things about it are already decided on. A great deal of thought has gone into the matter of style; the layout of rooms is tentatively set. But how many things have you put aside with an easy "Well, *that* can be installed later?" How much time have you given to the problems of comfort, durability, eventual cost of upkeep, and permanent enjoyments?

Let's begin with the last on this list—permanent enjoyments. If recorded music means nothing to you, if you will have no traffic with the radio, then skip this section, for it is the story of walls that speak, sing, and breathe music. Or, in more prosaic terms, walls into which speakers are built to reproduce phonograph and radio programs.

Superficially, the advantage is riddance of radio and phonograph cabinets. All that appears in the room is a variation in wall texture where the speaker is set behind the surface. It can be placed high or low. It can be designed as part of the architectural ornamentation of the room, or be made to blend inconspicuously into the wall color. The receiving set is parked in the attic or in some other out-of-the-way spot. As for the phonograph, that too can be shunted off into some sequestered (but in this case, handy) nook. Great as the advantage is of being rid of such unwieldy pieces, that is only about one half of one per cent of the benefits of the built-in-speaker sound system. The speaking voice is given a new intimacy and directness. Dance music floats into the room rather than catapaulting into it from some single focal point. Operatic, symphonic, and chamber music glow with all the richness of the concert hall.

Here, for instance, is a typical installation described to me by a radio engineer of the Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Manufacturing Company, pioneers in concealed, remotely controlled radio and phonograph systems. One speaker is placed in the living room, one in the master bedroom, one in the recreation room, and finally, and very importantly, a speaker in the stair well of the house. The size and type of speaker to go into each of these rooms is determined by the size of room, and the sort of program most likely to be listened to in that room. The *control* for each speaker is of course *remote*—a small, oblong object set on a stand by the side of a chair, on a night table, or, in the case of a recreation room, placed firmly into the wall.

The function of the speakers in the different rooms is obvious enough, but what of the one in the stair well?—Here we have probably the richest development for orchestra music. The music that floats down from it is comparable in timbre and depth only to that which animates the concert hall. It merits complete attention, but its rare quality also makes it the perfect background for conversation. There is no sense of talking against it, in competition with it, as is inevitable with the traditional room radio. It is rather as though the air breathed harmony. From the stair well comes the perfect solution for dinner, tea, and after-coffee music. Since the radio is not always a predictable medium for a continuous program of immediately desired music, the phonograph is the safest complement to the speaker on such occasions. Before dinner, stack the records for the program you want, set the arm of the robot phonograph that will change them automatically, and through the stair-well speaker will come an uninterrupted hour and a half of music giving the intimate sense of strings playing alone for your guests on some hidden balcony.

While the concealed-speaker system can with fair ease be installed at any time, it is more economical to have it done at the time of building. In no sense is this a something to be bought packaged in a store and installed by the neighborhood electrician. It is in every sense a custom job, worked out to the size and function of room and house. The expense, as one expects, is greater than the cabinet type of radio and automatic phonograph combined, but the results are hardly comparable. Consider for a moment the difference between a room heated only by a fireplace, and the same room, warmed and freshened by a central heating and air-conditioning unit. Only on some such analogy can one begin to estimate the qualitative differences between stock radio and phonograph equipment and a system built within one's walls.

*

An air-conditioning system that functions with the heating plant is probably already listed among your specifications. There is, of course, no time, other than that of building, to install such a central unit. Steam and hot-water systems, once set within the walls, do not lend themselves readily to conversion. It pays not only to install a good system made and guaranteed for a reasonable period by a reliable company, but it is as important that the installation be of the very best sort. Let's take, for example, the question of the air ducts built into

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the walls where an air-conditioning unit is part of the central system. Such ducts are much like speaking tubes ready to transmit sounds from the basement to grills and registers above. Where one duct runs to several rooms, sounds from one room are likely to be carried to another. It is essential, therefore, that the ducts be lined with a thoroughly efficient sound-absorptive material.

*

The whole question of sound control is a most important one for the future comfort and temper of the family. However, in looking into the matter, be wary of anyone who claims he can sound-*proof* your new home. Technically, the matter is most difficult, and practically, the cost for domestic purposes is often prohibitive. Nevertheless, a tremendous amount can be done to reduce the noises within a home to a nerve-solacing minimum. Dad should be able to read his paper without the din of the recreation-room radio, the clatter of dishes, or the hammer of young son's construction activities assailing his ears. School children need a quiet study room, and the tiny ones a hushed nursery for sleep. Indeed, a modern home without provision for sound correction is an anachronism.

Since the structure of walls plays an all-important part in the transmission of sounds, the time to plan sound control is at the blueprint stage. True, such construction costs more than the traditional wall structure, but it is far less costly than putting off the job to a later day. Probably nothing will date a house more unfortunately, and reduce its eventual turnover value, as lack of such provision.

Engineers generally agree that the best results for home purposes can be obtained by building walls and floors that do not touch other similar structures. In other words, instead of single-unit walls and floors between rooms, two independent walls are set up so that each room is isolated from its neighbor. The job must be done by a really well-informed contractor. Metal joinings or other such connecting devices between double walls nullify their sound-reducing purpose.

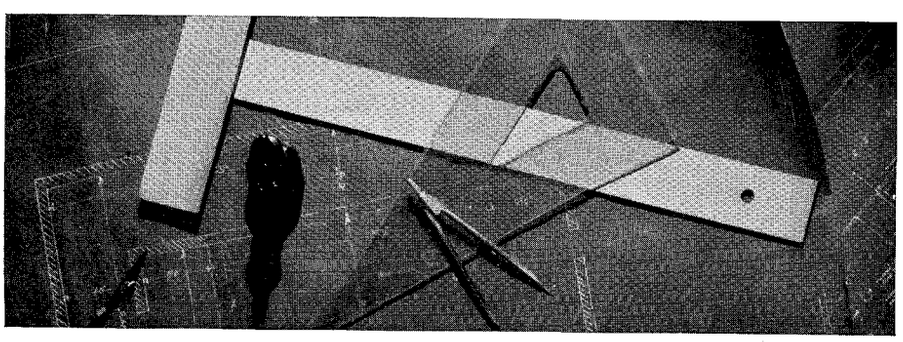
Sound *within* a room poses a problem as well as sound that travels from room to room. Even granted the impractical premise of a room completely proof against outside noises, the question of within-the-room disturbances would be far from solved. Ping-pong or tap-dancing in that room would sound as harsh to persons *within it* as they do in any other room. In other words, sound control *within* a room and sound control *between* rooms are two separate problems that must be attacked in separate ways. One does not settle the other.

As every home-wise person knows, a good thick rug, heavy draperies, and upholstered furniture do wonders in quieting the sounds within a room. But in many rooms such treatment is impractical. The kitchen, pantry, sunroom, nursery, and recreation room are instances that leap immediately to mind. For such rooms there are acoustic materials that go a long way to absorb harsh within-the-room sounds. Such ease-easing materials vary greatly in noise-reducing quality. The perforated tile-like boards familiar in restaurants, motorboat cabins, and office buildings do a really good job and are frequently combined with other types of sound-softening materials that, while less efficient, have the virtue of more decorative grace.

*

Few mistakes in building are costlier and less subject to remedy than are those that concern the wiring of the house. Not only good electrical work but a good system of wiring is essential within your walls. Planning an adequate number of outlets is but a small part of the problem. The crux of the question lies in supplying adequate electrical highways over which current for present and *future* needs can travel. In too many of our homes we have six-lane traffic trying to move down an old back-country gravel road. It isn't safe —and it isn't efficient.

The flow of current is much like the



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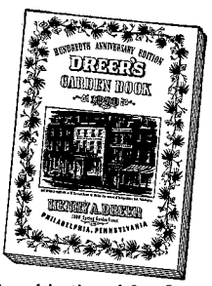

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flow of water. Have you ever lived in a house where it was impossible to take a shower when the dishes were being washed; where the wash-basin tap trickled instead of flowed when laundry was in progress? Now just that sort of thing happens in the flow of current when wires are inadequate to serve all outlets, or when a single ordinary line serves a long series of them. Equipment toward the end of the line is poorly supplied, and lights are dimmer than normal. And then to add costliness to inefficiency, we pay, under these circumstances, for leakage in current.

Instead of the customary rambling hookup, there is the new General Electric plan—radial wiring, by name—which uses a small number of extra-heavy trunk lines, each running to a centrally located circuit breaker, and each serving through ordinary-sized wire a planned group of outlets. But charts and diagrams are so much more efficient than any verbal description that I'll not try to give you any of the minutiae of the scheme. The plan is well worth your investigation if it interests you to pay only for the current you actually consume, if you'd enjoy being rid of fuses, if it means anything to you to have all your appliances get the full current they need, and have neither power nor heat wasted within your walls.

Answers to "The Scribner Quiz"

(*see page* 85)

1. Hamlet
2. Steinway pianos
3. The financial world
4. Dedicated a new lake-shore drive
5. To divorce herself from all foreign ties by neutrality
6. Removal of the gear lever from the floor
7. Barcelona
8. HAY-nuss
9. Perfecting a factory efficiency system
10. *To Have and Have Not*
11. Child prodigy at the piano
12. Detroit
13. LePage's [it's a glue]
14. Return to her Colorado coal business
15. Lethargic
16. Benjamin F. Fairless
17. Story of her life from girlhood up
18. Missouri-Kansas-Texas
19. *The Citadel*
20. The effort to enforce a Federal tax on U. S. spirits
21. The use of veils
22. Crimson Tide [Alabama]
23. Iguana [tropical American lizard]
24. A famous definition of good coffee
25. Chaparejos
26. Shooting of the Al Brady gang
27. Poking fun at F. D. R. and the New Deal
28. 30,000 tons
29. Reshfeaf [Sheaffer]
30. Miami, Fla.
31. American Indians
32. "I wish you'd stick to making Packards" [President of Packard Motorcar Co.]
33. The highest Andes
34. Federal trial of oil companies
35. One cubic foot of water [water, 62.5 lbs.; sugar, 300 lbs.; gold, more than 1000 lbs.]
36. The life of Napoleon
37. France had not sent an ambassador
38. Nash
39. Marquette [Milwaukee, Wisconsin]
40. William O. Douglas
41. Trouble with her sacroiliac joint
42. Sack [a wine]
43. Neysa McMein [*McCall's, Cosmopolitan,* etc.]
44. Dessicate [desiccate]
45. Acquitted
46. Part just in front of the windshield
47. Denver
48. A cord of wood
49. A balanced budget
50. Maude Adams teaching dramatics there

*

The correct answers to Section II of "The Scribner Quiz" (*page* 88) *are:*

1. Say sweetly, "I see this onusual shtoo is made from the birrd on yer last year's hat, Mrs. Cohen"
2. Convert several ranch-house rooms into pens, collect hundreds of rattlesnakes, and call in the reporters
3. Take his rap, rely on the gangster to get a speedy parole
4. Tell Geraldine all, let her buy the lunch
5. Grit his teeth, persist, count on his ability eventually to convince his wife
6. Cancel the order, force the mill to resell the otherwise unmarketable goods at a lower price
7. Weep on the other women's shoulders and let them tell Oswald he's a brute
8. Accept financial assistance from one man and return to her lower position
9. Let his sister go, stay home, ostensibly to cut the grass
10. Rescue Mrs. Beamish from the crab

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LET'S • SKI...

IN NEW ENGLAND'S FAMOUS SNOW COUNTRY

NEW HAVEN'S famous Snow Trains are routed straight through to winter sports centers that are perfect for novice or expert! For the novice there's plenty of smooth, safe practice slopes...for the expert, excellent trails and speedy slopes. Get into the open and have a real taste of ski thrills and hearty winter delights!

Invigorating exercise and crisp mountain air steps up one's appetite to an amazing degree! So, we've planned especially substantial, yet economical, meals to take care of the "inner man."

There are conveniently scheduled trains for both one-day and week-end trips... prices are designed to meet every skier's budget...a Ski Service Car offers a complete range of skiing equipment for rent or purchase, and a repair service is included.

Everything is in readiness for glorious, thrilling hours in the finest snow country in the East! But, *remember*—the snow season is necessarily short, accommodations limited...so plan *now* to spend never-to-be-forgotten days or week-ends in nearby, or northern, New England.

THE NEW HAVEN R. R.

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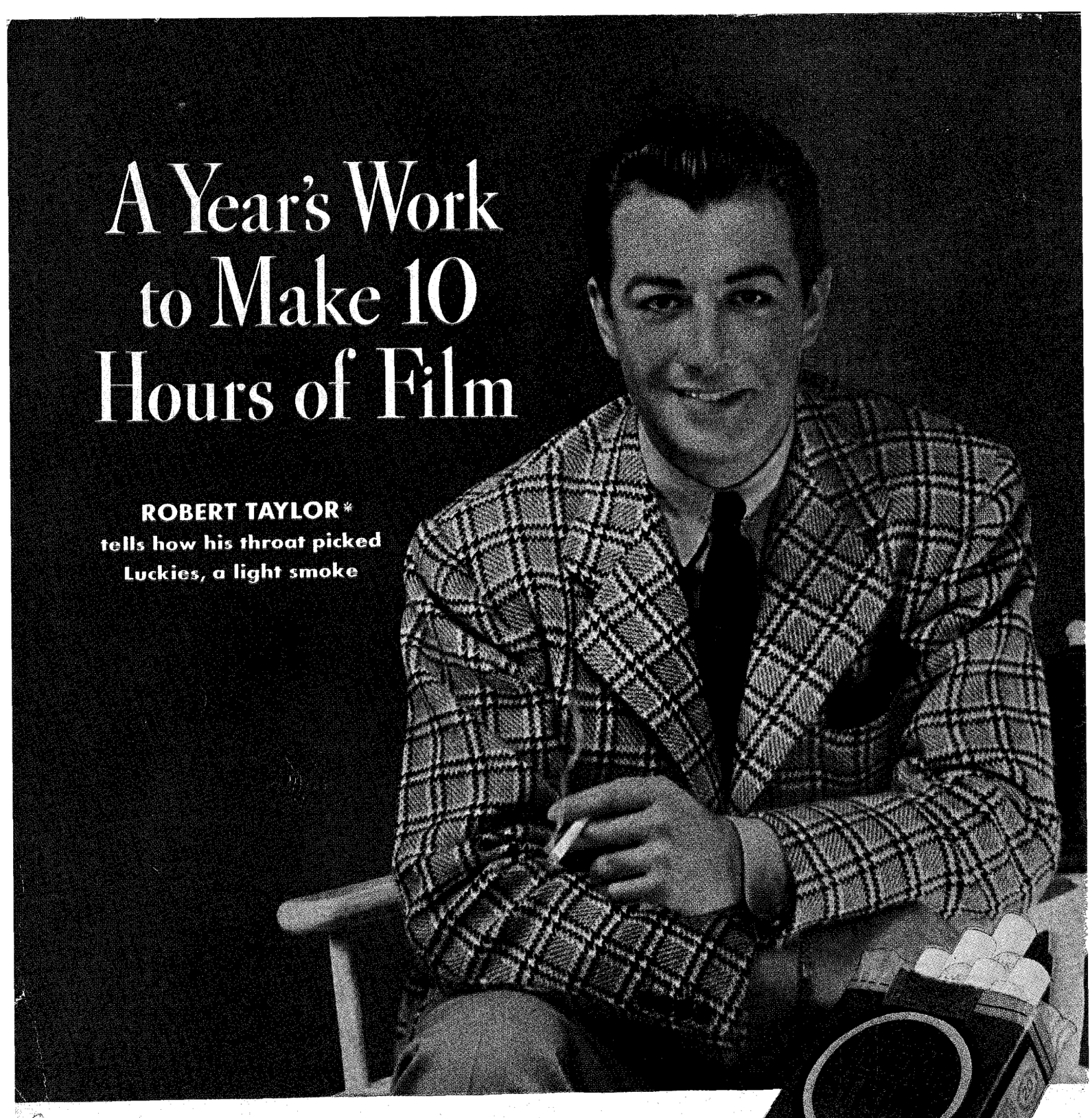
A Year's Work to Make 10 Hours of Film

ROBERT TAYLOR*
tells how his throat picked Luckies, a light smoke



"MY 8 PICTURES this year," says Robert Taylor, "run about 10 hours on the screen. But that meant over 2,000 hours of work for me... During all this acting I found Luckies gentle on my throat. I started smoking them 7 years ago."

Luckies are easy on your throat because the "Toasting" process takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco—even the finest.

And Luckies do use the finest tobacco. Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined.

In the impartial, honest judgment of the experts...the men who know tobacco best... it's Luckies—2 to 1.

*STAR OF METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S "YANK AT OXFORD"

Luckies—A Light Smoke

Easy on your throat—"It's Toasted"

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